This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NCW

TRAITS AND STORIES

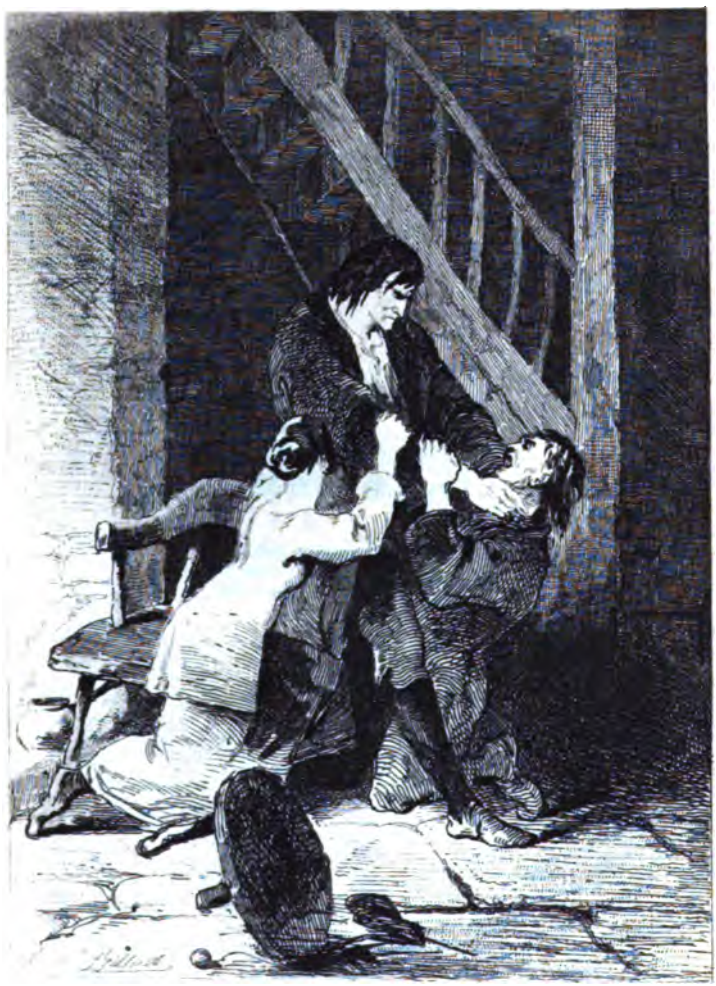
OF

THE IRISH PEASANTRY

VOLUME THREE

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.



TRAITS AND STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY

BY WILLIAM CARLETON

In Four Volumes
Vol III

With etchings by
Phiz, Wrightson
Lee and others

Francis A. Niccolls
& Company

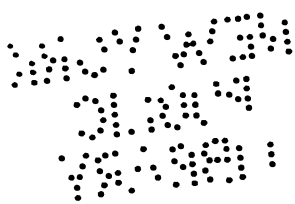
Boston, 1911

668569

CELTIC EDITION

OF which one thousand numbered and registered copies have been printed

No. 821



Printed by
THE COLONIAL PRESS
C. H. Simonds & Co., Boston, U. S. A.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE DONAGH OR, THE HORSE-STEALERS . . .	1
PHIL PURCELL THE PIG DRIVER	46
GEOGRAPHY OF AN IRISH OATH	88
THE LIANHAN SHEE	244
GOING TO MAYNOOTH	288

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

"Is it thrachery you hint at?" (See page 12) . . . . . *Frontispiece*

Giving the Pig a Warm Reception 55

Clearing the Ship 84

The Salmon Leap, Leixlip 150

Tramore Strand 220

Denis promoted to the Dignity of a Horse . . . 318

Eagle's Nest, Killarney 420

IRELAND
TRAITS AND STORIES

THE DONAGH

OR, THE HORSE-STEALERS

Carnmore, one of those small villages that are to be found in the outskirts of many parishes in Ireland, whose distinct boundaries are lost in the contiguous mountain-wastes, was situated at the foot of a deep gorge, or pass overhung by two bleak hills, from the naked sides of which the storm swept over it, without discomposing the peaceful little nook of cabins that stood below. About a furlong farther down were two or three farm-houses, inhabited by a family named Cassidy, men of simple, inoffensive manners, and considerable wealth. They were, however, acute and wise in their generation; intelligent cattle-dealers, on whom it would have been a matter of some difficulty to impose an unsound horse, or a cow older than was intimated by her horn-rings, even when conscientiously dressed up for sale by the ingenious aid of the file or burning-iron. Between their houses and the hamlet rose a conical pile of

rocks, loosely heaped together, from which the place took its name of Carnmore.

About three years before the time of this story, there came two men with their families to reside in the upper village, and the house which they chose as a residence was one at some distance from those which composed the little group we have just been describing. They said their name was Meehan, although the general report went, that this was not true; that the name was an assumed one, and that some dark mystery, which none could penetrate, shrouded their history and character. They were certainly remarkable men. The elder, named Anthony, was a dark, black-browed person, stern in his manner, and atrociously cruel in his disposition. His form was Herculean, his bones strong and hard as iron, and his sinews stood out in undeniable evidence of a life hitherto spent in severe toil and exertion, to bear which he appeared to an amazing degree capable. His brother Denis was a small man, less savage and daring in his character, and consequently more vacillating and cautious than Anthony; for the points in which he resembled him were superinduced upon his natural disposition by the close connexion that subsisted between them, and by the identity of their former pursuits in life, which, beyond doubt, had been such as could not bear investigation.

The old proverb of "birds of a feather flock together," is certainly a true one, and in this case it was once more verified. Before the ar-

rival of these men in the village, there had been two or three bad characters in the neighbourhood, whose delinquencies were pretty well known. With these persons the strangers, by that sympathy which assimilates with congenial good or evil, soon became acquainted; and although their intimacy was as secret and cautious as possible, still it had been observed, and was known; for they had frequently been seen skulking together at daybreak, or in the dusk of evening.

It is unnecessary to say that Meehan and his brother did not mingle much in the society of Carnmore. In fact, the villagers and they mutually avoided each other. A mere return of the common phrases of salutation was generally the most that passed between them: they never entered into that familiarity which leads to mutual intercourse, and justifies one neighbour in freely entering the cabin of another, to spend a winter's night, or a summer's evening, in amusing conversation. Few had ever been in the house of the Meehans since it became theirs; nor were the means of their subsistence known. They led an idle life, had no scarcity of food, were decently clothed, and never wanted money; circumstances which occasioned no small degree of conjecture in Carnmore and its vicinity.

Some said they lived by theft; others that they were coiners; and there were many who imagined, from the diabolical countenance of the elder brother, that he had sold himself to the

devil, who, they affirmed, set his mark upon him, and was his paymaster. Upon this hypothesis several were ready to prove that he had neither breath nor shadow: they had seen him, they said, standing under a hedge-row of *elder*—that unholy tree which furnished wood for the cross, and on which Judas hanged himself—yet, although it was noon-day in the month of July, his person threw out no shadow. Worthy souls! because the man stood in the shade at the time. But with these simple explanations Superstition had nothing to do, although we are bound in justice to the reverend old lady to affirm that she was kept exceedingly busy in Carnmore. If a man had a sick cow, she was elf-shot; if his child became consumptive, it had been overlooked, or received *a blast* from the fairies; if the hooping-cough was rife, all the afflicted children were put three times under an ass; or when they happened to have the "mumps," were led, before sunrise, to a south-running stream, with a halter hanging about their necks, under an obligation of silence during the ceremony. In short, there could not possibly be a more superstitious spot than that which these men of mystery had selected for their residence. Another circumstance which caused the people to look upon them with additional dread, was their neglect of mass on Sundays and holidays, though they avowed themselves Roman Catholics. They did not, it is true, join in the dances, drinking-matches, foot-ball, and other sports with which the Carnmore folk celebrated

the Lord's-day; but they scrupled not, on the other hand, to mend their garden-ditch or mould a row of cabbages on the Sabbath—a circumstance for which two or three of the Carnmore boys were, one Sunday evening when tipsy, well-nigh chastising them. Their usual manner, however, of spending that day was by sauntering lazily about the fields, or stretching themselves supinely on the sunny side of the hedges, their arms folded on their bosoms, and their hats lying over their faces to keep off the sun.

In the mean time, loss of property was becoming quite common in the neighbourhood. Sheep were stolen from the farmers, and cows and horses from the more extensive graziers in the parish. The complaints against the authors of these depredations were loud and incessant: watches were set, combinations for mutual security formed, and subscriptions to a considerable amount entered into, with a hope of being able, by the temptation of a large reward, to work upon the weakness or cupidity of some accomplice to betray the gang of villains who infested the neighbourhood. All, however, was in vain; every week brought some new act of plunder to light, perpetrated upon such unsuspecting persons as had hitherto escaped the notice of the robbers; but no trace could be discovered of the perpetrators. Although theft had from time to time been committed upon a small scale before the arrival of the Meehans in the village, yet it was undeniable that since that period the

instances not only multiplied, but became of a more daring and extensive description. They arose in a gradual scale, from the hen-roost to the stable; and with such ability were they planned and executed, that the people, who in every instance identified Meehan and his brother with them, began to believe and hint that, in consequence of their compact with the devil, they had power to render themselves invisible. Common Fame, who can best treat such subjects, took up this, and never laid it aside until, by narrating several exploits which Meehan the elder was said to have performed in other parts of the kingdom, she wound it up by roundly informing the Carnmorians, that, having been once taken prisoner for murder, he was caught by the leg, when half through a hedge, but that, being most wickedly determined to save his neck, he left the leg with the officer who took him, shouting out that it was a new species of leg-bail; and yet he moved away with surprising speed, upon two of as good legs as any man in his majesty's dominions might wish to walk off upon, from the insinuating advances of a bailiff or a constable!

The family of the Meehans consisted of their wives and three children, two boys and a girl; the former were the offspring of the younger brother, and the latter of Anthony. It has been observed, with truth and justice, that there is no man, how hardened and diabolical soever in his natural temper, who does not exhibit to some particular object a peculiar species of af-

fection. Such a man was Anthony Meehan. That sullen hatred which he bore to human society, and that inherent depravity of heart which left the trail of vice and crime upon his footsteps, were flung off his character when he addressed his daughter Anne. To him her voice was like music; for her he was not the reckless villain, treacherous and cruel, which the helpless and unsuspecting found him; but a parent kind and indulgent as ever pressed an only and beloved daughter to his bosom. Anne was handsome: had she been born and educated in an elevated rank in society, she would have been softened by the polish and luxury of life into perfect beauty: she was, however, utterly without education. As Anne experienced from her father no unnatural cruelty, no harshness, nor even indifference, she consequently loved him in return; for she knew that tenderness from *such* a man was a proof of parental love rarely to be found in life. Perhaps she loved not her father the less on perceiving that he was proscribed by the world; a circumstance which might also have enhanced in his eyes the affection she bore him. When Meehan came to Carnmore, she was sixteen; and, as that was three years before the incident occurred on which we have founded this narrative, the reader may now suppose her to be about nineteen; an interesting country girl as to person, but with a mind completely neglected, yet remarkable for an uncommon stock of good-nature and credulity.

About the hour of eleven o'clock, one winter's night in the beginning of December, Meehan and his brother sat moodily at their hearth. The fire was of peat which had recently been put down, and, from between the turf, the ruddy blaze was shooting out in those little tongues and gusts of sober light, which throw around the rural hearth one of those charms which make up the felicity of domestic life. The night was stormy, and the wind moaned and howled along the dark hills beneath which the cottage stood. Every object in the house was shrouded in a mellow shade, which afforded to the eye no clear outline, except around the hearth alone, where the light brightened into a golden hue, giving the idea of calmness and peace. Anthony Meehan sat on one side of it, and his daughter opposite him, knitting: before the fire sat Denis, drawing shapes in the ashes for his own amusement.

"Bless me," said he, "how sthrange it is!"

"What is?" inquired Anthony, in his deep and grating tones.

"Why, thin, it *is* sthrange!" continued the other, who, despite of the severity of his brother, was remarkably superstitious—"a coffin I made in the ashes three times runnin'! Isn't it very quare, Anne?" he added, addressing the niece.

"Sthrange enough, of a sartinty," she replied, being unwilling to express before her father the alarm which the incident, slight as it was, created in her mind; for she, like her uncle, was subject

to such ridiculous influences. "How did it happen, uncle?"

"Why, thin, no way in life, Anne; only, as I was thryin' to make a shoe, it turned out a coffin on my hands. I thin smoothed the ashes, and began agin, an' sorra bit of it but was a coffin still. Well, says I, I'll give you another chance,—here goes once more;—an', as sure as gun's iron, it was a coffin the third time. Heaven be about us, it's odd enough!"

"It would be little matther you were nailed down in a coffin," replied Anthony, fiercely; "the world would have little loss. What a pitiful cowardly rascal you are! Afraid o' your own shadow afther the sun goes down, except *I'm* at your elbow! Can't you dhrive all them palavers out o' your head? Didn't the sargint tell us, an' prove to us, the time we broke the guard-house, an' took Frinch lave o' the ridgment for good, that the whole o' that, an' more along wid it, is all priestcraft?"

"I remimber he did, sure enough: I dunna where the same sargint is now, Tony? About no good, any way, I'll be bail. Howsomever, in regard o' that, why doesn't yourself give up fastin' from the mate of a Friday?"

"Do you want me to sthretch you on the hearth?" replied the savage, whilst his eyes kindled into fury, and his grim visage darkened into a satanic expression. "I'll tache you to be puttin' me through my catechiz about atin' mate. I may manage that as I plase; it comes

at first-cost, any how: but no cross-questions to me about it, if you regard your health!"

"I must say for you," replied Denis, reproachfully, "that you're a good warrant to put the health astray upon us of an odd start: we're not come to this time o' day widout carryin' somethin' to remimber you by. For my own part, Tony, I don't like such tokens; an' moreover, I wish you had resaved a thrifle o' larnin', espishily in the writin' line; for whenever we have any difference, you're so ready to prove your opinion by settin' your mark upon me, that I'd rather, fifty times over, you could write it with pen an' ink."

"My father will give that up, uncle," said the niece; "it's bad for any body to be fightin', but worst of all for brothers, that ought to live in peace and kindness. Won't you, father?"

"Maybe I will, dear, some o' these days, on your account, Anne; but you must get this creature of an uncle of yours to let me alone, an' not be aggravatin' me with his folly. As for your mother, she's worse; her tongue's sharp enough to skin a flint, and a batin' a day has little effect on her."

Anne sighed, for she knew how low an irreligious life, and the infamous society with which, as her father's wife, her mother was compelled to mingle, had degraded her.

"Well but, father, you don't set her a good example yourself," said Anne; "and if she scoulds and drinks *now*, you know she was a different woman when you got her. You al-

low this yourself; and the crathur, the dhrunkest time she is, doesn't she cry bittherly, remimberin' what she *has* been. Instead of *one* batin' a day, father, thry *no* batin' a day, an' may be it 'ill turn out betther, than thumpin' an' smashin' her, as you do."

"Why, thin, there's thruth an' sinse in what the girl says, Tony," observed Denis.

"Come," replied Anthony, "whatever *she* may say, I'll suffer none of *your* interference. Go an' get us the black bottle from the *place;* it'll soon be time to move. I hope *they* won't stay too long."

Denis obeyed this command with great readiness, for whiskey in some degree blunted the fierce passions of his brother, and deadened his cruelty; or rather diverted it from minor objects to those which occurred in the lawless perpetration of his villany.

The bottle was got, and in the mean time the fire blazed up brightly; the storm without, however, did not abate, nor did Meehan and his brother wish that it should. As the elder of them took the glass from the hands of the other, an air of savage pleasure blazed in his eyes, on reflecting that the tempest of the night was favourable to the execution of the villanous deed on which they were bent.

"More power to you!" said Anthony, impiously personifying the storm: "sure that's *one* proof that God doesn't throuble his head about what we do, or we would not get such a murdherin' fine night as is in it, any how.

That's it! blow an' tundher away, an' keep yourself an' us as black as hell, sooner than we should fail in what we intend! Anne, your health, acushla!—Yours, Dinny! If you keep your tongue off o' me, I'll neither make nor meddle in regard o' the batin' o' you."

"I hope you'll stick to that, any how," replied Denis; "for my part I'm sick and sore o' you every day in the year. Many another man would put salt wather between himself and yourself, sooner nor become a battin'-stone for you, as I have been. Few would bear it, when they could mend themselves."

"What's that you say?" replied Anthony, suddenly laying down his glass, catching his brother by the collar, and looking him with a murderous scowl in the face. "Is it thrachery you hint at?—eh? Sarpent, is it thrachery you mane?" and as he spoke, he compressed Denis's neck between his powerful hands, until the other was black in the face.

Anne flew to her uncle's assistance, and with much difficulty succeeded in rescuing him from the deadly gripe of her father, who exclaimed, as he loosed his hold, "You may thank the girl, or you'd not spake, nor dare to spake, about crossin' the salt-wather, or lavin' me in a desateful way agin. If I ever suspect that a thought of thrachery comes into your heart, I'll *do* for you; and you may carry your story to the world I'll send you to."

"Father dear, why are you so suspicious of my uncle?" said Anne; "sure he's a long time

livin' with you, an' goin' step for step in all the danger you meet with. If he had a mind to turn out a Judas agin you, he might a done it long agone; not to mintion the throuble it would bring on his own head, seein' he's as deep in every thing as you are."

"If that's all that's throubling you," replied Denis, trembling, "you may make yourself asy on the head of it; but well I know 'tisn't *that* that's on your mind; 'tis your own conscience; but sure it's not fair nor rasonable for you to vent your evil thoughts on me!"

"Well, he won't," said Anne, "he'll quit it; his mind's throubled; an', dear knows, it's no wondher it should. Och, I'd give the world wide that his conscience was lightened of the load that's upon it! My mother's lameness is nothin'; but the child, poor thing! An' it was only widin three days of her lyin'-in. Och, it was a cruel sthroke, father! An' when I seen its little innocent face, dead, an' me widout a brother, I thought my heart would break, thinkin' upon who did it!" The tears fell in showers from her eyes, as she added, "Father, I don't want to vex you; but I wish you to feel sorrow for *that* at laste. Oh, if you'd bring the priest, an' give up sich coorses, father dear, how happy we'd be, an' how happy yourself'ud be!"

Conscience for a moment started from her sleep, and uttered a cry of guilt in his spirit: his face became ghastly, and his eyes full of horror: his lips quivered, and he was about to upbraid his daughter with more harshness than usual,

when a low whistle, resembling that of a curlew, was heard at a chink of the door. In a moment he gulped down another glass of spirits, and was on his feet: "Go, Denis, an' get the arms," said he to his brother, "while I let them in."

On opening the door, three men entered, having their great-coats muffled about them, and their hats slouched. One of them, named Kenny, was a short villain, but of a thick-set, hairy frame. The other was known as "the Big Mower," in consequence of his following that employment every season, and of his great skill in performing it. He had a deep-rooted objection against permitting the palm of his hand to be seen; a reluctance which common fame attributed to the fact of his having received on that part the impress of a hot iron, in the shape of the letter T, not forgetting to add, that T was the hieroglyphic for Thief. The villain himself affirmed it was simply the mark of a cross, burned into it by a blessed friar, as a charm against St. Vitus's dance, to which he had once been subject. The people, however, were rather sceptical, not of the friar's power to cure that malady, but of the fact of his ever having moved a limb under it; and they concluded with telling him, good-humouredly enough, that notwithstanding the charm, he was destined to die "wid the threble of it in his toe." The third was a noted pedlar called Martin, who, under pretence of selling tape, pins, scissors, &c., was very useful in *setting* such premises as this

virtuous fraternity might, without much risk, make a descent upon.

"I thought yez would out-stay your time," said the elder Meehan, relapsing into his determined hardihood of character; "we're ready, hours agone. Dick Rice gave me two curlew an' two patrich calls to-day. Now pass the glass among yez, while Denny brings the arms. I know there's danger in this business, in regard of the Cassidys livin' so near us. If I see anybody afut, I'll use the *curlew* call; an' if not, I'll whistle twice on the *patrich*[1] one, an' ye may come an. The horse is worth eighty guineas, if he's worth a shillin'; an' we'll make sixty of him ourselves."

For some time they chatted about the plan in contemplation, and drank freely of the spirits, until at length the impatience of the elder Meehan at the delay of his brother became ungovernable. His voice deepened into tones of savage passion, as he uttered a series of blasphemous curses against this unfortunate butt of his indignation and malignity. At length he rushed out furiously to know why he did not return; but, on reaching a secret excavation in the mound against which the house was built, he found, to his utter dismay, that Denis had made his escape by an artificial passage, scooped out of it to secure themselves a retreat in case of surprise or detection. It opened behind the house among a clump of black-thorn and brushwood, and was covered with green turf in such

a manner, as to escape the notice of all who were not acquainted with the secret. Meehan's face, on his return, was worked up into an expression truly awful.

"We're sould!" said he; "but, stop, I'll tache the thraithur what revinge is!"

In a moment he awoke his brother's two sons, and dragged them by the neck, one in each hand, to the hearth.

"Your villain of a father's off," said he, "to betray us: go, an' folly him; bring him back, an' he'll be safe from me: but let him become a *stag* agin us, and if I should hunt you both into the bowels of the airth, I'll send yez to a short account. I don't care that," and he snapped his fingers—"ha, ha—no, I don't care that for the law; I know how to dale with it, when it comes! An, what's the stuff about the *other* world, but priestcraft and lies!"

"Maybe," said the Big Mower, "Denis is gone to get the foreway of us, an' to take the horse himself. Our best plan is to lose no time, at all events; so let us hurry, for fraid the night might happen to clear up."

"He!" said Meehan, "he go alone! No: the miserable wretch is afeard of his own shadow. I only wondher he stuck to me so long: but sure he wouldn't, only I bate the courage in, and the fear out of him. You're right, Brian," said he upon reflection, "let us lose no time, but be off. Do ye mind?" he added to his nephews; "Did ye hear me? If you see him, let him come back, an' all will be berrid; but, if he doesn't, you

know your fate!" Saying which, he and his accomplices departed amid the howling of the storm.

The next morning, Carnmore, and indeed the whole parish, was in an uproar; a horse, worth eighty guineas, had been stolen in the most daring manner from the Cassidys, and the hue-and-cry was up after the thief or thieves who took him. For several days the search was closely maintained, but without success; not the slightest trace could be found of him or them. The Cassidys could very well bear to lose him; but there were many struggling farmers, on whose property serious depredations had been committed, who could not sustain their loss so easily. It was natural under these circumstances that suspicion should attach to many persons, some of whom had but indifferent characters before, as well as to several who certainly had never deserved suspicion. When a fortnight or so had elapsed, and no circumstances transpired that might lead to discovery, the neighbours, including those who had principally suffered by the robberies, determined to assemble upon a certain day at Cassidy's house, for the purpose of clearing themselves, on oath, of the imputations thrown out against some of them, as accomplices in the thefts. In order, however, that the ceremony should be performed as solemnly as possible, they determined to send for Father Farrell, and Mr. Nicholson, a magistrate, both of whom they requested to undertake the task of jointly presiding upon this occasion; and, that the cir-

cumstance should have every publicity, it was announced from the altar by the priest, on the preceding Sabbath, and published on the churchgate in large legible characters, ingeniously printed with a pen by the village schoolmaster.

In fact, the intended meeting, and the object of it, were already notorious; and much conversation was held upon its probable result, and the measures which might be taken against those who should refuse to swear. Of the latter description there was but one opinion, which was that their refusal in such a case would be tantamount to guilt. The innocent were anxious to vindicate themselves from suspicion: and, as the suspected did not amount to more than a dozen, of course the whole body of the people, including the thieves themselves, who applauded it as loudly as the others, all expressed their satisfaction at the measures about to be adopted. A day was therefore appointed, on which the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, particularly the suspected persons, should come to assemble at Cassidy's house, in order to have the characters of the innocent cleared up, and the guilty, if possible, made known.

On the evening before this took place, were assembled in Meehan's cottage, the elder Meehan, and the rest of the gang, including Denis, who had absconded on the night of the theft.

"Well, well, Denny," said Anthony, who forced his rugged nature into an appearance of better temper, that he might strengthen the timid spirit of his brother against the scrutiny about to

take place on the morrow—perhaps, too, he dreaded him—"Well well, Denny, I thought, sure enough, that it was some new piece of cowardice came over you. Just think of him," he added, "shabbin' off, only because he made, with a bit of a rod, three strokes in the ashes that he thought resembled a coffin!—ha, ha, ha!"

This produced a peal of derision at Denis's pusillanimous terror.

"Ay!" said the Big Mower, "he was makin' a coffin, was he? I wondher it wasn't a rope you drew, Denny. If any one dies in the coil, it will be the greatest coward, an' that's yourself."

"You may all laugh," replied Denis, "but I know such things to have a manin'. When my mother died, didn't my father, the heavens be his bed! see a black coach about a week before it? an' sure from the first day she tuck ill, the dead-watch was heard in the house every night: and what was more nor that, she kept *warm* until she went into her grave;[2] an', accordingly, didn't my sisther Shibby die within a year afther?"

"It's no matther about thim things," replied Anthony; "it's thruth about the dead-watch, my mother keepin' warm, an' Shibby's death, any way. But on the night we tuck Cassidy's horse, I thought you were goin' to betray us: I was surely in a murdherin' passion, an' would have done harm, only things turned out as they did."

"Why," said Denis, "the thruth is, I was afeard *some* of us would be shot, an' that the lot would fall on myself; for the coffin, thinks

I, was sent as a warnin'. How-and-ever, I spied about Cassidy's stable, till I seen that the coast was clear; so whin I heard the low cry of the patrich that Anthony and I agreed on, I joined yez."

"Well, about to-morrow," observed Kenny—"ha, ha, ha!—there'll be lots o' swearin'. Why the whole parish is to switch the primer; many a thumb and coat-cuff will be kissed in spite of priest or magistrate. I remimber once, whin I was swearin' an *alibi* for long Paddy Murray, that suffered for the M'Gees, I kissed my thumb, I thought, so smoothly, that no one would notice it; but I had a keen one to dale with, so says he, 'You know for the matther o' that, my good fellow, that you have your *thumb* to kiss every day in the week,' says he, 'but you might salute the *book* out o' dacency and good manners; not,' says he, 'that you an' it are strangers aither; for, if I don't mistake, you're an ould hand at swearin' alibis.'

"At all evints, I had to smack the book itself, and it's I, and Barney Green, and Tim Casserly, that did swear stiffly for Paddy, but the thing was too clear agin him. So he suffered, poor fellow, an' died right game, for he said over his *dhrop*—ha, ha, ha—that he was as innocent o' the murder as a child unborn: an' so he was in *one* sinse, bein' afther gettin' absolution."

"As to thumb-kissin'," observed the elder Meehan; "let there be none of it among us to-morrow; if we're caught at it 'twould be as bad

as stayin' away altogether; for my part, I'll give it a smack like a pistol-shot—ha, ha, ha!"

"I hope they won't bring the priest's book," said Denis. "I haven't the laste objection agin payin' my respects to the *magistrate's* paper, but somehow I don't like tastin' the *priest's* in a falsity."

"Don't you know," said the Big Mower, "that whin a magistrate's present, it's ever an' always only the Tistament *by law* that's used. I myself wouldn't kiss the mass-book in a falsity."

"There's none of us sayin' we'd do it in a lie," said the elder Meehan; "an' it's well for thousands that the law doesn't use the priest's book; though, after all, aren't there books that say religion's all a sham? I think myself it is; for if what they talk about justice an' Providence is thrue, would Tom Dillon be transported for the robbery *we* committed at Bantry? Tom, it's true, was an ould offender; but he was innocent of *that*, any way. The world's all chance, boys, as sargint Eustace used to say, and whin we die there's no more about us; so that I don't see why a man mightn't as well *switch* the priest's book as any other, only that, somehow, a body can't shake the terror of it off o' them."

"I dunna, Anthony, but you an' I ought to curse that sargint; only for him we mightn't be as we are, sore in our conscience, an' afeard of every fut we hear passin'," observed Denis.

"Spake for your own cowardly heart, man

alive," replied Anthony; "for my part, I'm afeard o' nothin'. Put round the glass, and don't be nursin' it there all night. Sure we're not so bad as the rot among the sheep, nor the black leg among the bullocks, nor the staggers among the horses, any how; an' yet they'd hang us up only for bein' fond of a bit o' mate—ha, ha, ha!"

"Thrue enough," said the Big Mower, philosophizing—"God made the beef and the mutton, and the grass to fed it; but it was man made the ditches: now we're only bringin' things back to the right way that Providence made them in, when ould times were in it, manin' before ditches war invinted—ha, ha, ha!"

"'Tis a good argument," observed Kenny, "only that judge and jury would be a little delicate in actin' up to it; an' the more's the pity. Howsomever, as Providence made the mutton, sure it's not harm for us to take what he sends."

"Ay; but," said Denis,

> 'God made man, an' man made money;
> God made bees, and bees made honey:
> God made Satan, an' Satan made sin;
> An' God made a hell to put Satan in.'

Let nobody say there's not a hell; isn't there it plain from Scripthur?"

"I wish you had the Scripthur tied about your neck!" replied Anthony—"How fond of it one o' the greatest thieves that ever missed the rope is! Why the fellow could plan a roguery with any man that ever danced the hangman's horn-

pipe, and yet he be's repatin' bits an' scraps of ould prayers, an' charms, an' stuff. Ay, indeed! Sure he has a varse out o' the Bible, that he thinks can prevent a man from bein' hung up any day!"

While Denny, the Big Mower, and the two Meehans were thus engaged in giving expression to their peculiar opinions, the Pedlar held a conversation of a different kind with Anne.

With the secrets of the family in his keeping, he commenced a rather penitent review of his own life, and expressed his intention of abandoning so dangerous a mode of accumulating wealth. He said that he thanked heaven he had already laid up sufficient for the wants of a reasonable man; that he understood farming and the management of *sheep* particularly well: that it was his intention to remove to a different part of the kingdom, and take a farm; and that nothing prevented him from having done this before, but the want of a helpmate to take care of his establishment: he added, that his present wife was of an intolerable temper, and a greater villain by fifty degrees than himself. He concluded by saying, that his conscience twitched him night and day for living with her, and that by abandoning her immediately, becoming truly religious, and taking Anne in her place, he hoped, he said, to atone in some measure for his former errors.

Anthony, however, having noticed the earnestness which marked the Pedlar's manner, suspected him of attempting to corrupt the principles of his daughter, having forgotten the

influence which his own opinions were calculated to produce upon her heart.

"Martin," said he, "'twould be as well you ped attention to what we're sayin' in regard o' the trial to-morrow, as to be palaverin' talk into the girl's ear that can't be good comin' from *your* lips. Quit it, I say, quit it! *Corp an duorwol*[8]—I won't allow such proceedins!"

"Swear till you blister your lips, Anthony," replied Martin: "as for me, bein' no residenthur, I'm not bound to it; an' what's more, I'm not suspected. 'Tis settin' some other bit o' work for yez I'll be, while you're all clearin' yourselves from stealin' honest Cassidy's horse. I wish we had him safely disposed of in the mane time, an' the money for him an' the other beasts in our pockets."

Much more conversation of a similar kind passed between them upon various topics connected with their profligacy and crimes. At length they separated for the night, after having concerted their plan of action for the ensuing scrutiny.

The next morning, before the hour appointed arrived, the parish, particularly the neighbourhood of Carnmore, was struck with deep consternation. Labour became suspended, mirth disappeared, and every face was marked with paleness, anxiety, and apprehension. If two men met, one shook his head mysteriously, and inquired from the other, "Did you hear the news?"

"Ay! ay! the Lord be about us all, I did! an'

I pray God that it may lave the counthry as it came to it!"

"Oh, an' that it may, I humbly make supplication this day!"

If two women met, it was with similar mystery and fear. "*Vread,*[4] do you know what's at the Cassidys'?"

"Whisht, a-hagur, I do; but let what will happen, sure it's best for us to say nothin'."

"Say! the blessed Virgin forbid! I'd cut my hand off o' me, afore I'd spake a word about it; only that——"

"Whisht! woman — for mercy's sake — don't——"

And so they would separate, each crossing herself devoutly.

The meeting at Cassidy's was to take place that day at twelve o'clock; but, about two hours before the appointed time, Anne, who had been in some of the other houses, came into her father's, quite pale, breathless and trembling.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, whilst the tears fell fast from her eyes, "we'll be lost, ruined;—did yez hear what's in the neighbourhood wid the Cassidys'?"

"Girl," said the father, with more severity than he had ever manifested to her before, "I never yit *ris* my hand to you, but *ma corp an duowol,* if you open your lips, I'll *fell* you where you stand. Do you want that cowardly uncle o' yours to be the manes o' hanging your father? Maybe that was one o' the lessons Martin gave

you last night?" And as he spoke he knit his brows at her with that murderous scowl which was habitual to him. The girl trembled, and began to think that since her father's temper deepened in domestic outrage and violence as his crimes multiplied, the sooner she left the family the better. Every day, indeed, diminished that species of instinctive affection which she had entertained towards him; and this, in proportion as her reason ripened into a capacity for comprehending the dark materials of which his character was composed. Whether he himself began to consider detection at hand, or not, we cannot say; but it is certain, that his conduct was marked with a callous recklessness of spirit, which increased in atrocity to such a degree, that even his daughter could only *not* look on him with *disgust.*

"What's the matter now?" inquired Denis, with alarm: "is it any thing about us, Anthony?"

"No, 'tisn't," replied the other, "anything about us! What 'ud it be about us for? 'Tis a lyin' report that some cunnin' knave spread, hopin' to find out the guilty. But hear me, Denis, once for all; we're goin' to clear ourselves —now listen—an' let my words sink deep into your heart: if you refuse to swear this day—no matther *what's* put into your hand—you'll do harm—that's all: have courage, man; but should you *cow,* your coorse will be short; an' mark, even if *you* escape me, your sons won't: I have it all planned; an' *corp an duowol!* thim you

won't know from Adam will revenge me, if I'm taken up through your unmanliness."

"'Twould be betther for us to lave the counthry," said Anne; "we might slip away as it is."

"Ay," said the father, "an' be taken by the neck afore we'd get two miles from the place! no, no, girl; it's the safest way to brazen thim out. Did you hear me, Denis?"

Denis started, for he had been evidently pondering on the mysterious words of Anne, to which his brother's anxiety to conceal them gave additional mystery. The coffin, too, recurred to him; and he feared that the death shadowed out by it, would in some manner or other occur in the family. He was, in fact, one of those miserable villains with but half a conscience;—that is to say, as much as makes them the slaves of the fear which results from crime, without being the slightest impediment to their committing it. It was no wonder he started at the deep pervading tones of his brother's voice, for the question was put with ferocious energy.

On starting, he looked with vague terror on his brother, fearing, but not comprehending, his question.

"What is it, Anthony?" he inquired.

"Oh, for that matther," replied the other, "nothin' at all: think of what I said to you, any how; swear through thick an' thin, if you have a regard for your own health, or for your childher. Maybe I had betther repate it agin for you?" he continued, eying him with mingled

fear and suspicion. "Denis, as a friend, I bid you mind yourself this day, an' see you don't bring aither of us into throuble."

There lay before the Cassidys' houses a small flat of common, trodden into rings by the young horses they were in the habit of training. On this level space were assembled those who came, either to clear their own character from suspicion, or to witness the ceremony. The day was dark and lowering, and heavy clouds rolled slowly across the peaks of the surrounding mountains; scarcely a breath of air could be felt; and, as the country people silently approached, such was the closeness of the day, their haste to arrive in time, and their general anxiety, either for themselves or their friends, that almost every man, on reaching the spot, might be seen taking up the skirts of his "cothamore," or "big coat," (the peasant's handkerchief), to wipe the sweat from his brow; and as he took off his dingy woollen hat, or caubeen, the perspiration rose in strong exhalations from his head.

"Michael, am I in time?" might be heard from such persons, as they arrived: "did this business begin yit?"

"Full time, Larry; myself's here an hour ago, but no appearance of anything as yit. Father Farrell an' Squire Nicholson are both in Cassidys' waitin' till they're all *gother,* whin they'll begin to put thim through their facins. You hard about what they've got?"

"No; for I'm only on my way home from the

berril of a *cleaveen* of mine, that we put down this mornin' in Tullyard. What is it?"

"Why, man alive, it's through the whole parish *inready;*"—he then went on, lowering his voice to a whisper, and speaking in a tone bordering on dismay.

The other crossed himself, and betrayed symptoms of awe and astonishment, not unmingled with fear.

"Well," he replied, "I dunna whether I'd come here, if I'd known that; for, innocent or guilty, I wouldn't wish to be near it. Och, may God pity thim that's to come acrass it, espishily if they dare to do it in a lie!"

"They needn't, I can tell yez both," observed a third person, "be a hair afeard of it, for the best razon livin', that there's no thruth at all in the report, nor the Cassidys never thought of sindin' for anything o' the kind: I have it from Larry Cassidy's own lips, an' he ought to know best."

The truth is, that two reports were current among the crowd: one, that the oath was to be simply on the Bible; and the other, that a more awful means of expurgation was resorted to by the Cassidys. The people, consequently, not knowing which to credit, felt that most painful of all sensations—uncertainty.

During the period which intervened between their assembling and the commencement of the ceremony, a spectator, interested in contemplating the workings of human nature in circum-

stances of deep interest, would have had ample scope for observation. The occasion was to them a solemn one. There was little conversation among them; for when a man is wound up to a pitch of great interest, he is seldom disposed to relish discourse. Every brow was anxious, every cheek blanched, and every arm folded: they scarcely stirred, or when they did, only with slow abstracted movements, rather mechanical than voluntary. If an individual made his appearance about Cassidy's door, a sluggish stir among them was visible, and a low murmur of a peculiar character might be heard; but on perceiving that it was only some ordinary person, all subsided again into a brooding stillness that was equally singular and impressive.

Under this peculiar feeling was the multitude, when Meehan and his brother were seen approaching it from their own house. The elder, with folded arms, and hat pulled over his brows, stalked grimly forward, having that remarkable scowl upon his face, which had contributed to establish for him so diabolical a character. Denis walked by his side, with his countenance strained to inflation;—a miserable parody of that sullen effrontery which marked the unshrinking miscreant beside him. He had not heard of the ordeal, owing to the caution of Anthony; but, notwithstanding his effort at indifference, a keen eye might have observed the latent anxiety of a man who was habitually villanous, and naturally timid.

When this pair entered the crowd, a few secret

glances, too rapid to be noticed by the people, passed between them and their accomplices. Denis, on seeing them present, took fresh courage, and looked with the heroism of a blusterer upon those who stood about him, especially whenever he found himself under the scrutinizing eye of his brother. Such was the horror and detestation in which they were held, that on advancing into the assembly, the persons on each side turned away, and openly avoided them: eyes full of fierce hatred were bent on them vindictively, and "curses, not loud, but deep," were muttered with an indignation which nothing but a divided state of feeling could repress within due limits. Every glance, however, was paid back by Anthony with interest, from eyes and black shaggy brows tremendously ferocious; and his curses, as they rolled up half smothered from his huge chest, were deeper and more diabolical by far than their own. He even jeered at them; but, however disgusting his frown, there was something truly appalling in the dark gleam of his scoff, which threw them at an immeasurable distance behind him, in the power of displaying on the countenance the worst of human passions.

At length Mr. Nicholson, Father Farrell, and his curate, attended by the Cassidys and their friends, issued from the house: two or three servants preceded them, bearing a table and chairs for the magistrate and priests, who, however, stood during the ceremony. When they entered one of the rings before alluded to, the table and chairs were placed in the centre of it, and Father

Farrell, as possessing most influence over the people, addressed them very impressively.

"There are," said he, in conclusion, "persons in this crowd whom we know to be guilty; but we will have an opportunity of now witnessing the lengths to which crime, long indulged in, can carry them. To such people I would say, *beware!* for they know not the situation in which they are placed."

During all this time there was not the slightest allusion made to the mysterious ordeal which had excited so much awe and apprehension among them—a circumstance which occasioned many a pale, downcast face to clear up, and reassume its usual and cheerful expression. The crowd now were assembled around the ring, and every man on whom an imputation had been fastened came forward, when called upon, to the table at which the priests and magistrates stood uncovered. The form of the oath was framed by the two clergymen, who, as they knew the reservations and evasions commonest among such characters, had ingeniously contrived not to leave a single loophole through which the consciences of those who belonged to this worthy fraternity might escape.

To those acquainted with Irish courts of justice there was nothing particularly remarkable in the swearing. Indeed, one who stood among the crowd might hear from those who were stationed at the greatest distance from the table, such questions as the following:—

"Is the *thing* in it, Art?"

"No; 'tis nothin' but the *law* Bible, the magistrate's own one."

To this the querist would reply, with a satisfied nod of the head, "Oh, is that all? I heard they war to have *it;*" on which he would push himself through the crowd until he reached the table, where he took his oath as readily as another.

"Jem Hartigan," said the magistrate, to one of those persons, "are *you* to swear?"

"Faix, myself doesn't know, your honour; only that I hard them say that the Cassidys mintioned our names along wid many other honest people; an' one wouldn't, in that case, lie under a false report, your honour, from any one, when we're as clear as them that never saw the light of anything of the kind."

The magistrate then put the book into his hand, and Jem, in return, fixed his eye, with much apparent innocence, on his face: "Now, Jem Hartigan," &c. &c. and the oath was accordingly administered. Jem put the book to his mouth, with his thumb raised to an acute angle on the back of it; nor was the smack by any means a silent one which he gave it, (his thumb).

The magistrate set his ear with the air of a man who had experience in discriminating such sounds. "Hartigan," said he, "you'll condescend to kiss the *book,* Sir, if you please: there's a hollowness in that smack, my good fellow, that can't escape *me.*"

"Not kiss it, your honour? why, by this staff in my hand, if ever a man kissed"—

"Silence! you impostor," said the curate; "I watched you closely, and am confident your lips never touched the book."

"My lips *never* touched the book!—Why, you know I'd be sarry to conthradict either o' yez; but I was jist goin' to absarve, wid simmission, that my own lips ought to know best; an' don't you hear them tellin' you that they *did* kiss it?" and he grinned with confidence in their faces.

"You double-dealing reprobate!" said the parish priest, "I'll lay my whip across your jaws. I saw you, too, an' you did *not* kiss the book."

"By dad, an' maybe I did *not,* sure enough," he replied: "any man may make a mistake unknownst to himself; but I'd give my oath, an' be the five crasses, I kissed it as sure as——however, a good thing's never the worse o' bein' twice done, gintlemen; so here goes, jist to satisfy yez;" and, placing the book near his mouth, and altering his position a little, he appeared to comply, though, on the contrary, he touched neither it nor his thumb. "It's the same thing to me," he continued, laying down the book with an air of confident assurance; "it's the same thing to me if I kissed it fifty times over, which I'm ready to do if *that* doesn't satisfy yez."

As every man acquitted himself of the charges brought against him, the curate immediately took down his name. Indeed, before the "clearing" commenced, he requested that such as were to swear would stand together within the ring, that, after having sworn, he might hand each of them a certificate of the fact, which they

appeared to think might be serviceable to them, should they happen to be subsequently indicted for the same crime in a court of justice. This, however, was only a plan to keep them together for what was soon to take place.

The detections of thumb-kissing were received by those who had already sworn, and by several in the outward crowd, with much mirth. It is but justice, however, to the majority of those assembled to state, that they appeared to entertain a serious opinion of the nature of the ceremony, and no small degree of abhorrence against those who seemed to trifle with the solemnity of an oath.

Standing on the edge of the circle, in the innermost row, were Meehan and his brother. The former eyed, with all the hardness of a Stoic, the successive individuals as they passed up to the table. His accomplices had gone forward, and to the surprise of many who strongly suspected them, in the most indifferent manner "cleared" themselves in the trying words of the oath, of all knowledge of, and participation in, the thefts that had taken place.

The grim visage of the elder Meehan was marked by a dark smile, scarcely perceptible; but his brother, whose nerves were not so firm, appeared somewhat confused and distracted by the imperturbable villany of the perjurers.

At length they were called up. Anthony advanced slowly but collectedly, to the table, only turning his eye slightly about, to observe if his brother accompanied him. "Denis," said he,

"which of us will swear first? you may;" for, as he doubted his brother's firmness, he was prudent enough, should he fail, to guard against having the sin of perjury to answer for, along with those demands which his country had to make for his other crimes. Denis took the book, and cast a slight glance at his brother as if for encouragement; their eyes met, and the darkened brow of Anthony hinted at the danger of flinching in this crisis. The tremor of his hand was not, perhaps, visible to any but Anthony, who, however, did not overlook this circumstance. He held the book, but raised not his eye to meet the looks of either the magistrate or the priest; the colour also left his face, as with shrinking lips he touched the Word of God in deliberate falsehood. Having then laid it down, Anthony received it with a firm grasp, and whilst his eye turned boldly in contemptuous mockery upon those who presented it, he impressed it with the kiss of a man whose depraved conscience seemed to goad him only to evil. After "clearing" himself, he laid the Bible upon the table with the affected air of a person who felt hurt at the imputation of theft, and joined the rest with a frown upon his countenance, and a smothered curse upon his lips.

Just at this moment, a person from Cassidy's house laid upon the table a small box covered with black cloth; and our readers will be surprised to hear, that if fire had come down visibly from heaven, greater awe and fear could not have been struck into their hearts, or depicted upon

their countenances. The casual conversation, and the commentaries upon the ceremony they had witnessed, instantly settled into a most profound silence, and every eye was turned towards it with an interest absolutely fearful.

"Let," said the curate, "none of those who have sworn depart from within the ring, until they *once more* clear themselves upon this;" and as he spoke, he held it up—"Behold!" said he, "and tremble—behold THE DONAGH!!!"

A low murmur of awe and astonishment burst from the people in general, whilst those within the ring, who, with few exceptions, were the worst characters in the parish, appeared ready to sink into the earth. Their countenances, for the most part, paled into the condemned hue of guilt; many of them became almost unable to stand; and altogether, the state of trepidation and terror in which they stood, was strikingly wild and extraordinary.

The curate proceeded: "Let him now who is guilty depart; or if he wishes, advance, and challenge the awful penalty annexed to perjury upon THIS! Who has ever been known to swear falsely upon the Donagh, without being visited by a tremendous punishment, either on the spot, or in twenty-four hours after his perjury? If we ourselves have not seen such instances with our own eyes, it is because none liveth who dare incur such a dreadful penalty; but we have heard of those who did, and of their awful punishment afterwards. Sudden death, madness, paralysis, self-destruction, or the murder of some one dear

to them, are the marks by which perjury upon the Donagh is known and visited. Advance, now, ye who are innocent, but let the guilty withdraw; for we do not desire to witness the terrible vengeance which would attend a false oath upon the DONAGH. Pause, therefore, and be cautious! for if this grievous sin be committed, a heavy punishment will fall, not only upon you, but upon the parish in which it occurs!"

The words of the priest sounded to the guilty like the death-sentence of a judge. Before he had concluded, all, except Meehan and his brother, and a few who were really innocent, had slunk back out of the circle into the crowd. Denis, however, became pale as a corpse; and from time to time wiped the large drops from his haggard brow: even Anthony's cheek, despite of his natural callousness, was less red; his eyes became disturbed; but by their influence, he contrived to keep Denis in sufficient dread, to prevent him from mingling, like the rest, among the people. The few who remained along with them advanced; and notwithstanding their innocence, when the Donagh was presented and the figure of Christ and the Twelve Apostles displayed in the solemn tracery of its carving, they exhibited symptoms of fear. With trembling hands they touched the Donagh, and with trembling lips kissed the Crucifix, in attestation of their guiltlessness of the charge with which they had been accused.

"Anthony and Denis Meehan, come forward," said the curate, "and declare your innocence of

the crimes with which you are charged by the Cassidys and others."

Anthony advanced; but Denis stood rooted to the ground; on perceiving which, the former sternly returned a step or two, and catching him by the arm with an admonitory grip, that could not easily be misunderstood, compelled him to proceed with himself step by step to the table. Denis, however, could feel the strong man tremble, and perceive that although he strove to lash himself into the energy of despair, and the utter disbelief of all religious sanction, yet the trial before him called every slumbering prejudice and apprehension of his mind into active power. This was a death-blow to his own resolution, or, rather it confirmed him in his previous determination not to swear on the Donagh, except to acknowledge his guilt, which he could scarcely prevent himself from doing, such was the vacillating state of mind to which he felt himself reduced.

When Anthony reached the table, his huge form seemed to dilate by his effort at maintaining the firmness necessary to support him in this awful struggle between conscience and superstition on the one hand, and guilt, habit, and infidelity, on the other. He fixed his deep, dilated eyes upon the Donagh, in a manner that betokened somewhat of irresolution: his countenance fell; his colour came and went, but eventually settled in a flushed red; his powerful hands and arms trembled so much, that he folded them to prevent his agitation from being noticed: the grimness of his face ceased to be stern, while it

retained the blank expression of guilt; his temples swelled out with the terrible play of their blood-vessels, his chest, too, heaved up and down with the united pressure of guilt, and the tempest which shook him within. At length he saw Denis's eye upon him, and his passions took a new direction; he knit his brows at him with more than usual fierceness, ground his teeth, and with a step and action of suppressed fury, he placed his foot at the edge of the table, and bowing down under the eye of God and man, took the awful oath on the mysterious Donagh, in a falsehood! When it was finished, a feeble groan broke from his brother's lips. Anthony bent his eye on him with a deadly glare; but Denis saw it not. The shock was beyond his courage,—he had become insensible.

Those who stood at the outskirts of the crowd, seeing Denis apparently lifeless, thought he must have sworn falsely on the Donagh, and exclaimed, "He's dead! gracious God! Denis Meehan's struck dead by the Donagh! He swore in a lie, and is now a corpse!" Anthony paused, and calmly surveyed him as he lay with his head resting upon the hands of those who supported him. At this moment a silent breeze came over where they stood; and, as the Donagh lay upon the table, the black ribbons with which it was ornamented fluttered with a melancholy appearance, that deepened the sensations of the people into something peculiarly solemn and preternatural. Denis at length revived, and stared wildly and vacantly about him. When

composed sufficiently to distinguish and recognise individual objects, he looked upon the gloomy visage and threatening eye of his brother, and shrunk back with a terror almost epileptical. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "save me! save me from that man, and I'll discover all!"

Anthony calmly folded one arm into his bosom, and his lip quivered with the united influence of hatred and despair.

"Hould him!" shrieked a voice, which proceeded from his daughter, "hould my father, or he'll murdher him! Oh! oh! merciful Heaven!"

Ere the words were uttered, she had made an attempt to clasp the arms of her parent, whose motions she understood; but only in time to receive from the pistol which he had concealed in his breast, the bullet aimed at her uncle! She tottered! and the blood spouted out of her neck upon her father's brows, who hastily put up his hand and wiped it away, for it had actually blinded him.

The elder Meehan was a tall man, and as he stood, elevated nearly a head above the crowd, his grim brows red with his daughter's blood—which, in attempting to wipe away, he had deeply streaked across his face—his eyes shooting fiery gleams of his late resentment, mingled with the wildness of unexpected horror—as he thus stood, it would be impossible to contemplate a more revolting picture of that state to which the principles that had regulated his life must ultimately lead, even in this world.

On perceiving what he had done, the deep

working of his powerful frame was struck into sudden stillness, and he turned his eyes on his bleeding daughter, with a fearful perception of her situation. Now was the harvest of his creed and crimes reaped in blood; and he felt that the stroke which had fallen upon him was one of those by which God will sometimes bare his arm and vindicate his justice. The reflection, however, shook him not: the reality of his misery was too intense and pervading, and grappled too strongly with his hardened and unbending spirit, to waste its power upon a nerve or a muscle. It was abstracted, and beyond the reach of bodily suffering. From the moment his daughter fell, he moved not: his lips were half open with the conviction produced by the blasting truth of her death, effected prematurely by his own hand.

Those parts of his face which had not been stained with her blood assumed an ashy paleness, and rendered his countenance more terrific by the contrast. Tall, powerful, and motionless, he appeared to the crowd, glaring at the girl like a tiger anxious to join his offspring, yet stunned with the shock of the bullet which has touched a vital part. His iron-gray hair, as it fell in thick masses about his neck, was moved slightly by the blast, and a lock which fell over his temple was blown back with a motion rendered more distinct by his statue-like attitude, immovable as death.

A silent and awful gathering of the people around this impressive scene, intimated their knowledge of what they considered to be a judicial punishment annexed to perjury upon the

Donagh. This relic lay on the table, and the eyes of those who stood within view of it, turned from Anthony's countenance to it, and again back to his blood-stained visage, with all the overwhelming influence of superstitious fear. Shudderings, tremblings, crossings, and ejaculations, marked their conduct and feeling; for though the incident in itself was simply a fatal and uncommon one, yet *they* considered it supernatural and miraculous.

At length a loud and agonizing cry burst from the lips of Meehan—"Oh, God!—God of heaven an' earth!—have I murdhered my daughter?" and he cast down the fatal weapon with a force which buried it some inches into the wet clay.

The crowd had closed upon Anne; but with the strength of a giant he flung them aside, caught the girl in his arms, and pressed her bleeding to his bosom. He gasped for breath: "Anne," said he, "Anne, I am without hope, an' there's none to forgive me except you;—none at all: from God, to the poorest of his creatures, I am hated an' cursed by all, except you! Don't curse me, Anne; don't curse me! Oh, isn't it enough, darlin', that my sowl is now stained with *your* blood, along with my other crimes? In hell, on earth, an' in heaven, there's none to forgive your father but yourself!—NONE! NONE! Oh, what's comin' over me! I'm dizzy an' shiverin'! How cowld the day's got of a sudden! Hould up, *avourneen machree!* I *was* a bad man; but to *you,* Anne, I was *not* as I was to every one! Darlin', oh, look at me with forgiveness in your

eye, or any way don't *curse* me! Oh! I'm far cowlder now! Tell me that you forgive me, *acushla oge machree!—Manim asthee hu,* [5] darlin', say it. I DAR'N'T LOOK TO GOD! but oh! do *you* say the forgivin' word to your father before you die!"

"Father," said she, "I deserve this—it's only just: I had plotted with that divilish Martin to betray them all, except yourself, an' to get the reward; an' then we intended to go—an'—live at a distance—an' in wickedness—where we—might not be known—he's at our house—let him be—secured. Forgive me, father;—you said so often that there was no thruth in religion—that I began to—think so. Oh!—God! have mercy upon me!" And with these words she expired.

Meehan's countenance, on hearing this, was overspread with a ghastly look of the most desolating agony: he staggered back, and the body of his daughter, which he strove to hold, would have fallen from his arms, had it not been caught by the bystanders. His eye sought out his brother, but not in resentment. "Oh! she died, but didn't say 'I FORGIVE YOU!' Denis," said he, "Denis, bring me home—I'm sick—very sick—oh, but it's cowld—everything's reeling—how cowld—cowld it is!"—and as he uttered the last words, he shuddered, fell down in a fit of apoplexy, never to rise again; and the bodies of his daughter and himself were both waked and buried together.

The result is brief. The rest of the gang were secured: Denis became approver, by whose evidence they suffered that punishment decreed by

law to the crimes of which they had been guilty. The two events which we have just related, of course added to the supernatural fear and reverence previously entertained for this terrible relic. It is still used as an ordeal of expurgation, in cases of stolen property; and we are not wrong in asserting, that many of those misguided creatures, who too frequently hesitate not to swear falsely on the Word of God, would suffer death itself sooner than commit a perjury on the Donagh.[6]

PHIL PURCEL THE PIG DRIVER

Phil Purcel was a singular character, for he was never married; but notwithstanding his singularity, no man ever possessed, for practical purposes, a more plentiful stock of duplicity. All his acquaintances knew that Phil was a knave of the first water, yet was he decidedly a general favourite. Now as we hate mystery ourselves, we shall reveal the secret of this remarkable popularity; though, after all, it can scarcely be called so, for Phil was not the first cheat who has been popular in his day. The cause of his success lay simply in this;—that he never laughed; and none of our readers need be told, that the appearance of a grave cheat in Ireland is an originality which almost runs up into a miracle. This gravity induced every one to look upon him as a phenomenon. The assumed simplicity of his manners was astonishing, and the ignorance which he feigned, so apparently natural, that it was scarcely possible for the most keen-sighted searcher into human motives to detect him. The only way of understanding the man was to deal with him: if, after *that,* you did not comprehend him thoroughly, the fault was not Phil's, but your own. Although not mirthful himself, he was the cause of mirth in others; for, without ever smiling at his own gains, he contrived to make others

laugh at their losses. His disposition, setting aside laughter, was strictly anomalous. The most incompatible, the most unamalgamatible, and the most uncomeatable qualities that ever refused to unite in the same individual, had no scruple at all to unite in Phil. But we hate metaphysics, which we leave to the mechanical philosophers, and proceed to state that Phil was a miser, which is the best explanation we can give of his gravity.

Ireland, owing to the march of intellect, and the superiority of modern refinement, has been for some years past, and is at present, well supplied with an abundant variety of professional men, every one of whom will undertake, for proper considerations, to teach us, Irish, all manner of useful accomplishments. The drawing-master talks of his profession; the dancing-master of *his* profession; the fiddler, tooth-drawer, and corn-cutter, (who, by the way, *reaps* a richer harvest than we do, since the devil has tempted the schoolmaster to go abroad, are all practising in his absence, as professional men.

Now Phil must be included among this class of grandiloquent gentlemen, for he entered life as a Professor of Pig-driving; and it is but justice towards him to assert, that no corn-cutter of them all ever elevated his profession so high as Phil did that in which he practised. In fact, he raised it to the most exalted pitch of improvement of which it was then susceptible; or to use the cant of the day, he soon arrived at "the head of his profession."

In Phil's time, however, pig-driving was not so general, nor had it made such rapid advances as in modern times. It was, then, simply pig-driving, unaccompanied by the improvements of poverty, sickness, and famine. Political economy had not then taught the people how to be poor upon the most scientific principles; free trade had not shown the nation the most approved plan of reducing itself to the lowest possible state of distress; nor liberalism enabled the working classes to scoff at religion, and wisely to stop at the very line that lies between outrage and rebellion. Many errors and inconveniences, now happily exploded, were then in existence. The people, it is true, were somewhat attached to their landlords, but still they were burdened with the unnecessary appendages of good coats and stout shoes; were tolerably industrious, and had the mortification of being able to pay their rents, and feed in comfort. They were not, as they are now, free from new coats and old prejudices, nor improved by the intellectual march of politics and poverty. When either a man or a nation starves, it is a luxury to starve in an enlightened manner; and nothing is more consolatory to a person acquainted with public rights and constitutional privileges, than to understand those liberal principles upon which he fasts and goes naked.

From all we have said, the reader sees clearly that pig-driving did not then proceed upon so extensive a scale as it does at present. The people, in fact, killed many of them for their own use; and we know not how it happened, but po-

litical ignorance and good bacon kept them in more flesh and comfort than those theories which have since succeeded so well in introducing the science of starvation as the basis of national prosperity. Irishmen are frequently taxed with extravagance, in addition to their other taxes; but we should be glad to know what people in Europe reduce economy in the articles of food and clothing to such close practice as they do.

Be this as it may, there was, in Ireland, an old breed of swine, which is now nearly extinct, except in some remote parts of the country, where they are still useful in the hunting season, particularly if dogs happen to be scarce.[7] They were a tall, loose species, with legs of an unusual length, with no flesh, short ears, as if they had been cropped for sedition, and with long faces of a highly intellectual cast. They were also of such activity that few greyhounds could clear a ditch or cross a field with more agility or speed. Their backs formed a rainbow arch, capable of being contracted or extended to an inconceivable degree; and their usual rate of travelling in droves was at mail-coach speed, or eight Irish miles an hour, preceded by an outrider to clear the way, whilst their rear was brought up by another horseman, going at a three-quarter gallop.

In the middle of summer, when all nature reposed under the united influence of heat and dust, it was an interesting sight to witness a drove of them sweeping past, like a whirlwind, in a cloud of their own raising; their sharp and lengthy outlines dimly visible through the shining

haze, like a flock of antelopes crossing the deserts of the East.

But alas! for those happy days! This breed is now a curiosity—few specimens of it remaining except in the mountainous parts of the country, whither these lovers of liberty, like the free natives of the back settlements of America, have retired to avoid the encroachments of civilization, and exhibit their Irish antipathy to the slavish comforts of steam-boat navigation, and the relaxing luxuries of English feeding.

Indeed, their patriotism, as evinced in an attachment to Ireland and Irish habits, was scarcely more remarkable than their sagacity. There is not an antiquary among the members of that learned and useful body, the Irish Academy, who can boast such an intimate knowledge of the Irish language in all its shades of meaning and idiomatic beauty, as did this once flourishing class of animals. Nor were they confined to the Irish tongue alone, many of them understood English too; and it was said of those that belonged to a convent, the members of which, in their intercourse with each other, spoke only in Latin, that they were tolerable masters of that language, and refused to leave a potato field or plot of cabbages, except when addressed in it. To the English tongue, however, they had a deep-rooted antipathy; whether it proceeded from the national feeling, or the fact of its not being sufficiently guttural, I cannot say: but be this as it may, it must be admitted that they were excellent Irish scholars, and paid a surprising de-

gree of deference and obedience to whatever was addressed to them in their own language. In Munster, too, such of them as belonged to the hedge-schoolmasters were good proficients in Latin; but it is on a critical knowledge of their native tongue that I take my stand. On this point they were unrivalled by the most learned pigs or antiquaries of their day; none of either class possessing, at that period, such a knowledge of Irish manners, nor so keen a sagacity in tracing out Irish *roots*.

Their education, it is true, was not neglected, and their instructors had the satisfaction of seeing that it was not lost. Nothing could present a finer display of true friendship founded upon a sense of equality, mutual interest, and good-will, than the Irishman and his pig. The Arabian and his horse are proverbial; but had our English neighbours known as much of Ireland as they did of Arabia, they would have found as signal instances of attachment subsisting between the former as between the latter; and, perhaps, when the superior comforts of an Arabian hut are contrasted with the squalid poverty of an Irish cabin, they would have perceived a heroism and a disinterestedness evinced by the Irish parties, that would have struck them with greater admiration.

The pigs, however, of the present day are a fat, gross, and degenerate breed; and more like well-fed aldermen, than Irish pigs of the old school. They are, in fact, a proud, lazy, carnal race, entirely of the earth, earthy. John Bull assures us it is one comfort, however, that we do

not eat, but ship them out of the country; yet, after all, with great respect to John, it is not surprising that we should repine a little on thinking of the good old times of sixty years since, when every Irishman could kill his own pig, and eat it when he pleased. We question much whether any measure that might make the eating of meat compulsory upon us, would experience from Irishmen a *very* decided opposition. But it is very condescending in John to eat our beef and mutton; and as he happens to want both, it is particularly disinterested in him to encourage us in the practice of self-denial. It is possible, however, that we may ultimately refuse to banquet by proxy on our own provisions; and that John may not be much longer troubled to eat for us in that capacity.

The education of an Irish pig, at the time of which we write, was an important consideration to an Irishman. He, and his family, and his pig, like the Arabian and his horse, all slept in the same bed; the pig generally, for the sake of convenience, next the "stock."[8] At meals the pig usually was stationed at the *scrahag,* or potato-basket; where the only instances of bad temper he ever displayed broke out in petty and unbecoming squabbles with the younger branches of the family. Indeed, if he ever descended from his high station as a member of the domestic circle, it was upon these occasions, when, with a want of dignity, accounted for only by the grovelling motive of self-interest, he embroiled himself in a series of miserable feuds and con-

tentions about scraping the pot, or carrying off from the jealous urchins about him more than came to his share. In these heart-burnings about the good things of this world, he was treated with uncommon forbearance: in his owner he always had a friend, from whom, when he grunted out his appeal to him he was certain of receiving redress: "Barney, behave, avick: lay down the potstick, an' don't be batin' the pig, the crathur."

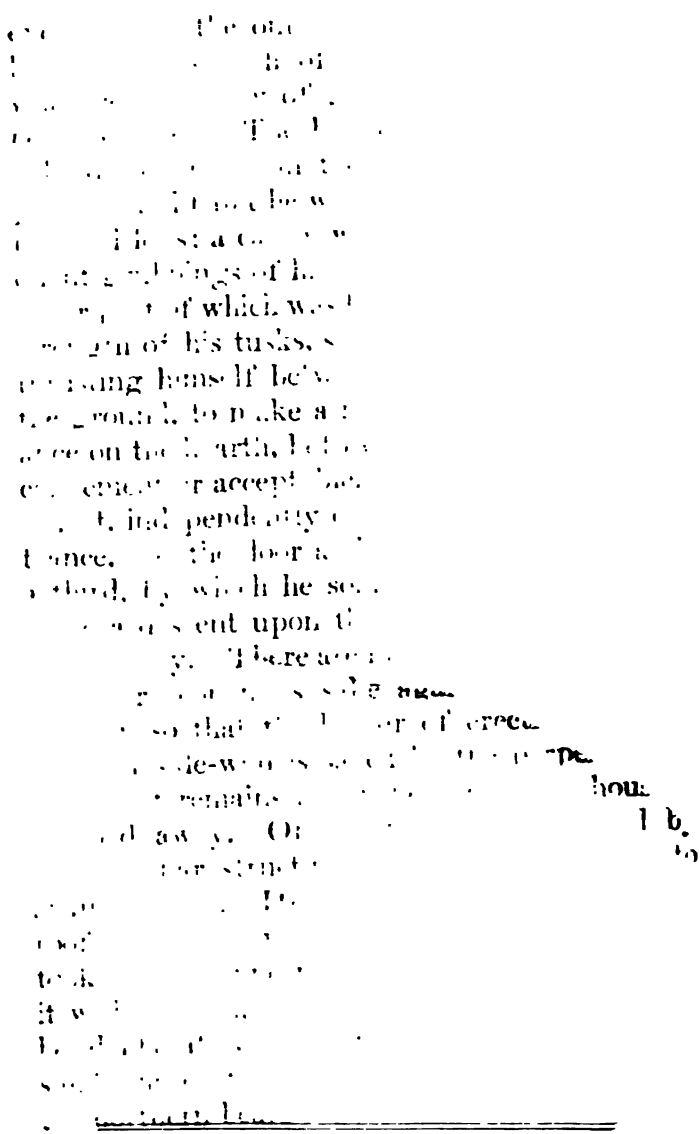
In fact, the pig was never mentioned but with this endearing epithet of "crathur" annexed. "Barney, go an' call home the pig, the crathur, to his dinner, before it gets cowld an him." "Barney, go an' see if you can see the pig, the crathur, his buckwhist will soon be ready." "Barney, run an' dhrive the pig, the crathur, out of Larry Neil's phatie-field: an', Barney, whisper, a bouchal bawn, don't run *too* hard, Barney, for fraid you'd lose your breath. What if the crathur *does* get a taste o' the new phaties—small blame to him for the same!"

In short, whatever might have been the habits of the family, such were those of the pig. The latter was usually out early in the morning to take exercise, and the unerring regularity with which he returned at meal-time, gave sufficient proof that procuring an appetite was a work of supererogation on his part. If he came before the meal was prepared, his station was at the door, which they usually shut to keep him out of the way until it should be ready. In the meantime, so far as a forenoon serenade and an indifferent voice could go, his powers of melody were freely

exercised on the outside. But he did not stop here: every stretch of ingenuity was tried by which a possibility of gaining admittance could be established. The hat and rags were repeatedly driven in from the windows, which from practice and habit he was enabled to approach on his hind legs; a cavity was also worn by the frequent grubbings of his snout under the door, the lower part of which was broken away by the sheer strength of his tusks, so that he was enabled, by thrusting himself between the bottom of it and the ground, to make a most unexpected appearance on the hearth, before his presence was at all convenient or acceptable.

But, independently of these two modes of entrance, *i. e.* the door and window, there was also a third, by which he sometimes scrupled not to make a descent upon the family. This was by the chimney. There are many of the Irish cabins built for economy's sake against slopes in the ground, so that the labour of erecting either a gable or side-wall is saved by the perpendicular bank that remains after the site of the house is scooped away. Of the facilities presented by this peculiar structure, the pig never failed to avail himself. He immediately mounted the roof (through which, however, he sometimes took an unexpected flight), and traversing it with caution, reached the chimney, into which he deliberately *backed* himself, and, with no small share of courage, went down precisely as the northern bears are said to descend the trunks

Giving the Pig a Warm Reception
Etching from an Original Drawing by Hogarth



Giving the Pig a Warm Reception
Etching from an Original Drawing by Wrightson

THE NEW
PUBLIC L
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

of trees during the winter, but with far different motives.

In this manner he cautiously retrograded downwards with a hardihood which set furze bushes, brooms, tongs, and all other available weapons of the cabin at defiance. We are bound, however, to declare, that this mode of entrance, which was only resorted to when every other failed, was usually received by the cottager and his family with a degree of mirth and good-humour that were not lost upon the sagacity of the pig. In order to save him from being scorched, which he deserved for his temerity, they usually received him in a creel, often in a quilt, and sometimes in the tattered blanket, or large pot, out of which he looked with a humorous conception of his own enterprise, that was highly diverting. We must admit, however, that he was sometimes received with the comforts of a hot poker, which Paddy pleasantly called, "givin' him a *warm* welcome."

Another trait in the character of these animals, was the utter scorn with which they treated all attempts to fatten them. In fact, the usual consequences of good feeding were almost inverted in their case; and although I might assert that they became leaner in proportion to what they received, yet I must confine myself to truth, by stating candidly that this was not the fact; that there was a certain state of fleshlessness to which they arrived, but from which they neither advanced nor receded by good feeding or bad.

At this point, despite of all human ingenuity, they remained stationary for life, received the bounty afforded them with a greatness of appetite resembling the fortitude of a brave man, which rises in energy according to the magnitude of that which it has to encounter. The truth is, they were scandalous hypocrites; for with the most prodigious capacity for food, they were spare as philosophers, and fitted evidently more for the chase than the sty; rather to run down a buck or a hare for the larder, than to have a place in it themselves. If you starved them, they defied you to diminish their flesh; and if you stuffed them like aldermen, they took all they got, but disdained to carry a single ounce more than if you gave them whey thickened with water. In short, they gloried in maceration and liberty; were good Irish scholars, sometimes acquainted with Latin; and their flesh, after the trouble of separating it from a superfluity of tough skin, was excellent *venison* so far as it went.

Now Phil Purcel, whom we will introduce more intimately to the reader by and by, was the son of a man who always kept a pig. His father's house had a small loft, to which the ascent was by a step-ladder through a door in the inside gable. The first good thing ever Phil was noticed for he said upon the following occasion. His father happened to be called upon, one morning before breakfast, by his landlord, who it seems occasionally visited his tenantry to encourage, direct, stimulate, or reprove them, as

the case might require. Phil was a boy then, and sat on the hob in the corner, eyeing the landlord and his father during their conversation. In the mean time the pig came in, and deliberately began to ascend the ladder with an air of authority that marked him as one in the exercise of an established right. The landlord was astonished at seeing the animal enter the best room in the house, and could not help expressing his surprise to old Purcel:

"Why, Purcel, is your pig in the habit of treating himself to the comforts of your best room?"

"The pig is it, the crathur? Why, your haner," said Purcel, after a little hesitation, "it sometimes goes up of a mornin' to waken the childhre, particularly when the buckwhist happens to be late. It doesn't like to be waitin'; and sure none of us likes to be kept from the male's mate, your haner, when we want it, no more than it, the crathur!"

"But I wonder your wife permits so filthy an animal to have access to her rooms in this manner."

"Filthy!" replied Mrs. Purcel, who felt herself called upon to defend the character of the pig, as well as her own, "why, one would think, Sir, that any crathur that's among Christyen childhre, like one o' themselves, couldn't be filthy. I could take it to my dyin' day, that there's not a claner or dacenter pig in the kingdom, than the same pig. It never misbehaves, the crathur, but goes out, as wise an' riglar, jist by a look, an'

that's enough for it, any day—a single look, your haner, the poor crathur!"

"I think," observed Phil, from the hob, "that nobody has a betther right to the run of the house, whedher up stairs or down stairs, *than him that pays the rint.*"

"Well said, my lad!" observed the landlord, laughing at the quaint ingenuity of Phil's defence. "His payment of the rent is the best defence possible, and no doubt should cover a multitude of his errors."

"A multitude of his shins you mane, Sir," said Phil, "for thrath he's all shin."

In fact, Phil from his infancy had an uncommon attachment to these animals, and by a mind naturally shrewd and observing, made himself as intimately acquainted with their habits and instincts, and the best modes of managing them, as ever the celebrated *Cahir na Cappul*[9] did with those of the horse. Before he was fifteen, he could drive the most vicious and obstinate pig as quietly before him as a lamb; yet no one knew how, nor by what means he had gained the secret that enabled him to do it. Whenever he attended a fair, his time was principally spent among the pigs, where he stood handling, and examining, and pretending to buy them, although he seldom had half-a-crown in his pocket. At length, by hoarding up such small sums as he could possibly lay his hand on, he got together the price of a "slip," which he bought, reared, and educated in a manner that did his ingenuity great credit. When this was brought to its *ne plus ultra* of fat-

ness, he sold it, and purchased two more, which he fed in the same way. On disposing of these, he made a fresh purchase, and thus proceeded, until, in the course of a few years, he was a well-known pig-jobber.

Phil's journeys as a pig-driver to the leading sea-port towns nearest him, were always particularly profitable. In Ireland swine are not kept in sties, as they are among English feeders, but permitted to go at liberty through pasture fields, commons, and along roadsides, where they make up as well as they can for the scanty pittance allowed them at home during meal-times. We do not, however, impeach Phil's honesty; but simply content ourselves with saying, that when his journey was accomplished, he mostly found the original number with which he had set out increased by three or four, and sometimes by half-a-dozen. Pigs in general resemble each other, and it surely was not Phil's fault if a stray one, feeding on the roadside or common, thought proper to join his drove and see the world. Phil's object, we presume, was only to take care that his original number was not diminished, its increase being a matter in which he felt little concern.

He now determined to take a professional trip to England, and that this might be the more productive, he resolved to purchase a lot of the animals we have been describing. No time was lost in this speculation. The pigs were bought up as cheaply as possible, and Phil set out, for the first time in his life, to try with what success he

could measure his skill against that of a Yorkshireman. On this occasion, he brought with him a pet, which he had with considerable pains trained up for purposes hereafter to be explained.

There was nothing remarkable in the passage, unless that every creature on board was sea-sick, except the pigs; even to them, however, the change was a disagreeable one; for to be pent up in the hold of a ship was a deprivation of liberty, which, fresh as they were from their native hills, they could not relish. They felt, therefore, as patriots, a loss of freedom, but not a whit of appetite; for, in truth, of the latter no possible vicissitude short of death could deprive them.

Phil, however, with an assumed air of simplicity absolutely stupid, disposed of them to a Yorkshire dealer, at about twice the value they would have brought in Ireland, though as pigs went in England it was low enough. He declared that they had been fed on *tip-top* feeding; which was literally true, as he afterwards admitted that the tops of nettles and potato stalks constituted the only nourishment they had got for three weeks before.

The Yorkshireman looked with great contempt upon what he considered a miserable essay to take him in.

"What a fule this Hirishmun mun bea;" said he, "to think to teake me in! Had he said that them there Hirish swoine were *badly* feade, I'd ha' thought it fairish enough on un; but to seay

that they was oll weal feade on *tip-top* feeadin'! Nea, nea! I knaws weal enough that they was noat feade on nothin' at oll, which meakes them loak so poorish! Howsomever, I shall fatten them, I'se warrant—I'se warrant I shall!"

When driven home to sties somewhat more comfortable than the cabins of unfortunate Irishmen, they were well supplied with food which would have been very often considered a luxury by poor Paddy himself, much less by his pigs.

"Measter," said the man who had seen them fed, "them there Hirish pigs ha' not teasted nout for a moonth yet: they feade like nout I never seed o' my laife!!"

"Ay! ay!" replied the master, "I'se warrant they'll soon fatten—I'se warrant they shall, Hodge—they be praime feeders—I'se warrant they shall; and then, Hodge, we've bit the soft Hirishmun."

Hodge gave a knowing look at his master, and grinned at this observation.

The next morning Hodge repaired to the sties to see how they were thriving; when, to his great consternation, he found the feeding-troughs clean as if they had been washed, and not a single Irish pig to be seen or heard about the premises; but to what retreat the animals could have betaken themselves, was completely beyond his comprehension. He scratched his head, and looked about him in much perplexity:

"Dang un!" he exclaimed, "I never seed nout like this."

He would have proceeded in a strain of cogitation equally enlightened, had not a noise of shouting, alarm, and confusion in the neighbourhood, excited his attention. He looked about him, and to his utter astonishment saw that some extraordinary commotion prevailed, that the country was up, and the hills alive with people, who ran, and shouted, and wheeled at full flight in all possible directions. His first object was to join the crowd, which he did as soon as possible, and found that the pigs he had shut up the preceding night in sties whose enclosures were at least four feet high, had cleared them like so many *chamois,* and were now closely pursued by the neighbours, who rose *en masse* to hunt down and secure such dreadful depredators.

The waste and mischief they had committed in one night were absolutely astonishing. Bean and turnip fields, and vegetable enclosures of all descriptions, kitchen-gardens, corn-fields, and even flower-gardens, were rooted up and destroyed with an appearance of system which would have done credit to Terry Alt himself.

Their speed was the theme of every tongue. Hedges were taken in their flight, and cleared in a style that occasioned the country people to turn up their eyes, and scratch their heads in wonder. Dogs of all degrees bit the dust, and were caught up dead in stupid amazement by their owners, who began to doubt whether or not these extraordinary animals were swine at all. The depredators in the mean time had

adopted the Horatian style of battle. Whenever there was an ungenerous advantage taken in the pursuit, by slipping dogs across or before their path, they shot off at a tangent through the next crowd, many of whom they prostrated in their flight; by this means they escaped the dogs until the latter were somewhat exhausted, when, on finding one in advance of the rest, they turned, and, with standing bristles and burning tusks, fatally checked their pursuer in his full career. To wheel and fly until another got in advance, was then the plan of fight; but, in fact, the conflict was conducted on the part of the Irish pigs with a fertility of expediency that did credit to their country, and established for those who displayed it, the possession of intellect far superior to that of their opponents. The pigs now began to direct their course towards the sties in which they had been so well fed the night before. This being their last flight, they radiated towards one common centre, with a fierceness and celerity that occasioned the women and children to take shelter within-doors. On arriving at the sties, the ease with which they shot themselves over the four-feet walls was incredible. The farmer had caught the alarm, and just came out in time to witness their return; he stood with his hands driven down into the pockets of his red, capacious waistcoat, and uttered not a word. When the last of them came bounding into the stye, Hodge approached, quite breathless and exhausted:

"Oh, measter," he exclaimed, "these be not Hirish pigs at oll, they be Hirish deevils; and yau mun ha' bought 'em fra a cunning mon!"

"Hodge," replied his master, "I'se be bit—I'se heard feather talk about un. That breed's *true* Hirish; but I'se try and sell 'em to Squoire Jolly to hunt wi' as beagles, for he wants a pack. They do say all the swoine that the deevils were put into ha' been drawned; but for my peart, I'se sure that some on un must ha' escaped to Hireland."

Phil, during the commotion excited by his knavery in Yorkshire, was traversing the country, in order to dispose of his remaining pig; and the manner in which he effected his first sale of it was as follows:—

A gentleman was one evening standing with some labourers by the wayside when a tattered Irishman, equipped in a pair of white dusty brogues, stockings without feet, old patched breeches, a bag slung across his shoulder, his coarse shirt lying open about a neck tanned by the sun into a reddish yellow, a hat nearly the colour of the shoes, and a hay rope tied for comfort about his waist: in one hand he also held a straw rope, that depended from the hind leg of a pig which he drove before him; in the other was a cudgel, by the assistance of which he contrived to limp on after it, his two shoulder-blades rising and falling alternately with a shrugging motion that indicated great fatigue.

When he came opposite where the gentleman stood he checked the pig, which instinctively

commenced feeding upon the grass by the edge of the road.

"Och," said he, wiping his brow with the cuff of his coat, "*mavrone orth a muck,*[10] but I'm kilt wit you. Musha, Gad bless yer haner, an' maybe ye'd buy a slip of a pig fwhrom me, that has my heart bruck, so she has, if ever any body's heart was bruck wit the likes of her; an' sure so there was, no doubt, or I wouldn't be as I am wit her. I'll give her a dead bargain, Sir; for it's only to get her aff av my hands I'm wantin', plase yer haner—*husth amuck—husth, a veehonee!*[11] Be asy, an' me in conwersation wit his haner here!"

"You are an Irishman?" the gentleman inquired.

"I am, Sir, from Cannaught, yer haner, an' 'ill sell the crathur dag cheap, all out. Asy, you thief!"

"I don't want the pig, my good fellow," replied the Englishman, without evincing curiosity enough to inquire how he came to have such a commodity for sale.

"She'd be the darlint in no time wit you, Sir; the run o' your kitchen 'ud make her up a beauty, your haner, along wit no throuble to the sarwints about sweepin' it, or any thing. You'd only have to lay down the potato-basket on the flure, or the misthress, Gad bless her, could do it, an' not lave a crumblin' behind her, besides sleepin', your haner, in the carner beyant, if she'd take the throuble."

The sluggish phlegm of the Englishman was

stirred up a little by the twisted, and somewhat incomprehensible nature of these instructions.

"How far do you intend to proceed to-night, Paddy?" said he.

"The sarra one o' myself knows, plaze yer haner: sure we've an ould sayin' of our own in Ireland beyant—that he's a wise man can tell how far he'll go, Sir, till he come to his journey's ind. I'll give this crathur to you at *more* nor her value, yer haner."

"More!—why the man knows not what he's saying," observed the gentleman; "*less* you mean, I suppose, Paddy?"

"More or less, Sir: you'll get her a bargain; an' Gad bless you, Sir!"

"But it is a commodity which I don't want at present. I am very well stocked with pigs, as it is. Try elsewhere."

"She'd flog the counthry side, Sir; an' if the mishthress herself, Sir, 'ud shake the wishp o' sthraw fwhor her in the kitchen, Sir, near the whoire. Yer haner could spake to her about it; an' in no time put a knife in her whin you plazed. In regard o' the other thing, Sir—she's like a Christyeen, yer haner, an' no throuble, Sir, if you'd be seein' company or any thing."

"It's an extraordinary pig, this, of yours."

"It's no lie fwhor you, Sir; she's as clane an' dacent a crathur, Sir! Och, if the same pig 'ud come into the care o' the misthress, Gad bliss her! an' I'm sure if she has as much gudness in her face as the hanerable *dinnha ousahl* [12]—the handsome gintleman she's married upon!—

you'll have her thrivin' bravely, Sir, shartly, plase Gad, if you'll take courage. Will I dhrive her up the aveny fwhor you, Sir? A good gintlewoman I'm sure, is the same mishtriss! Will I dhrive her up fwhor you, Sir? *Shadh amuck—shadh dherim!*" [18]

"No, no; I have no further time to lose; you may go forward."

"Thank yer haner: is it whorid toarst the house abow, Sir? I wouldn't be standin' up, Sir, wit you about a thrifle; an' you'll have her, Sir, fwhor any thing you plase beyant a pound, yer haner; an' 'tis throwin' her away it is: but one can't be hard wit a rale gintleman, any way."

"You only annoy me, man; besides I don't want the pig; you lose time; I don't want to buy it, I repeat to you."

"Gad bliss you, Sir—Gad bliss you! Maybe if I'd make up to the mishthress, yer haner! Thrath she wouldn't turn the crathur from the place, in regard that the tindherness ow the feelin' would come ower her—the rale gintlewoman, any way! 'Tis dag chape you have her at what I said, Sir; an' Gad bliss you!"

"Do you want to compel me to purchase it whether I will or no?"

"Thrath, it's whor next to nothin' I'm givin' her to you, Sir; but sure you can make your own price at any thing beyant a pound. *Hurrish amuck—stadh anish!*—be asy, you crathur, sure you're gettin' into good quarthers, any how—goin' to the hanerable English gintleman's kitchen; an' Gad knows it's a pleasure to dale

wit 'em. Och, the world's differ there is betuxt thim an' our own dirty Irish buckeens, that 'ud shkin a bad skilleen, an' pay their debts wit the remaindher. The gateman 'ud let me in, yer haner, an' I'll meet you at the big house abow."

"Upon my honour this is a good jest," said the gentleman, absolutely teased into compliance; "you are forcing me to buy that which I don't want."

"Sure you will, Sir; you'll want more nor that yit, please Gad, if you be spared. Come, amuck —come, you crathur; faix, you're in luck so you are—gettin' so good a place wit his haner here, that you won't know yourself shortly, plase Gad."

He immediately commenced driving his pig towards the gentleman's residence with such an air of utter simplicity, as would have imposed upon any man not guided by direct inspiration. Whilst he approached the house, its proprietor arrived there by another path a few minutes before him, and, addressing his lady, said,

"My dear, will you come and look at a purchase which an Irishman has absolutely compelled me to make. You had better come and see himself too, for he is the greatest simpleton of an Irishman I have ever met with."

The lady's curiosity was more easily excited than that of her husband. She not only came out, but brought with her some ladies who had been on a visit, in order to hear the Irishman's brogue, and to amuse themselves at his expense. Of the pig, too, it appeared she was determined to know something.

"George, my love, is the pig also from Ireland?"

"I don't know, my dear; but I should think so from its fleshless appearance. I have never seen so spare an animal of that class in this country."

"Juliana," said one of the ladies to her companion, "don't go too near him. Gracious! look at the bludgeon, or beam, or something he carries in his hand, to fight and beat the people, I suppose: yet," she added, putting up her glass, "the man is actually not ill-looking; and, though not so tall as the Irishman in Sheridan's Rivals, he is well made."

"His eyes are good," said her companion—"a bright gray and keen; and were it not that his nose is rather short and turned up, he would be handsome."

"George, my love," exclaimed the lady of the mansion, "he is like most Irishmen of his class that I have seen; indeed, scarcely so intelligent, for he *does* appear quite a simpleton, except, perhaps, a lurking kind of expression, which is a sign of their humour, I suppose. Don't you think so, my love?"

"No, my dear; I think him a bad specimen of the Irishman. Whether it is that he talks our language but imperfectly, or that he is a stupid creature, I cannot say; but in selling the pig just now, he actually told me that he would let me have it for *more* than it was worth."

"Oh, that was so laughable! We will speak to him, though."

The degree of estimation in which these civilized English held Phil was so low, that this conversation took place within a few yards of him, precisely as if he had been an animal of an inferior species, or one of the aborigines of New Zealand.

"Pray what is your name?" inquired the matron.

"Phadhrumshagh Corfuffle, plase yer haner: my fadher carrid the same name upon him. We're av the Corfuffles av Leatherum Laghy, my lady; but my grandmudher was a Dornyeen, an' my own mudher, plase yer haner, was o' the Shudhurthagans o' Ballymadoghy, my ladyship. *Stadh anish, amuck bradagh!* [14]—be asy, can't you, an' me in conwershation wit the beauty o' the world that I'm spakin' to."

"That's the Negus language," observed one of the young ladies, who affected to be a wit and a blue-stocking; "it's Irish and English mixed."

"Thrath, an' but that the handsome young lady's so purty," observed Phil, "I'd be sayin' myself that that's a quare remark upon a poor unlarned man; but, Gad bless her, she *is* so purty what can one say for lookin' an her!"

"The poor man, Adelaide, speaks as well as he can," replied the lady, rather reprovingly: "he is by no means so wild as one would have expected."

"Candidly speaking, much *tamer* than *I* expected," rejoined the wit. "Indeed, I meant the poor Irishman no offence."

"Where did you get the pig, friend? and how

come you to have it for sale so far from home?"

"Fwhy it isn't whor sale, my lady," replied Phil, evading the former question; "the masther here, Gad bless him an' spare him to you, ma'am!—thrath, an' it's his four quarthers that knew how to pick out a wife, any how, whor beauty an' all hanerable whormations o' grandheur—so he did; an' well he desarves you, my lady: faix, it's a fine houseful o' thim you'll have, plase Gad—an' fwhy not? whin it's all in the coorse o' Providence, bein' both so handsome;—he gev me a pound note whor her my ladyship, an' his own plisure aftherwards; an' I'm now watin' to be ped."

"What kind of a country is Ireland, as I understand you are an Irishman?"

"Thrath, my lady, it's like fwhat maybe you never seen—a fool's purse, ten guineas goin' out whor one that goes in."

"Upon my word that's wit," observed the young blue-stocking.

"What's your opinion of Irishwomen?" the lady continued; "are they handsomer than the English ladies, think you?"

"Murdher, my lady," says Phil, raising his caubeen, and scratching his head in pretended perplexity, with his finger and thumb, "fwhat am I to say to that, ma'am, and all of yez to the fwhore? But the sarra one av me will give it agin the darlins beyant."

"But which do you think the more handsome?"

"Thrath I do, my lady; the Irish and English

women would flog the world, an' sure it would be a burnin' shame to go to set them agin one another fwhor beauty."

"Whom did you mean by the 'darlins beyant'?" inquired the blue-stocking, attempting to pronounce the words.

"Faix, Miss, who but the crathurs ower the wather, that kills us entirely, so they do."

"I cannot comprehend him," she added to the lady of the mansion.

"Arrah, maybe I'd make bould to take up the manners from you fwhor a while, my lady, plase yer haner?" said Phil, addressing the latter.

"I do not properly understand you," she replied, "speak plainer."

"Throth, that's fwhat they do, yer haner; they never go about the bush wit yez—the gintlemen, ma'am, of our country, fwhin they do be coortin' yez; an' I want to ax, ma'am, if you plase, fwhat *you* think of *thim*, that is if ever any of them had the luck to come acrass you, my lady?"

"I have not been acquainted with many Irish gentlemen," she replied, "but I hear they are men of a remarkable character."

"Faix, 'tis you may say that," replied Phil; "sowl, my lady, 'tis well for the masther here, plase yer haner, Sir, that none o' them met wit the misthress before you was both marrid, or, wit riverence be it spoken, 'tis the sweet side o' the tongue they'd be layin' upon you, ma'am, an' the rough side to the masther himself, along wit a few scrapes of a pen on a slip o' paper, jist

to appoint the time and place, in regard of her ladyship's purty complexion—an' who can deny that, any way? Faix ma'am, they've a way wit them, my counthrymin, that the ladies like well enough to thravel by. Asy, you deludher, an' me in conwersaytion wit the quality."

"I am quite anxious to know how you came by the pig, Paddy," said the wit.

"Arrah, Miss, sure 'tisn't pigs you're thinkin' on, an' us discoorsin' about the gintlemen from Ireland, that you're all so fond ow here; faix, Miss, they're the boys that fwoight for yees, an' 'ud rather be bringing an Englishman to the *sad* fwhor your sakes, nor atin' bread an' butther. Fwhy, now, Miss, if you were beyant wit us, sarra ounce o' gunpowdher we'd have in no time, for love or money."

"Upon my word I should like to *see* Ireland!" exclaimed the blue-stocking; "but why would the gunpowdher get scarce, pray?"

"Faix, fightin' about you, Miss, an' all of yez, sure; for myself sees no differ at all in your hanerable fwhormations of beauty and grandheur, an' all high-flown admirations."

"But tell us where you got the pig, Paddy?" persisted the wit, struck naturally enough with the circumstance. "How do you come to have an Irish pig so far from home?"

"Fwhy thin, Miss, 'twas to a brodher o' my own I was bringing it, that was livin' down the counthry here, an fwhin I came to fwhere he lived, the sarra one o' me knew the place, in regard o' havin' forgot the name of it entirely, an'

there was I wit the poor crathur an my hands, till his haner here bought it whrom me—Gad bless you, Sir!"

"As I live, there's a fine Irish blunder," observed the wit; "I shall put it in my common-place-book—it will be so genuine. I declare I'm quite delighted!"

"Well, Paddy," said the gentleman, "here's your money. There's a pound for you, and that's much more than the miserable animal is worth."

"Thrath, Sir, you have the crathur at what we call in Ireland a bargain.[15] Maybe yer haner 'ud spit upon the money fwhor luck, Sir. It's the way we do, Sir, beyant."

"No, no, Paddy, take it as it is. Good heavens! what barbarous habits these Irish have in all their modes of life, and how far they are removed from anything like civilization!"

"Thank yer haner. Faix, Sir, this'll come so handy for the landlord at home, in regard o' the rint for the bit o' phatie ground, so it will, if I can get home agin widout brakin' it. Arrah, maybe yer haner 'ud give me the price o' my bed, an' a bit to ate, Sir, an' keep me from brakin' in upon this, Sir, Gad bless the money! I'm thinkin' o' the poor wife an' childher, Sir—strivin', so I am, to do fwhor the darlins."

"Poor soul," said the lady, "he is affectionate in the midst of his wretchedness and ignorance."

"Here—here," replied the Englishman, anxious to get rid of him, "there's a shilling, which

I give because you appear to be attached to your family."

"Och, och, fwhat can I say, Sir, only that long may you reign ower your family an' the hanerable ladies to the fwhore, Sir. Gad fwhor ever bliss you, Sir, but you're the kind, noble gintleman, an' all belongin' to you, Sir!"

Having received the shilling, he was in the act of departing, when, after turning it deliberately in his hand, shrugging his shoulders two or three times, and scratching his head, with a vacant face he approached the lady.

"Musha, ma'am, an' maybe ye'd have the tindherness in your heart, seein' that the gudness is in yer hanerable face, any way, an' it would save the skillyeen that the masther gev'd for payin' my passage, so it would, jist to bid the steward, my ladyship, to ardher me a bit to ate in the kitchen below. The hunger, ma'am, is hard upon me, my lady; an' fwhat I'm doin', sure, is in regard o' the wife at home, an' the childher, the crathurs, an' me far fwhrom them, in a sthrange counthry, Gad help me!"

"What a singular being, George! and how beautifully is the economy of domestic affection exemplified, notwithstanding his half-savage state, in the little plans he devises for the benefit of his wife and children!" exclaimed the good lady, quite unconscious that Phil was a bachelor. "Juliana, my love, desire Timmins to give him his dinner. Follow this young lady, good man, and she will order you refreshment."

"Gad's blessin' upon your beauty an' gudness, my lady; an' a man might thravel far afore he'd meet the likes o' you for aither o' them. Is it the other handsome young lady I'm to folly, ma'am?"

"Yes," replied the young wit, with an arch smile; "come after *me*."

"Thrath, Miss, an' it's an asy task to do that, any way; wit a heart an' a half I go, acushla; an' I seen the day, Miss, that it's not much of mate an' dhrink 'ud throuble me, if I jist got lave to be lookin' at you, wit nothin' but yourself to think an. But the wife an' childher, Miss, makes great changes in us entirely."

"Why you are quite gallant, Paddy."

"Trath, I suppose I am now, Miss; but you see, my hanerable young lady, that's our fwhailin' at home: the counthry's poor, an' we can't help it, wheder or not. We're fwhorced to it, Miss, whin we come ower here, by you, an' the likes a' you, mavourneen!"

Phil then proceeded to the house, was sent to the kitchen by the young lady, and furnished through the steward with an abundant supply of cold meat, bread and beer, of which he contrived to make a meal that somewhat astonished the servants. Having satisfied his hunger, he deliberately—but with the greatest simplicity of countenance—filled the wallet which he carried slung across his back, with whatever he had left, observing as he did it:—

"Fwhy, thin, 'tis sthrange it is that the same custom is wit us in Ireland beyant that is here;

fwhor whinever a thraveller is axed in, he always brings fwhat he doesn't ate along wit him. An sure enough it's the same here amongst yez," added he, packing up the bread and beef as he spoke, "but Gad bliss the custom, any how, fwhor it's a good one!"

When he had secured the provender, and was ready to resume his journey, he began to yawn, and to exhibit the most unequivocal symptoms of fatigue:

"Arrah, Sir," said he to the steward, "you wouldn't have e'er an ould barn that I'd throw myself in fwhor the night? The sarra leg I have to put undher me, now that I've got stiff wit the sittin' so lang;[16] that, an' a wishp o' sthraw Sir, to sleep an, an' Gad bliss you!"

"Paddy, I cannot say," replied the steward; "but I shall ask my master, and if he orders it, you shall have the comfort of a hard floor and clean straw, Paddy—that you shall."

"Many thanks to you, Sir: it's in your face, in thrath, the same gudness an' ginerosity."

The gentleman, on hearing Phil's request to be permitted a sleeping-place in the barn, was rather surprised at his wretched notion of comfort than at the request itself.

"Certainly, Timmins, let him sleep there," he replied; "give him sacks and straw enough. I dare say he will feel the privilege a luxury, poor devil, after his fatigue. Give him his breakfast in the morning, Timmins. Good heavens," he added, "what a singular people! What an amazing progress civilization must make before

these Irish can be brought at all near the commonest standard of humanity!"

At this moment Phil, who was determined to back the steward's request, approached them.

"Paddy," said the gentleman, anticipating him, "I have ordered you sacks and straw in the barn, and your breakfast in the morning before you set out."

"Thrath," said Phil, "if there's e'er a sthray blissin' goin', depind an it, Sir, you'll get it, fwhor your hanerable ginerosity to the sthranger. But about the 'slip,' Sir—if the misthress herself 'ud shake the wishp o' sthraw fwhor her in the far carner o' the kitchen below, an' see her gettin' her supper, the crathur, before she'd put her to bed, she'd be thrivin' like a salmon, Sir, in less than no time; an' to ardher the sarwints, Sir, if you plase, not to be defraudin' the crathur of the big phaties. Fwhor in regard it cannot spake fwhor itself, Sir, it frets as wise as a Christyeen, when it's not honestly thrated."

"Never fear, Paddy; we shall take good care of it."

"Thank you, Sir. But I aften heerd, Sir, that you dunna how to feed pigs in this counthry in ardher to mix the fwhat an' lane, lair (layer) about."

"And how do you manage that in Ireland, Paddy?"

"Fwhy, Sir, I'll tell you how the misthress, Gad bliss her, will manage it fwhor you: Take the crathur, Sir, an' feed it to-morrow till it's

as full as a tick—that's fwhor the *fwhat,* Sir; thin let her give it nothin' at all the next day, but keep it black fwhastin'—that's fwhor the *lane* (lean). Let her stick to that, Sir, keepin' it atin' one day an' fastin' anodher, for six months, thin put a knife in it, an' if you don't have the fwhat an' lane, lair about, beautiful all out, fwhy niver bl'eve Phadrumshagh Corfuffle agin. Ay, indeed!"

The Englishman looked keenly at Phil, but could only read in his countenance a thorough and implicit belief in his own recipe for mixing the fat and lean. It is impossible to express his contempt for the sense and intellect of Phil; nothing could surpass it but the contempt which Phil entertained for him.

"Well," said he to the servant, "I have often heard of the barbarous habits of the Irish, but I must say that the incidents of this evening have set my mind at rest upon the subject. Good heavens! when will ever this besotted country rise in the scale of nations! Did ever a human being hear of such a method of feeding swine! I should have thought it incredible had I heard it from any but an Irishman!"

Phil then retired to the kitchen, where his assumed simplicity highly amused the servants, who, after an hour or two's fun with "Paddy," conducted him in a kind of contemptuous procession to the barn, where they left him to his repose.

The next morning he failed to appear at the hour of breakfast, but his non-appearance

was attributed to his fatigue, in consequence of which he was supposed to have over-slept himself. On going, however, to call him from the barn, they discovered that he had decamped; and on looking after the "slip," it was found that both had taken French leave of the Englishman. Phil and the pig had actually travelled fifteen miles that morning, before the hour on which he was missed—Phil going at a dog's trot, and the pig following at such a respectful distance as might not appear to identify them as fellow-travellers. In this manner Phil sold the pig to upwards of two dozen intelligent English gentlemen and farmers, and after winding up his bargains successfully, both arrived in Liverpool, highly delighted by their commercial trip through England.

The passage from Liverpool to Dublin, in Phil's time, was far different from that which steam and British enterprise have since made it. A vessel was ready to sail for the latter place on the very day of Phil's arrival in town; and, as he felt rather anxious to get out of England as soon as he could, he came, after selling his pig in good earnest, to the aforesaid vessel to ascertain if it were possible to get a deck passage. The year had then advanced to the latter part of autumn; so that it was the season when those inconceivable hordes of Irishmen who emigrate periodically for the purpose of lightening John Bull's labour, were in the act of returning to that country in which they find little to welcome them—but domestic affection and misery.

When Phil arrived at the vessel, he found the captain in a state of peculiar difficulty. About twelve or fourteen gentlemen of rank and property, together with a score or upwards of highly respectable persons, but of less consideration, were in equal embarrassment. The fact was, that as no other vessel left Liverpool that day, about five hundred Irishmen, mostly reapers and mowers, had crowded upon deck, each determined to keep his place at all hazards. The captain, whose vessel was small, and none of the stoutest, flatly refused to put to sea with such a number. He told them it was madness to think of it; he could not risk the lives of the other passengers, nor even their own, by sailing with five hundred on the deck of so small a vessel. If the one-half of them would withdraw peaceably, he would carry the other half, which was as much as he could possibly accomplish. They were very willing to grant that what he said was true; but in the mean time, not a man of them would move, and to clear out such a number of fellows, who loved nothing better than fighting, armed, too, with sickles and scythes, was a task beyond either his ability or inclination to execute. He remonstrated with them, entreated, raged, swore, and threatened; but all to no purpose. His threats and entreaties were received with equal good-humour. Gibes and jokes were broken on him without number, and as his passion increased, so did their mirth, until nothing could be seen but the captain in vehement gesticulation, the Irishmen

huzzaing him so vociferously, that his damns and curses, uttered against them, could not reach even his own ears.

"Gentlemen," said he to his cabin passengers, "for the love of Heaven, tax your invention to discover some means whereby to get one-half of these men out of the vessel, otherwise it will be impossible that we can sail to-day. I have already proffered to take one-half of them by lot, but they will not hear of it; and how to manage I am sure I don't know."

The matter, however, was beyond their depth; the thing seemed utterly impracticable, and the chances of their putting to sea were becoming fainter and fainter.

"Bl—t their eyes!" he at length exclaimed, "the ragged, hungry devils! If they heard me with decency I could bear their obstinacy better: but no, they must turn me into ridicule, and break their jests, and turn their cursed barbarous grins upon me in my own vessel. I say, boys," he added, proceeding to address them once more—"I say, savages, I have just three observations to make. The first is,"—

"Arrah, Captain, avourneen, hadn't you bether get upon a stool," said a voice, "an' put a text before it, thin divide it dacently into three halves, an' make a sarmon of it."

"Captain, you wor intinded for the church," added another. "You're the moral [17] of a Methodist preacher, if you wor dressed in black."

"Let him alone," said a third; "he'd be a jinteel man enough in a wildherness, an' 'ud

make an illigant dancin'-masther to the bears."

"He's as graceful as a shaved pig on its hind legs, dancin' the 'Baltithrum Jig.'"

The captain's face was literally black with passion: he turned away with a curse, which produced another huzza, and swore that he would rather encounter the bay of Biscay in a storm, than have anything to do with such an unmanageable mob.

"Captain," said a little, shrewd-looking Connaught man, "what 'ud you be willin' to give any body, ower an' abow his free passage, that 'ud tell you how to get one half o' them out?"

"I'll give him a crown," replied the captain, "together with grog and rations to the eyes: I'll be hanged if I don't."

"Thin I'll do it fwhor you, Sir, if you keep your word wit me."

"Done!" said the captain; "it's a bargain, my good fellow, if you accomplish it; and, what's more, I'll consider you a knowing one."

"I'm a poor Cannaught man, your haner," replied our friend Phil; "but what's to prevent me thryin'? Tell thim," he continued, "that you *must* go; purtind to be for takin' them all wit you, Sir. Put Munsther agin Connaught, one half an this side, an' the odher an that, to keep the crathur of a ship steady, your haner; an' fwhin you have thim half an' half, wit a little room betuxt thim, 'now,' says yer haner, 'boys, you're divided into two halves; if one side kicks the other out o' the ship, I'll bring the cunquirors.'"

The captain said not a word in reply to Phil, but immediately ranged the Munster and Connaught men on each side of the deck—a matter which he found little difficulty in accomplishing, for each party, hoping that he intended to take themselves, readily declared their province, and stood together. When they were properly separated, there still remained about forty or fifty persons belonging to neither province; but, at Phil's suggestion, the captain paired them off to each division, man for man, until they were drawn up into two bodies.

"Now," said he, "there you stand: let one half of you drub the other out of the vessel, and the conquerors shall get their passage."

Instant was the struggle that ensued for the sake of securing a passage and from the anxiety to save a shilling, by getting out of Liverpool on that day. The saving of the shilling is indeed a consideration with Paddy which drives him to the various resources of begging, claiming kindred with his resident countrymen in England, pretended illness, coming to be passed from parish to parish, and all the turnings and shiftings which his reluctance to part with money renders necessary. Another night, therefore, and probably another day, in Liverpool, would have been attended with expense. This argument prevailed with all: with Munster as well as with Connaught, and they fought accordingly.

When the attack first commenced, each party hoped to be able to expel the other without blows.

Clearing the Ship

Etching from an Original Drawing by Wrightson

Clearing the Ship
Etching from an Original Drawing by Wrightson

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

This plan was soon abandoned. In a few minutes the sticks and fists were busy. Throttling, tugging, cuffing, and knocking down—shouting, hallooing, huzzaing, and yelling, gave evident proofs that the captain, in embracing Phil's proposal, had unwittingly applied the match to a mine, whose explosion was likely to be attended with disastrous consequences. As the fight became warm, and the struggle more desperate, the hooks and scythes were resorted to; blood began to flow, and men to fall, disabled and apparently dying. The immense crowd which had now assembled to witness the fight among the Irishmen, could not stand tamely by, and see so many lives likely to be lost, without calling in the civil authorities. A number of constables in a few minutes attended; but these worthy officers of the civil authorities experienced very uncivil treatment from the fists, cudgels, and sickles of *both* parties. In fact, they were obliged to get from among the rioters with all possible celerity, and to suggest to the magistrates the necessity of calling in the military.

In the mean time the battle rose into a furious and bitter struggle for victory. The deck of the vessel was actually slippery with blood, and many were lying in an almost lifeless state. Several were pitched into the hold, and had their legs and arms broken by the fall; some were tossed over the sides of the vessel, and only saved from drowning by the activity of the

sailors; and not a few of those who had been knocked down in the beginning of the fray were trampled into insensibility.

The Munster men at length gave way; and their opponents, following up their advantage, succeeded in driving them to a man out of the vessel, just as the military arrived. Fortunately their interference was unnecessary. The ruffianly captain's object was accomplished; and as no lives were lost, nor any injury more serious than broken bones and flesh-wounds sustained, he got the vessel in readiness, and put to sea.

Who would not think that the Irish were a nation of misers, when our readers are informed that all this bloodshed arose from their unwillingness to lose a shilling by remaining in Liverpool another night? Or who could believe that these very men, on reaching home, and meeting their friends in a fair or market, or in a public-house after mass on a Sunday, would sit down and spend, recklessly and foolishly, that very money which in another country they part with as if it were their very heart's blood? Yet so it is! Unfortunate Paddy is wiser anywhere than at home, where wisdom, sobriety, and industry are best calculated to promote his own interests.

This slight sketch of Phil Purcel we have presented to our readers as a specimen of the low, cunning Connaught-man; and we have only to add, that neither the pig-selling scene, nor the battle on the deck of the vessel in Liverpool, is fictitious. On the contrary, we have purposely

kept the tone of our description of the latter circumstance beneath the reality. Phil, however, is not drawn as a general portrait, but as one of that knavish class of men called "jobbers," a description of swindlers certainly not more common in Ireland than in any other country. We have known Connaughtmen as honest and honourable as it was possible to be; yet there is a strong prejudice entertained against them in every other province of Ireland, as is evident by the old adage, "Never *trust* a Connaught-man."

GEOGRAPHY OF AN IRISH OATH

No pen can do justice to the extravagance and frolic inseparable from the character of the Irish people; nor has any system of philosophy been discovered that can with moral fitness be applied to them. Phrenology fails to explain it; for, so far as the craniums of Irishmen are concerned, according to the most capital surveys hitherto made and reported on, it appears that, inasmuch as their moral and intellectual organs predominate over the physical and sensual, the people ought, therefore, to be ranked at the very tip-top of morality. We would warn the phrenologists, however, not to be too sanguine in drawing inferences from an examination of Paddy's head. Heaven only knows the scenes in which it is engaged, and the protuberances created by a long life of hard fighting. Many an organ and development is brought out on it by the cudgel, that never would have appeared had Nature been left to herself.

Drinking, fighting, and swearing, are the three great characteristics of every people. Paddy's love of fighting and of whisky has been long proverbial; and of his tact in swearing much has also been said. But there is one department of oath-making in which he stands unrivalled and unapproachable; I mean the *alibi*.

There is where he shines, where his oath, instead of being a mere matter of fact or opinion, rises up into the dignity of epic narrative, containing within itself all the complexity of machinery, harmony of parts, and fertility of invention, by which your true epic should be characterised.

The Englishman, whom we will call the historian in swearing, will depose to the truth of this or that fact, but there the line is drawn: he swears his oath so far as he knows, and stands still. "I'm sure, for my part, I don't know; I've said all I knows about it," and beyond this his besotted intellect goeth not.

The Scotchman, on the other hand, who is the metaphysician in swearing, sometimes borders on equivocation. He decidedly goes farther than the Englishman, not because he has less honesty, but more prudence. He will assent to, or deny a proposition; for the Englishman's "I don't know," and the Scotchman's "I dinna ken," are two very distinct assertions when properly understood. The former stands out a monument of dulness, an insuperable barrier against inquiry, ingenuity, and fancy; but the latter frequently stretches itself so as to embrace hypothetically a particular opinion.

But Paddy! Put *him* forward to prove an *alibi* for his fourteenth or fifteenth cousin, and you will be gratified by the pomp, pride, and circumstance of true swearing. Every oath with him *is* an epic—pure poetry, abounding with humour, pathos, and the highest order of invention and talent. He is not at ease, it

is true, under *facts;* there is something too common-place in dealing with them, which his genius scorns. But his flights—his flights are beautiful; and his episodes admirable and happy. In fact, he is an *improvisatore* at oath-taking; with this difference, that his *extempore* oaths possess all the ease and correctness of labour and design.

He is not, however, *altogether* averse to facts; but, like your true poet, he veils, changes, and modifies them with such skill, that they possess all the merit and graces of fiction. If he happen to make an assertion incompatible with the plan of the piece, his genius acquires fresh energy, enables him to widen the design, and to create new machinery, with such happiness of adaptation, that what appeared out of proportion or character is made, in his hands, to contribute to the general strength and beauty of the oath.

'Tis true, there is nothing perfect under the sun; but if there were, it would certainly be Paddy at an *alibi.* Some flaws, no doubt, occur; some slight inaccuracies may be noticed by a critical eye; an occasional anachronism stands out, and a mistake or so in geography; but let it be recollected that Paddy's *alibi* is but a human production; let us not judge him by harsher rules than those which we apply to Homer, Virgil, or Shakspeare.

"Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus," is allowed on all hands. Virgil made Dido and Æneas contemporary, though they were not so; and Shakspeare, by the creative power of his

genius, changed an inland town into a sea-port. Come, come, have bowels. Let epic swearing be treated with the same courtesy shown to epic poetry, that is, if both are the production of a rare genius. I maintain, that when Paddy commits a blemish he is too harshly admonished for it. When he soars out of sight here, as occasionally happens, does he not frequently alight somewhere about Sydney Bay, much against his own inclination? And if he puts forth a hasty production, is he not compelled, for the space of seven or fourteen years, to revise his oath? But, indeed, few works of fiction are properly encouraged in Ireland.

It would be unpardonable in us, however, to overlook the beneficial effects of Paddy's peculiar genius in swearing *alibis*. Some persons, who display their own egregious ignorance of morality, may be disposed to think that it tends to lessen the obligation of an oath, by inducing a habit among the people of swearing to what is not true. We look upon such persons as very dangerous to Ireland and to the repeal of the Union; and we request them not to push their principles too far in the disturbed parts of the country. Could society hold together a single day, if nothing but truth were *spoken?* Would not law and lawyers soon become obsolete, if nothing but truth were *sworn?* What would become of parliament if truth alone were uttered there? Its annual proceedings might be dispatched in a month. Fiction is the basis of society, the bond of commercial prosperity, the

channel of communication between nation and nation, and not unfrequently the interpreter between a man and his own conscience.

For these, and many other reasons which we could adduce, we saw with Paddy, "Long life to fiction!" When associated with swearing, it shines in its brightest colours. What, for instance, is calculated to produce the best and purest of the moral virtues so beautifully as the swearing an *abili?* Here are fortitude and a love of freedom resisting oppression; for it is well known that all law is oppression in Ireland.

There is compassion for the peculiar state of the poor boy, who, perhaps, *only* burned a family in their beds; benevolence to prompt the generous effort in his behalf; disinterestedness to run the risk of becoming an involuntary absentee; fortitude in encountering a host of brazen-faced lawyers; patience under the unsparing grip of a cross-examiner; perseverance in conducting the oath to its close against a host of difficulties; and friendship, which bottoms and crowns them all.

Paddy's merits, however, touching the *alibi,* rest not here. Fiction on these occasions only teaches him how to perform a *duty.* It may be, that he is under the obligation of a previous oath *not* to give evidence *against* certain of his friends and associates. Now, could anything in the whole circle of religion or ethics be conceived that renders the epic style of swearing so incumbent upon Paddy? There is a kind of

moral fitness in all things; for where the necessity of invention exists, it is consolatory to reflect that the ability to invent is bestowed along with it.

Next to the *alibi* comes Paddy's powers in sustaining a cross-examination. Many persons think that *this* is his *forte;* but we cannot yield to such an opinion, nor compromise his originality of conception in the scope and plan of an *alibi.* It is marked by a minuteness of touch, and a peculiarity of expression which give it every appearance of real life. The circumstances are so well imagined, the groups so naturally disposed, the colouring so finished, and the background in such fine perspective, that the whole picture presents you with such keeping and *vraisemblance,* as could be accomplished only by the genius of a master.

In point of interest, however, we must admit that his ability in a cross-examination ranks next to his skill in *planning* an *alibi.* There is, in the former, a versatility of talent that keeps him always ready; a happiness of retort, generally disastrous to the wit of the most established cross-examiner; an apparent simplicity, which is quite as impenetrable as the lawyer's assurance; a *vis comica,* which puts the court in tears; and an originality of sorrow, that often convulses it with laughter. His resources, when he is pressed, are inexhaustible; and the address with which he contrives to gain time, that he may suit his reply to the object of his evidence, is beyond all praise. And yet his appearance when he mounts the

table is anything but prepossessing; a sheepish look, and a loose-jointed frame of body, wrapped in a frieze great-coat, do not promise much. Nay, there is often a rueful blank expression in his visage, which might lead a stranger to anticipate nothing but blunders and dulness. This, however, is hypocrisy of the first water. Just observe the tact with which he places his caubeen upon the table, his kippeen across it, and the experienced air with which he pulls up the waistbands of his breeches, absolutely girding his loins for battle. 'Tis true his blue eye has at present nothing remarkable in it, except a drop or two of the native; but that is *not* remarkable.

When the direct examination has been concluded, nothing can be finer than the simplicity with which he turns round to the lawyer who is to cross-examine him. Yet, as if conscious that firmness and caution are his main guards, he again pulls up his waistbands with a more vigorous hitch, looks shyly into the very eyes of his opponent, and awaits the first blow.

The question at length comes; and Paddy, after having raised the collar of his big coat on his shoulder, and twisted up the shoulder along with it, directly puts the query back to the lawyer, without altering a syllable of it, for the purpose of ascertaining more accurately whether that is the precise question that has been put to him; for Paddy is conscientious. Then is the science displayed on both sides. The one, a veteran, trained in all the technicalities of legal puzzles, irony, blarney, sarcasm, impudence, stock jokes,

quirks, rigmarolery, brow-beating, ridicule, and subtilty; the other a poor peasant, relying only upon the justice of a good cause and the gifts of nature; without either experience or learning, and with nothing but his native modesty to meet the forensic effrontery of his antagonist.

Our readers will perceive that the odds are a thousand to one against Paddy; yet, when he replies to a hackneyed genius at cross-examination, how does it happen that he uniformly elicits those roars of laughter which rise in the court, and convulse it from the judge to the crier? In this laugh, which is usually at the expense of the cross-examiner, Paddy himself always joins, so that the counsel has the double satisfaction of being made not only the jest of the judge and his brother lawyers, but of the ragged witness whom he attempted to make ridiculous.

It is not impossible that this merry mode of dispensing justice may somewhat encourage Paddy in that independence of mind which relishes not the idea of being altogether bound by oaths that are too often administered with a jocular spirit. To most of the Irish in general an oath is a solemn, to some, an awful thing. Of this wholesome reverence for its sanction, two or three testimonies given in a court of justice usually cure them. The indifferent, business-like manner in which the oaths are put, the sing-song tone of voice, the rapid utterance of the words, give to this solemn act an appearance of excellent burlesque, which ultimately renders the whole proceedings remarkable for the absence of

truth and reality; but, at the same time, gives them unquestionable merit as a dramatic representation, abounding with fiction, well related and ably acted.

Thumb-kissing is another feature in Paddy's adroitness too important to be passed over in silence. Here his tact shines out again! It would be impossible for him, in many cases, to meet the perplexities of a cross-examination so cleverly as he does, if he did not believe that he had, by kissing his thumb instead of the book, actually taken no oath, and consequently given to himself a wider range of action. We must admit, however, that this very circumstance involves him in difficulties which are sometimes peculiarly embarrassing. Taking everything into consideration, the prospect of freedom for his sixth cousin, the consciousness of having kissed his thumb, or the consoling reflection that he swore only on a *Law* Bible, it must be granted that the opportunities presented by a cross-examination are well calculated to display his wit, humour, and fertility of invention. He is accordingly great in it; but still we maintain that his execution of an *alibi* is his ablest performance, comprising, as it does, both the conception and construction of the work.

Both the oaths and imprecations of the Irish display, like those who use them, indications of great cruelty and great humour. Many of the former exhibit that ingenuity which comes out when Paddy is on his cross-examination in a court of justice. Every people, it is true, have

resorted to the habit of mutilating or changing in their oaths the letters which form the Creator's name; but we question if any have surpassed the Irish in the cleverness with which they accomplish it. Mock oaths are habitual to Irishmen in ordinary conversation; but the use of any or all of them is not considered to constitute an oath: on the contrary, they are in the mouths of many who would not, except upon a very solemn occasion indeed, swear by the name of the Deity in its proper form.

The ingenuity of their mock oaths is sufficient to occasion much perplexity to any one disposed to consider it in connection with the character and moral feelings of the people. Whether to note it as a reluctance on their part to incur the guilt of an oath, or as a proof of habitual tact in evading it by artifice, is manifestly a difficulty hard to be overcome. We are decidedly inclined to the former; for although there is much laxity of principle among Irishmen, naturally to be expected from men whose moral state has been neglected by the legislature, and deteriorated by political and religious asperity, acting upon quick passions and badly regulated minds—yet we know that they possess, after all, a strong, but vague undirected sense of devotional feeling and reverence, which are associated with great crimes and awfully dark shades of character. This explains one chief cause of the sympathy which is felt in Ireland for criminals from whom the law exacts the fatal penalty of death; and it also accounts, independently of the existence of any illegal asso-

ciation, for the terrible retribution inflicted upon those who come forward to prosecute them. It is not in Ireland with criminals as in other countries, where the character of a murderer or incendiary is notoriously bad, as resulting from a life of gradual profligacy and villany. Far from it. In Ireland you will find those crimes perpetrated by men who are good fathers, good husbands, good sons, and good neighbours—by men who would share their last morsel or their last shilling with a fellow-creature in distress—who would generously lose their lives for a man who had obliged them, provided he had not incurred their enmity—and who would protect a defenceless stranger as far as lay in their power.

There are some mock oaths among Irishmen which must have had their origin amongst those whose habits of thought were much more elevated than could be supposed to characterise the lower orders. "By the powers of death" is never now used as we have written it; but the ludicrous travestie of it, "by the powdhers o' delf," is quite common. Of this and other mock oaths it may be right to observe, that those who swear by them are in general ignorant of their proper origin. There are some, however, of this description whose original form is well known. One of these Paddy displays considerable ingenuity in using. "By the cross" can scarcely be classed under the mock oaths, but the manner in which it is pressed into asseverations is amusing. When Paddy is affirming a truth he swears "by the crass" simply, and this with him is an oath of

considerable obligation. He generally, in order to render it more impressive, accompanies it with suitable action, that is, he places the forefinger of each hand across, that he may assail you through two senses instead of one. On the contrary, when he intends to hoax you by asserting what is not true, he ingeniously multiplies the oath, and swears "by the five crasses," that is by his own five fingers, placing at the same time his four fingers and his thumbs across each other in a most impressive and vehement manner. Don't believe him then—the knave is lying as fast as possible, and with no remorse. "By the crass o' Christ" is an oath of much solemnity, and seldom used in a falsehood. Paddy also often places two bits of straws across, and sometimes two sticks, upon which he swears with an appearance of great heat and sincerity—*sed caveto!*

Irishmen generally consider iron as a sacred metal. In the interior of the country, the thieves (but few in number) are frequently averse to stealing it. Why it possesses this hold upon their affections it is difficult to say, but it is certain that they rank it among their sacred things, consider that to find it is lucky, and nail it over their doors when found in the convenient shape of a horse-shoe. It is also used as a medium of asserting truth. We believe, however, that the sanction it imposes is not very strong. "By this blessed iron!"—"by this blessed an' holy iron!" are oaths of an inferior grade; but if the circumstance on which they are

founded be a matter of indifference, they seldom depart from truth in using them.

We have said that Paddy, when engaged in a fight, is never at a loss for a weapon, and we may also affirm, that he is never at a loss for an oath. When relating a narrative, or some other circumstance of his own invention, if contradicted, he will corroborate it, in order to sustain his credit or produce the proper impression, by an abrupt oath upon the first object he can seize. "Arrah, nonsense! by this pipe in my hand, it's as thrue as "—and then, before he completes the illustration, he goes on with a fine specimen of equivocation—"By the stool I'm sittin' an, *it is;* an' what more would you have from me barrin' I take my book oath of it?" Thus does he, under the mask of an insinuation, induce you to believe that he has actually sworn it, whereas the oath is always left undefined and incomplete.

Sometimes he is exceedingly comprehensive in his adjurations, and swears upon a magnificent scale; as, for instance,—"By the contints of all the books that ever wor opened an' shut, it's as thrue as the sun to the dial." This certainly leaves "the five crasses" immeasurably behind. However, be cautious, and not too confident in taking so sweeping and learned an oath upon trust, notwithstanding its imposing effect. We grant, indeed, that an oath which comprehends within its scope all the learned libraries of Europe, including even the Alexandrian of old,

is not only an erudite one, but establishes in a high degree the taste of the swearer, and displays on his part an uncommon grasp of intellect. Still we recommend you, whenever you hear an alleged fact substantiated by it, to set your ear as sharply as possible; for, after all, it is more than probable that every book by which he has sworn might be contained in a nutshell. The secret may be briefly explained:—Paddy is in the habit of substituting the word *n*ever for ever. "By all the books that *n*ever wor opened or shut," the reader perceives, is only a flourish of trumpets—a mere delusion of the enemy.

In fact, Paddy has oaths rising gradually from the lying ludicrous to the superstitious solemn, each of which finely illustrates the nature of the subject to which it is applied. When he swears "By the contints o' Moll Kelly's Primer," or "By the piper that played afore Moses," you are, perhaps, as strongly inclined to believe him as when he draws upon a more serious oath; that is, you almost regret the thing is not the gospel that Paddy asserts it to be. In the former sense, the humorous narrative which calls forth the laughable burlesque of "By the piper o' Moses," is usually the richest lie in the whole range of fiction.

Paddy is, in his ejaculatory, as well as in all his other mock oaths, a kind of smuggler in morality, imposing as often as he can upon his own conscience, and upon those who exercise spiritual authority over him. Perhaps more of

his oaths are blood-stained than would be found among the inhabitants of all Christendom put together.

Paddy's oaths in his amours are generally rich specimens of humorous knavery and cunning. It occasionally happens—but for the honour of our virtuous countrywomen, we say but rarely—that by the honey of his flattering and delusive tongue, he succeeds in placing some unsuspecting girl's reputation in rather a hazardous predicament. When the priest comes to investigate the affair, and to cause him to make compensation to the innocent creature who suffered by his blandishments, it is almost uniformly ascertained that, in order to satisfy her scruples as to the honesty of his promises, he had sworn marriage to her *on a book of ballads!!!* In other cases *blank books* have been used for the same purpose.

If, however, you wish to pin Paddy up in a corner, get him a Relic, a Catholic prayer-book, or a Douay Bible to swear upon. Here is where the fox—notwithstanding all his turnings and windings upon heretic Bibles, books of ballads, or mock oaths—is caught at last. The strongest principle in him is superstition. It may be found as the prime mover in his best and worst actions. An atrocious man, who is superstitious, will perform many good and charitable actions, with a hope that their merit in the sight of God may cancel the guilt of his crimes. On the other hand, a good man, who is superstitiously the slave

of his religious opinions, will lend himself to those illegal combinations, whose object is, by keeping ready a system of organised opposition to an heretical government, to fulfil, if a political crisis should render it practicable, the absurd prophecies of Pastorini and Columbkil. Although the prophecies of the former would appear to be out of date to a rational reader, yet Paddy, who can see farther into prophecy than any rational reader, honestly believes that Pastorini has left for those who are superstitiously given, sufficient range of expectation in several parts of his work.

We might enumerate many other oaths in frequent use among the peasantry; but as our object is not to detail them at full length, we trust that those already specified may be considered sufficient to enable our readers to get a fuller insight into their character, and their moral influence upon the people.

The next thing which occurs to us in connection with the present subject, is *cursing;* and here again Paddy holds the first place. His imprecations are often full, bitter, and intense. Indeed, there is more poetry and epigrammatic point in them than in those of any other country in the world.

We find it a difficult thing to enumerate the Irish curses, so as to do justice to a subject so varied and so liable to be shifted and improved by the fertile genius of those who send them abroad. Indeed, to reduce them into order and method would be a task of considerable difficulty.

Every occasion, and every fit of passion, frequently produce a new curse, perhaps equal in bitterness to any that has gone before it.

Many of the Irish imprecations are difficult to be understood, having their origin in some historical event, or in poetical metaphors that require a considerable process of reasoning to explain them. Of this twofold class is that general one, "The curse of Cromwell on you!" which means, may you suffer all that a tyrant like Cromwell would inflict! and "The curse o' the crows upon you!" which is probably an allusion to the Danish invasion—a raven being the symbol of Denmark; or it may be tantamount to "May you rot on the hills, that the crows may feed upon your carcase!" Perhaps it may thus be understood to imprecate death upon you or some member of your house—alluding to the superstition of rooks hovering over the habitations of the sick, when the malady with which they are afflicted is known to be fatal. Indeed, the latter must certainly be the meaning of it, as is evident from the proverb of "Die, an' give the crow a puddin'."

"Hell's cure to you!—the devil's luck to you!—high hanging to you!—hard feeding to you!—a short coorse to you!" are all pretty intense, and generally used under provocation and passion. In these cases the curses just mentioned are directed immediately to the offensive object, and there certainly is no want of the *malus animus* to give them energy. It would be easy to multiply the imprecations belonging to this class among the peasantry, but the task is rather un-

pleasant. There are a few, however, which, in consequence of their ingenuity, we cannot pass over: they are, in sooth, studies for the swearer. "May you never die till you see your own funeral!" is a very beautiful specimen of the periphrasis: it simply means, may you be hanged; for he who is hanged is humorously said to be favoured with a view of that sombre spectacle, by which they mean the crowd that attends an execution. To the same purpose is, "May you die wid a caper in your heel!"—"May you die in your pumps!"—"May your last dance be a hornpipe on the air!" These are all emblematic of hanging, and are uttered sometimes in jest, and occasionally in earnest. "May the grass grow before your door!" is highly imaginative and poetical. Nothing, indeed, can present the mind with a stronger or more picturesque emblem of desolation and ruin. Its malignity is terrible.

There are also mock imprecations as well as mock oaths. Of this character are, "The devil go with you an' sixpence, an' thin you'll want neither money nor company!" This humorous and considerate curse is generally confined to the female sex. When Paddy happens to be in a romping mood, and teases his sweetheart too much, she usually utters it with a countenance combating with smiles and frowns, whilst she stands in the act of pinning up her dishevelled hair; her cheek, particularly the one next Paddy, deepened into a becoming blush.

"Bad scran to you!" is another form seldom used in anger: it is the same as "Hard feeding

to you!" "Bad win' to you!" is "Ill health to you!" it is nearly the same as "Consumin' (consumption) to you!" Two other imprecations come under this head, which we will class together, because they are counterparts of each other, with this difference, that one of them is the most subtilely and intensely withering in its purport that can well be conceived. The one is that common curse, "Bad 'cess to you!" that is, bad success to you: we may identify it with "Hard fortune to you!" The other is a keen one, indeed—"*Sweet* bad luck to you!" Now, whether we consider the epithet sweet as bitterly ironical, or deem it as a wish that prosperity may harden the heart to the accomplishment of future damnation, as in the case of Dives, we must in either sense grant that it is an oath of powerful hatred and venom. Occasionally the curse of "Bad luck to you!" produces an admirable retort, which is pretty common. When one man applies it to another, he is answered with "*Good* luck to you, thin; but *may neither of thim ever happen.*"

"Six eggs to you, an' half-a-dozen o' them rotten!"—like "The devil go with you an' sixpence!" is another of those pleasantries which mostly occur in the good-humoured *badinage* between the sexes. It implies disappointment.

There is a species of imprecation prevalent among Irishmen which we may term neutral. It is ended by the word *bit,* and merely results from a habit of swearing where there is no malignity of purpose. An Irishman, when corroborating

an assertion, however true or false, will often say, "Bad luck to the bit but it is;"—"Divil fire the bit but it's thruth!"—"Damn the bit but it is!" and so on. In this form the mind is not moved, nor the passions excited: it is therefore probably the most insipid of all their imprecations.

Some of the most dreadful maledictions are to be heard among the confirmed mendicants of Ireland. The wit, the gall, and the poetry of these are uncommon. "May you melt off the earth like snow off the ditch!" is one of a high order and intense malignity; but it is not exclusively confined to mendicants, although they form that class among which it is most prevalent. Nearly related to this is, "May you melt like butther before a summer sun!" These are, indeed, essentially poetical; they present the mind with appropriate imagery, and exhibit a comparison perfectly just and striking. The former we think unrivalled.

Some of the Irish imprecations would appear to have come down to us from the Ordeals. Of this class, probably, are the following: "May this be poison to me!"—"May I be roasted on red-hot iron!" Others of them, from their boldness of metaphor, seem to be of Oriental descent. One expression, indeed, is strikingly so. When a deep offence is offered to an Irishman, under such peculiar circumstances that he cannot immediately retaliate, he usually replies to his enemy—"You'll sup sorrow for this!"—"You'll curse the day it happened!"—"I'll make you rub your heels together!" All these figurative

denunciations are used for the purpose of intimating the pain and agony he will compel his enemy to suffer.

We cannot omit a form of imprecation for good, which is also habitual among the peasantry of Ireland. It is certainly harmless, and argues benevolence of heart. We mean such expressions as the following: "Salvation to me!—May I never do harm!—May I never do an ill turn!—May I never sin!" These are generally used by men who are blameless and peaceable in their lives—simple and well-disposed in their intercourse with the world.

At the head of those Irish imprecations which are dreaded by the people, the Excommunication, of course, holds the first and most formidable place. In the eyes of men of sense it is as absurd as it is illiberal; but to the ignorant and superstitious, who look upon it as anything but a *brutum fulmen,* it is terrible indeed.

Next in order are the curses of priests in their private capacity, pilgrims, mendicants, and idiots. Of those also Paddy entertains a wholesome dread; a circumstance which the pilgrim and mendicant turn with great judgment to their own account. Many a legend and anecdote do such chroniclers relate, when the family, with whom they rest for the night, are all seated around the winter hearth. These are often illustrative of the baneful effects of the poor man's curse. Of course they produce a proper impression; and, accordingly, Paddy avoids offending

such persons in any way that might bring him under their displeasure.

A certain class of curses much dreaded in Ireland are those of the widow and the orphan. There is, however, something touching and beautiful in this fear of injuring the sorrowful and unprotected. It is, we are happy to say, a becoming and prominent feature in Paddy's character; for, to do him justice in his virtues as well as in his vices, we repeat that he cannot be surpassed in his humanity to the lonely widow and her helpless orphans. He will collect a number of his friends, and proceed with them in a body to plant her bit of potato ground, to reap her oats, to draw home her turf, or secure her hay. Nay, he will beguile her of her sorrows with a natural sympathy and delicacy that do him honour: his heart is open to her complaints, and his hand ever extended to assist her.

There is a strange opinion to be found in Ireland upon the subject of curses. The peasantry think that a curse, no matter how uttered, will fall on *something;* but that it depends upon the person against whom it is directed, whether or not it will descend on him. A curse, we have heard them say, will rest for seven years in the air, ready to alight upon the head of the person who provoked the malediction. It hovers over him, like a kite over its prey, watching the moment when he may be abandoned by his guardian angel: if this occurs, it shoots with the rapidity of a meteor on his head, and clings to him in the

shape of illness, temptation, or some other calamity.

They think, however, that the blessing of one person may cancel the curse of another; but this opinion does not affect the theory we have just mentioned. When a man experiences an unpleasant accident, they will say, "He has had some poor body's curse;" and, on the contrary, when he narrowly escapes it, they say, "He has had some poor body's blessing."

There is no country in which the phrases of good-will and affection are so strong as in Ireland. The Irish language actually flows with the milk and honey of love and friendship. Sweet and palatable is it to the other sex, and sweetly can Paddy, with his deluding ways, administer it to them from the top of his mellifluous tongue, as a dove feeds her young, or as a kind mother her babe, shaping with her own pretty mouth every morsel of the delicate viands before it goes into that of the infant. In this manner does Paddy, seated behind a ditch, of a bright Sunday, when he ought to be at Mass, feed up some innocent girl, not with "false music," but with sweet words; for nothing more musical or melting than his brogue ever dissolved a female heart. Indeed, it is of the danger to be apprehended from the melody of his voice, that the admirable and appropriate proverb speaks; for when he addresses his sweetheart, under circumstances that justify suspicion, it is generally said—"Paddy's feedin' her up wid false music."

What language has a phrase equal in beauty and tenderness to *cushla ma chree—pulse of my heart?* Can it be paralleled in the whole range of all that are, ever were, or ever will be spoken, for music, sweetness, and a knowledge of anatomy? If Paddy is unrivalled at swearing, he fairly throws the world behind him at the blarney. In professing friendship, and making love, give him but a *taste of the native,* and he is a walking honey-comb, that every woman who sees him wishes to have a lick at; and Heaven knows, that frequently, at all times, and in all places, does he get himself *licked* on their account.

Another expression of peculiar force is *vick machree*—or, son of my heart. This is not only elegant, but affectionate, beyond almost any other phrase except the foregoing. It is, in a sense somewhat different from that in which the philosophical poet has used it, a beautiful comment upon the sentiment of "the child's the father of the man," uttered by the great, we might almost say, the glorious, Wordsworth.

We have seen many a youth, on more occasions than one, standing in profound affliction over the dead body of his aged father, exclaiming, "*Ahir, vick machree—vick machree—wuil thu marra wo'um? Wuil thu marra wo'um?* Father, son of my heart, son of my heart, art thou dead from me—art thou dead from me?" An expression, we think, under any circumstances, not to be surpassed in the intensity of domestic affection which it expresses; but under

those alluded to, we consider it altogether elevated in exquisite and poetic beauty above the most powerful symbols of Oriental imagery.

A third phrase peculiar to love and affection, is "*Manim asthee hu*—or, My soul's within you." Every person acquainted with languages knows how much an idiom suffers by a literal translation. How beautiful, then, how tender and powerful, must those short expressions be, uttered, too, with a fervour of manner peculiar to a deeply feeling people, when, even after a literal translation, they carry so much of their tenderness and energy into a language whose genius is cold when compared to the glowing beauty of the Irish.

Mavourneen dheelish, too, is only a short phrase, but, coming warm and mellowed from Paddy's lips into the ear of his *colleen dhas,* it is a perfect spell—a sweet murmur, to which the *lenis susurrus* of the Hybla bees is, with all their honey, jarring discord. How tame is "My sweet darling," its literal translation, compared to its soft and lulling intonations. There is a dissolving, entrancing, beguiling, deluding, flattering, insinuating, coaxing, winning, inveigling, roguish, palavering, come-over-ing, comedhering, consenting, blarneying, killing, willing, charm in it, worth all the philtres that ever the gross knavery of a withered alchymist imposed upon the credulity of those who inhabit the *other* nations of the earth—for we don't read that these shrivelled philtre-mongers ever prospered in *Ireland.*

No, no—let Paddy alone. If he hates intensely, and effectually, he loves intensely, comprehensively, and gallantly. To love with power is a proof of a large soul, and to hate well is, according to the great moralist, a thing in itself to be loved. Ireland is, therefore, through all its sects, parties, and religions, an amicable nation. Their affections are, indeed, so vivid, that they scruple not sometimes to kill each other with kindness: but we hope that the march of love and friendship will not only keep pace with, but outstrip, the march of intellect.

Peter Connell was for many years of his life a pattern and a proverb for industry and sobriety. He first began the world as keeper of a shebeen-house at the cross-roads, about four miles from the town of Ballypoteen. He was decidedly an honest man to his neighbours, but a knave to excisemen, whom he hated by a kind of instinct that he had, which prompted him, in order to satisfy his conscience, to render them every practicable injury within the compass of his ingenuity. Shebeen-house keepers and excisemen have been, time out of mind, destructive of each other; the exciseman pouncing like a beast or bird of prey upon the shebeen man and his illicit spirits; the shebeen man staving in the exciseman, like a barrel of doublings, by a knock from behind a hedge, which sometimes sent him to that world which is emphatically called the world of spirits. For this, it sometimes happened that the shebeen man was hanged; but as

his death only multiplied that of the excisemen in a geometrical ratio, the sharp-scented fraternity resolved, if possible, not to risk their lives, either by exposing themselves to the necessity of travelling by night, or prosecuting by day. In this they acted wisely and prudently: fewer of the unfortunate peasantry were shot in their rencounters with the yeomanry or military on such occasions, and the retaliations became by degrees less frequent, until, at length, the murder of a gauger became a rare occurrence in the country.

Peter, before his marriage, had wrought as labouring servant to a man who kept two or three private stills in those caverns among the remote mountains, to which the gauger never thought of penetrating, because he supposed that no human enterprise would have ever dreamt of advancing farther into them than appeared to *him* to be practicable. In this he was frequently mistaken; for though the still-house was in many cases inaccessible to horses, yet by the contrivance of *slipes*—a kind of sledge—a dozen men could draw a couple of sacks of barley with less trouble, and at a quicker pace, than if horses only had been employed. By this, and many other similar contrivances, the peasantry were often able to carry on the work of private distillation in places so distant, that few persons could suspect them as likely to be chosen for such purposes. The uncommon personal strength, the daring spirit, and great adroitness of Peter Connell, rendered him a very valuable acquisition to his master in

the course of his illicit occupations. Peter was, in addition to his other qualities, sober and ready-witted, so that whenever the gauger made his appearance, his expedients to baffle him were often inimitable. Those expedients did not, however, always arise from the exigency of the moment; they were often deliberately, and with much exertion of ingenuity, planned by the proprietors and friends of such establishments, perhaps for weeks before the gauger's visit occurred. But, on the other hand, as the gauger's object was to take them, if possible, by surprise, it frequently happened that his appearance was as unexpected as it was unwelcome. It was *then* that the prompt ingenuity of the people was fully seen, felt, and understood by the baffled exciseman, who too often had just grounds for bitterly cursing their talent at outwitting him.

Peter served his master, as a kind of superintendent in such places, until he gained the full knowledge of distilling, according to the processes used by the most popular adepts in the art. Having acquired this, he set up as a professor, and had excellent business. In the meantime, he had put together by degrees a small purse of money, to the amount of about twenty guineas,—no inconsiderable sum for a young Irishman who intends to begin the world on his own account. He accordingly married, and, as the influence of a wife is usually not to be controlled during the honey-moon, Mrs. Connell prevailed on Peter to relinquish his trade of distiller, and to embrace some other mode of life that might not

render their living so much asunder necessary. Peter suffered himself to be prevailed upon, and promised to have nothing more to do with private distillation, as a distiller. One of the greatest curses attending this lawless business, is the idle and irregular habit of life which it gradually induces. Peter could not now relish the labour of an agriculturist, to which he had been bred, and yet he was too prudent to sit down and draw his own and his wife's support from so exhaustible a source as twenty guineas. Two or three days passed, during which "he cudgelled his brains," to use his own expression, in plans for future subsistence; two or three consultations were held with Ellish, in which their heads were laid together, and, as it was still the honey-moon, the subject-matter of the consultation, of course, was completely forgotten. Before the expiration of a second month, however, they were able to think of many other things, in addition to the fondlings and endearments of a new-married couple. Peter was every day becoming more his own man, and Ellish by degrees more her own woman. "The purple light of love," which had changed Peter's red head into a rich auburn, and his swivel eye into a knowing wink, exceedingly irresistible in his bachelorship, as he made her believe, to the country girls—had passed away, taking the aforesaid auburn along with it, and leaving nothing but the genuine carrot behind. Peter, too, on opening his eyes one morning about the beginning of the third month, perceived that his wife was, after all, nothing more than a thump-

ing red-cheeked wench, with good eyes, a mouth rather large, and a nose very much resembling, in its curve, the seat of a saddle, allowing the top to correspond with the pummel.

"Pether," said she, "it's like a dhrame to me that you're neglectin' your business, alanna."

"Is it you, beauty? but, may be, you'd first point out to me what business, barrin' buttherin' up yourself, I have to mind, you phanix bright?"

"Quit yourself, Pether! it's time for you to give up your ould ways; you caught one bird wid them, an' that's enough. What do you intind to do? It's full time for you to be lookin' about you."

"Lookin' about me! What do you mane, Ellish?"

"The dickens a bit o' me thought of it," replied the wife, laughing at the unintentional allusion to the circumspect character of Peter's eyes, —"upon my faix, I didn't—ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, thin, but you're full o' your fun, sure enough, if that's what you're at. Maybe, avourneen, if I had looked right afore me, as I ought to do, it's Katty Murray an' her snug farm I'd have, instead of"—

Peter hesitated. The rapid feelings of a woman, and an Irishwoman, quick and tender, had come forth and subdued him. She had *not* voluntarily alluded to his eyes; but on seeing Peter offended, she immediately expressed that sorrow and submission which are most powerful when accompanied by innocence, and when meekly assumed, to pacify rather than to con-

vince. A tear started to her eye, and with a voice melted into unaffected tenderness, she addressed him, but he scarcely gave her time to speak.

"No, avourneen, no, I won't say what I was goin' to mintion. I won't indeed, Ellish, dear; an' forgive me for woundin' your feelins, *alanna dhas.*[18] Hell resave her an' her farm! I dunna what put her into my head at all; but I thought you wor jokin' me about my eyes: an' sure if you war, acushla, that's no rason that I'd not allow you to do that an' more wid your own Pether. Give me a *slewsther,*[19] agrah—a sweet one, now!"

He then laid his mouth to hers, and immediately a sound, nearly resembling a pistol-shot, was heard through every part of the house. It was, in fact, a kiss upon a scale of such magnitude, that the Emperor of Morocco might not blush to be charged with it. A reconciliation took place, and in due time it was determined that Peter, as he understood poteen, should open a shebeen-house.

The moment this resolution was made, the wife kept coaxing him, until he took a small house at the cross-roads before alluded to, where, in the course of a short time, he was established, if not in his own line, yet in a mode of life approximating to it as nearly as the inclination of Ellish would permit. The cabin which they occupied had a kitchen in the middle, and a room at each end of it, in one of which was their own humble chaff bed, with its blue quilted drugget cover; in the

other stood a couple of small tables, some stools, a short form, and one chair, being a present from his father-in-law. These constituted Peter's whole establishment, so far as it defied the gauger. To this we must add a five-gallon keg of spirits hid in the garden, and a roll of smuggled tobacco. From the former he bottled, over night, as much as was usually drank the following day; and from the tobacco, which was also kept under ground, he cut, with the same caution, as much as to-morrow's exigencies might require. This he kept in his coat pocket, a place where the gauger would never think of searching for it, divided into halfpenny and pennyworths, ounces or half-ounces, according as it might be required; and as he had it without duty, the liberal spirit in which he dealt it out to his neighbours soon brought him a large increase of custom.

Peter's wife was an excellent manager, and he himself a pleasant, good-humoured man, full of whim and inoffensive mirth. His powers of amusement were of a high order, considering his station in life and his want of education. These qualities contributed, in a great degree, to bring both the young and the old to his house during the long winter nights, in order to hear the fine racy humour with which he related his frequent adventures and battles with excisemen. In the summer evenings, he usually engaged a piper or fiddler, and had a dance, a contrivance by which he not only rendered himself popular, but increased his business.

In this mode of life, the greatest source of

anxiety to Peter and Ellish was the difficulty of not offending their friends by refusing to give them credit. Many plans, were, with great skill and forethought, devised to obviate this evil; but all failed. A short board was first procured, on which they got written with chalk—

"No credit giv'n—barrin' a thrifle to Pether's friends."

Before a week passed, after this intimation, the number of "Pether's friends" increased so rapidly, that neither he nor Ellish knew the half of them. Every scamp in the parish was hand and glove with him: the drinking tribe, particularly, became desperately attached to him and Ellish. Peter was naturally kind-hearted, and found that his firmest resolutions too often gave way before the open flattery with which he was assailed. He then changed his hand, and left Ellish to bear the brunt of their blarney. Whenever any person or persons were seen approaching the house, Peter, if he had reason to suspect an attack upon his indulgence, prepared himself for a retreat. He kept his eye to the window, and if they turned from the direct line of the road, he immediately slipped into bed, and lay close in order to escape them. In the meantime they enter.

"God save all here! Ellish, agra machree, how are you?"

"God save you kindly! Faix, I'm middlin', I thank you, Condy: how is yourself, an' all at home?"

"Devil a heartier, barrin' my father, that's

touched wid a loss of appetite afther his meals—ha, ha, ha!"

"Musha, the dickens be an you, Condy, but you're your father's son, any way; the best company in Europe is the same man. Throth, whether you're jokin' or not, I'd be sarry to hear of anything to his disadvantage, dacent man. Boys, won't ye go down to the other room?"

"Go way wid yez, boys, till I spake to Ellish here about the affairs o' the nation. Why, Ellish, you stand the cut all to pieces. By the contints o' the book, you do; Pether doesn't stand it half so well. How is he, the thief?"

"Throth, he's not well to-day, in regard of a smotherin' about the heart he tuck this mornin' afther his breakfast. He jist laid himself on the bed a while, to see if it would go off of him—God be praised for all his marcies!"

"Thin, upon my *solevation*, I'm sarry to hear it, and so will all at home, for there's not in the parish we're sittin' in a couple that our family has a greater regard an' friendship for, than him an' yourself. Faix, my modher, no longer ago than Friday night last, argued down Bartle Meegan's throath, that you and Biddy Martin war the two portliest weemen that comes into the chapel. God forgive myself, I was near quarrellin' wid Bartle, on the head of it, bekase I tuck my modher's part, as I had good right to do."

"Thrath, I'm thankful to you both, Condy, for your kindness."

"Oh, the sarra taste o' kindness was in it at

all, Ellish, 'twas only the truth; an' as long as I live, I'll stand up for that."

"Arrah, how is your aunt down at Carntall?"

"Indeed thin but middlin', not gettin' her health: she'll soon give the crow a puddin', any way; thin, Ellish, you thief, I'm *in* for the yallow boys. Do you know thim that came in wid me?"

"Why thin I can't say I do. Who are they, Condy?"

"Why one o' them's a bachelor to my sisther Norah, a very dacent boy, indeed—him wid the frieze jock upon him, an' the buckskin breeches. The other three's from Teernabraighera beyant. They're related to my brother-in-law, Mick Dillon, by his first wife's brother-in-law's uncle. They're come to this neighbourhood till the 'Sizes, bad luck to them, goes over; for you see, they're in a little throuble."

"The Lord grant them safe out of it, poor boys!"

"I brought them up here to treat them, poor fellows; an', Ellish, avourneen, you must credit me for whatsomever we may have. The thruth is, you see, that when we left home, none of us had any notion of drinkin', or I'd a put somethin' in my pocket, so that I'm taken at an average.—Bud-an'-age! how is little Dan? Sowl, Ellish, that goorsoon, when he grows up, will be a credit to you. I don't think there's a finer child in Europe of his age, so there isn't."

"Indeed, he's a good child, Condy. But, Condy, avick, about givin' credit:—by thim five crasses, if I could give score to any boy in the

parish, it 'ud be to yourself. It was only last night that I made a promise against doin' sich a thing for man or mortual. We're a'most broken an' harrish'd out o' house an' home by it; an' what's more, Condy, we intend to give up the business. The landlord's at us every day for his rint, an' we owe for the two last kegs we got, but hasn't a rap to meet aither o' thim; an' enough due to us if we could get it together: an' whisper, Condy, atween ourselves, that's what ails Pether, although he doesn't wish to let an to any one about it."

"Well, but you know I'm safe, Ellish?"

"I know you are, avourneen, as the bank itself; an' should have what you want wid a heart an' a half, only for the promise I made an my two knees last night, aginst givin' credit to man or woman. Why the dickens didn't you come yistherday?"

"Didn't I tell you, woman alive, that it was by accident, an' that I wished to sarve the house, that we came at all. Come, come, Ellish; don't disgrace me afore my sisther's bachelor an' the sthrange boys that's to the fore. By this staff in my hand, I wouldn't for the best cow in our byre be put to the blush afore thim; an' besides, there's a *cleeveen*[20] atween your family an' ours."

"Condy, avourneen, say no more: if you were fed from the same breast wid me, I couldn't, nor wouldn't break my promise. I wouldn't have the sin of it an me for the wealth o' the three kingdoms."

"Bedad, you're a quare woman; an' only that my regard for you is great entirely, we would be two, Ellish; but I know you're dacent still."

He then left her, and joined his friends in the little room that was appropriated for drinking, where, with a great deal of mirth, he related the failure of the plan they had formed for outwitting Peter and Ellish.

"Boys," said he, "she's too many for us! St. Pether himself wouldn't make a hand of her. Faix, she's a cute one. I palavered her at the rate of a hunt, an' she ped me back in my own coin, wid dacent intherest—but no whisky!—Now to take a rise out o' Pether. Jist sit where ye are, till I come back."

He then left them enjoying the intended "spree," and went back to Ellish.

"Well, I'm sure, Ellish, if any one had tuck their book oath that you'd refuse my father's son sich a thrifle, I wouldn't believe them. It's not wid Pether's knowledge you do it, I'll be bound. But bad as you thrated us, sure we must see how the poor fellow is, at any rate."

As he spoke, and before Ellish had time to prevent him, he pressed into the room where Peter lay.

"Why, tare alive, Pether, is it in bed you are, at this hour o' the day?"

"Eh? Who's that—who's that? oh!"

"Why thin, the sarra lie undher you, is that the way wid you?"

"Oh!—oh! Eh? Is that Condy?"

" All that's to the fore of him. What's asthray wid you, man alive? "

" Throth, Condy, I don't know, rightly. I went out, wantin' my coat, about a week ago, an' got cowld in the small o' the back: I've a pain in it ever since. Be sittin'."

"Is your *heart* safe? You have no smotherin' or anything upon *it?* "

" Why thin, thank goodness, no; it's all about my back an' my hinches."

" Divil a thing it is but a complaint they call an *alloverness* ails you, you shkaimer o' the world wide. 'Tis the oil o' the hazel, or a rubbin' down wid an oak towel you want. Get up, I say, or, by this an' by that, I'll flail you widin an inch o' your life."

" Is it beside yourself you are, Condy? "

" No, no, faix; I've found you out: Ellish is afther tellin' me that it was a smotherin' on the heart; but it's a pain in the small o' the back wid *yourself*. Oh, you born desaver! Get up, I say agin, afore I take the stick to you! "

" Why, thin, all sorts o' fortune to you, Condy —ha, ha, ha!—but you're the sarra's pet, for there's no escapin' you. What was that I hard atween you an' Ellish? " said Peter, getting up.

" The sarra matther to you. If you behave yourself, we may let you into the wrong side o' the sacret afore you die. Go an' get us a pint o' what you know," replied Condy, as he and Peter entered the kitchen.

" Ellish," said Peter, " I suppose we must give

it to thim. Give it—give it, avourneen. Now, Condy, whin 'ill you pay me for this?"

"Never fret yourself about that; you'll be ped. Honour *bright,* as the black said whin he stole the boots."

"Now, Pether," said the wife, "sure it's no use axin' me to give it, afther the promise I made last night. Give it yourself; for me, I'll have no hand in sich things, good or bad. I hope we'll soon get out of it altogether, for myself's sick an' sore of it, dear knows!"

Peter accordingly furnished them with the liquor, and got a promise that Condy would certainly pay him at mass on the following Sunday, which was only three days distant. The fun of the boys was exuberant at Condy's success: they drank, and laughed, and sang, until pint after pint followed in rapid succession.

Every additional inroad upon the keg brought a fresh groan from Ellish; and even Peter himself began to look blank as their potations deepened. When the night was far advanced they departed, after having first overwhelmed Ellish with professions of the warmest friendship, promising that in future she exclusively should reap whatever benefit was to be derived from their patronage.

In the meantime Condy forgot to perform his promise. The next Sunday passed, but Peter was not paid, nor was his clever debtor seen at mass, or in the vicinity of the shebeen-house, for many a month afterwards—an instance of ingratitude which mortified his creditor extremely.

The latter, who felt that it was a *take in,* resolved to cut short all hopes of obtaining credit from them in future. In about a week after the foregoing hoax, he got up a board, presenting a more vigorous refusal of *score* than the former. His friends, who were more in number than he could possibly have imagined, on this occasion, were altogether wiped out of the exception. The notice ran to the following effect:—

"Notice to the Public, *and to Pether Connell's friends in particular.*—Divil resave the morsel of credit will be got or given in this house, while there is stick or stone of it together, barrin' them that axes it has the *ready money.*

"Pether X his mark Connell,
"Ellish X her mark Connell."

This regulation, considering everything, was a very proper one. It occasioned much mirth among Peter's customers; but Peter cared little about that, provided he made the money.

The progress of his prosperity, dating it from so small a beginning, was certainly slow. He owed it principally to the careful habits of Ellish, and his own sobriety. He was prudent enough to avoid placing any sign in his window, by which his house could be known as a *shebeen;* for he was not ignorant that there is no class of men more learned in this species of hieroglyphics than excisemen. At all events, he was prepared for them, had they come to examine his premises. Nothing that could bring him within the law was ever kept visible. The cask that contained the poteen was seldom a week in the same place of concealment, which was mostly, as we have

said, under ground. The tobacco was weighed and subdivided into small quantities, which, in addition to what he carried in his pocket, were distributed in various crevices and crannies of the house; sometimes under the thatch; sometimes under a dish on the dresser, but generally in a damp place.

When they had been about two or three years thus employed, Peter, at the solicitation of the wife, took a small farm.

"You're stout an' able," said she; "an' as I can manage the house widout you, wouldn't it be a good plan to take a bit o' ground—nine or ten acres, suppose—an' thry your hand at it? Sure you wor wanst the greatest man in the parish about a farm. Surely that 'ud be dacenter nor to be *slungein'* about, invintin' truth and lies for other people, whin they're at their work, to make thim laugh, an' you doin' nothin' but standin' over thim, wid your hands down to the bottom o' your pockets? Do, Pether, thry it, avick, an' you'll see it 'ill prosper wid us, plase God."

"Faix I'm ladin' an asier life, Ellish."

"But are you ladin' a dacenter or a more becominer life?"

"Why I think, widout doubt, that it's more becominer to walk about like a gintleman, nor to be workin' like a slave."

"Gintleman! Musha, is it to the fair you're bringin' yourself? Why, you great big bosthoon, isn't it both a sin an' a shame to see you sailin' about among the neighbours, like a shtray

turkey, widout a hand's turn to do? But, any way, take my advice, a villish,—will you, aroon? —an' faix you'll see how rich we'll get, wid a blessin'?"

"Ellish, you're a deludher!"

"Well, an' what suppose? To be sure I am. Usen't you be followin' me, like a calf afther the finger?—ha, ha, ha!—Will you do my biddin', Pether darlin'?"

Peter gave her a shrewd, significant wink, in contradiction to what he considered the degrading comparison she had just made.

"Ellish, you're beside the mark, you beauty; always put the saddle on the right horse, woman alive! Didn't you often an' often swear to me, upon two green ribbons acrass one another, that you liked a red head best, an' that the redder it was you liked it the betther?"

"An' it was thruth, too; an' sure, by the same a token, where could I get one half so red as your own? Faix, I knew what I was about! I wouldn't give you yet for e'er a young man in the parish, if I was a widow to-morrow. Will you take the land?"

"So thin, afther all, if the head hadn't been an me, I wouldn't be a favourite wid you?—ha, ha, ha!"

"Get out wid you, an' spake sinse. Throth if you don't say aither ay or no, I'll give myself no more bother about it. There we are now wid some guineas together, an'——Faix, Pether, you're vexin' me!"

"Do you want an answer?"

"Why, if it's plasin' to *your honour,* I'd have no objection."

"Well, will you have my new big coat made agin *Shraft?*" [21]

"Ay will I, in case you do what I say; but if you don't, the sarra stitch of it 'll go to your back this twelvemonth, maybe, if you vex me. Now!"

"Well, I'll tell you what: my mind's made up—I *will* take the land; an' I'll show the neighbours what Pether Connell can do yit."

"Augh! augh! mavourneen, that you wor! Throth I'll fry a bit o' the bacon for our dinner to-day, on the head o' that, although I didn't intind to touch it till Sunday. Ay, faix, an' a pair o' stockins, too, along wid the coat; an' somethin' else, that you didn't hear of yit."

Ellish, in fact, was a perfect mistress of the science of wheedling; but as it appears instinctive in the sex, this is not to be wondered at. Peter himself was easy, or rather indolent, till properly excited by the influence of adequate motives; but no sooner were the energies that slumbered in him called into activity, than he displayed a firmness of purpose, and a perseverance in action, that amply repaid his exertions.

The first thing he did, after taking his little farm, was to prepare for its proper cultivation, and to stock it. His funds were not, however, sufficient for this at the time. A horse was to be bought, but the last guinea they could spare had been already expended, and this purchase

was, therefore, out of the question. The usages of the small farmers, however, enabled him to remedy this inconvenience. Peter made a bargain with a neighbour, in which he undertook to repay him by an exchange of labour, for the use of his plough and horses in getting down his crop. He engaged to give him, for a stated period in the slack season, so many days' mowing as would cover the expenses of ploughing and harrowing his land. There was, however, a considerable portion of his holding potato-ground: this Peter himself dug with his spade, breaking it as he went along into fine mould. He then planted the seed—got a hatchet, and selecting the best thorn-bush he could find, cut it down, tied a rope to the trunk, seized the rope, and in this manner harrowed his potato-ground. Thus did he proceed, struggling to overcome difficulties by skill, and substituting for the more efficient modes of husbandry, such rude artifical resources as his want of capital compelled him to adopt.

In the meantime, Ellish, seeing Peter acquitting himself in his undertaking with such credit, determined not to be outdone in her own department. She accordingly conceived the design of extending her business, and widening the sphere of her exertions. This intention, however, she kept secret from Peter, until by putting penny to penny, and shilling to shilling, she was able to purchase a load of crockery. Here was a new source of profit opened exclusively by her own address. Peter was aston-

ished when he saw the car unloaded, and the crockery piled in proud array by Ellish's own hands.

"I knew," said she, "I'd take a start out o' you. Faix, Pether, you'll see how I'll do, never fear, wid the help o' Heaven! I'll be off to the market in the mornin', plase God, where I'll sell rings round me [22] o' them crocks and pitchers. An' now, Pether, the sarra one o' me would do this, good or bad, only bekase your managin' the farm so cleverly. Tady Gormley's goin' to bring home his meal from the mill, and has promised to lave these in the market for me, an' never fear but I'll get some o' the neighbours to bring them home, so that there's car-hire saved. Faix, Pether, there's nothin' like givin' the people sweet words, any way; sure they come chape."

"Faith, an' I'll back you for the sweet words agin any woman in the three kingdoms, Ellish, you darlin'. But don't you know the proverb, 'sweet words butther no parsnips.'"

"In throth the same proverb's a lyin' one, and ever was; but it's not parsnips I'll butther wid 'em, you gommoch."

"Sowl, you butthered me wid 'em long enough, you deludher—devil a lie in it; but thin, as you say, sure enough, I was no parsnip—not so soft as that either, you phanix."

"No? Thin I seldom seen your beautiful head without thinkin' of a carrot, an' it's well known they're related—ha, ha, ha!—Behave, Pether—behave, I say—Pether, Pether—ha, ha,

ha!—let me alone! Katty Hacket, take him away from me—ha, ha, ha!"

"Will ever you, you shaver wid the tongue that you are? Will ever you, I say? Will ever you make delusion to my head again—eh?"

"Oh, never, never—but let me go, an' me so full o' ticles! Oh, Pether, avourneen, don't, you'll hurt me, an' the way I'm in—quit, avillish!"

"Bedad, if you don't let my head alone, I'll —will ever you?"

"Never, never. There now—ha, ha, ha!—oh, but I'm as wake as wather wid what I laughed. Well now, Pether, didn't I manage bravely—didn't I?"

"Wait till we see the profits first, Ellish—crockery's very tindher goods."

"Ay!—just wait, an' I'll engage, I'll turn the penny. The family's risin' wid us"—

"Very thrue," replied Peter, giving a sly wink at the wife—"no doubt of it."

"—Risin' wid us—I tell you to have sinse, Pether; an' it's our duty to have something for the crathurs when they grow up."

"Well, that's a thruth—sure I'm not sayin' against it."

"I know that; but what I say is, if we hould an, we may make money. Every thing, for so far, has thruv wid us, God be praised for it. There's another thing in my mind, that I'll be tellin' you some o' these days."

"I believe, Ellish, you dhrame about makin' money."

"Well, an' I might do worse; when I'm dhramin' about it, I'm doin' no sin to any one. But, listen, you must keep the house to-morrow while I'm at the market. Won't you, Pether?"

"An' who's to open the dhrain in the bottom below?"

"That can be done the day afther. Won't you, abouchal?"

"Ellish, you're a deludher, I tell you. Sweet words;—sowl, you'd smooth a furze bush wid sweet words. How-an-ever, I *will* keep the house to-morrow, till we see the great things you'll do wid your crockery."

Ellish's success was, to say the least of it, quite equal to her expectations. She was certainly an excellent wife, full of acuteness, industry, and enterprise. Had Peter been married to a woman of a disposition resembling his own, it is probable that he would have sunk into indolence, filth, and poverty. These miseries might have soured their tempers, and driven them into all the low excesses and crimes attendant upon pauperism. Ellish, however, had sufficient spirit to act upon Peter's natural indolence, so as to excite it to the proper pitch. Her mode of operation was judiciously suited to his temper. Playfulness and kindness were the instruments by which she managed him. She knew that violence, or the assumption of authority, would cause a man who, like him, was stern when provoked, to re-act, and meet her with an assertion of his rights and authority not to be trifled with. This she consequently avoided, not entirely from

any train of reasoning on the subject; but from that intuitive penetration which taught her to know that the plan she had resorted to was best calculated to make him subservient to her own purposes without causing him to feel that he was governed.

Indeed, every day brought out her natural cleverness more clearly. Her intercourse with the world afforded her that facility of understanding the tempers and dispositions of others, which can never be acquired when it has not been bestowed as a natural gift. In her hands it was a valuable one. By degrees her house improved in its appearance, both inside and outside. From crockery she proceeded to herrings, then to salt, in each of which she dealt with surprising success. There was, too, such an air of bustle, activity, and good-humour about her that people loved to deal with her. Her appearance was striking, if not grotesque. She was tall and strong, walked rapidly, and when engaged in fair or market disposing of her coarse merchandise, was dressed in a short red petticoat, blue stockings, strong brogues, wore a blue cloak, with the hood turned up over her head, on the top of which was a man's hat fastened by a ribbon under her chin. As she thus stirred about, with a kind word and a joke for every one, her healthy cheek in full bloom, and her blue-grey eye beaming with an expression of fun and good-nature, it would be difficult to conceive a character more adapted for intercourse with a laughter-loving people. In fact, she soon became a

favourite, and this not the less that she was as ready to meet her rivals in business with a blow as with a joke. Peter witnessed her success with unfeigned pleasure; and although every feasible speculation was proposed by her, yet he never felt that he was a mere nonentity when compared to his wife. 'Tis true, he was perfectly capable of executing her agricultural plans when she proposed them, but his own capacity for making a lucky hit was very limited. Of the two she was certainly the better farmer; and scarcely an improvement took place in his little holding, which might not be traced to Ellish.

In the course of a couple of years she bought him a horse, and Peter was enabled to join with a neighbour who had another. Each had a plough and tackle, so that here was a little team made up, the half of which belonged to Peter. By this means they ploughed week about, until their crops were got down. Peter finding his farm doing well, began to feel a kind of rivalship with his wife—that is to say, she first suggested the principle, and afterwards contrived to make him imagine that it was originally his own.

"The sarra one o' you, Pether," she exclaimed to him one day, "but's batin' me out an' out. Why, you're the very dickins at the farmin', so you are. Faix, I suppose, if you go an this way much longer, that you'll be thinkin' of another farm, in regard that we have some guineas together. Pether, did you ever think of it, abouchal?"

"To be sure, I did, you beauty; an' amn't I

in fifty notions to take Harry Neal's land, that jist lies alongside of our own."

"Faix, an' you're right, maybe; but if it's sthrivin' agin me you are, you may give it over: I tell you, I'll have more money made afore this time twelvemonth than you will."

"Arrah, is it jokin' you are? More money? Would you advise me to take Harry's land? Tell me *that* first, you phanix, an' thin I'm your man!"

"Faix, take your own coorse, avourneen. If you get a lase of it at a fair rint, I'll buy another horse, any how. Isn't that doin' the thing dacent?"

"More power to you, Ellish! I'll hold you a crown, I pay you the price o' the horse afore this time twelvemonth."

"Done! The sarra be off me but done!—an' here's Barny Dillon an' Katty Hacket to bear witness."

"Sure enough we will," said Barny, the servant.

"I'll back the misthress any money," replied the maid.

"Two to one on the masther," said the man. "Whoo! our side o' the house for ever! Come, Pether, hould up your head, there's money bid for you!"

"Ellish, I'll fight for you ancle deep," said Katty—"depind your life an me."

"In the name o' goodness, thin, it's a bargain," said Ellish; "an' at the end o' the year, if we're spared, we'll see what we'll see. We'll have

among ourselves a little sup o' tay, plase goodness, an' we'll be comfortable. Now, Barny, go an' draw home thim phaties from the pits while the day's fine; and Katty, a colleen, bring in some wather, till we get the pig killed and scalded—it'll hardly have time to be good bacon for the big markets at Christmas. I don't wish," she continued, "to keep it back from them that we have a thrifle o' money. One always does betther when it's known that they're not strugglin'. There's Nelly Cummins, an' her customers is lavin' her, an' dalin' wid me, bekase she's goin' down in business. Ay, an', Pether, a hagur, it's the way o' the world."

"Well but, Ellish, don't you be givin' Nelly Cummins the harsh word, or lanin' too heavily upon her, the crathur, merely in regard that she *is* goin' down. Do you hear, a colleen?"

"Indeed I don't do it, Pether; but you know she has a tongue like a razor at times, and whin it gets loose she'd provoke St. Pether himself. Thin she's takin' to the dhrink, too, the poor misfortunate vagabone!"

"Well, well, that's no affair o' yours, or mine aither—only don't be risin' ructions and norrations wid her. You *threwn* a jug at her the last day you war out, an' hot the poor ould Potticary as he was passin'. You see I hard that, though you kept it close from me!—ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!—why you'd split if you had seen the crathur whin he fell into Pether White's brogue-creels, wid his heels up. But what right had she to be shtrivin' to bring away my cus-

tomers afore my face? Ailey Dogherty was buying a crock wid me, and Nelly shouts over to her from where she sot like a queen on her stool, 'Ailey,' says she, 'here's a betther one for three fardens less, an' another farden 'ill get you a pennorth o' salt.' An', indeed, Ailey walks over, manely enough, an' tuck her at her word. Why, flesh an' blood couldn't bear it."

"Indeed, an' you're raal flesh an' blood, Ellish, if that's thrue."

"Well, but consarnin' what I mintioned awhile agone—hut! the poor mad crathur, let us have no more discoorse about her—I say, that no one ever thrives so well as when the world sees that they are gettin' an, an' prosperin'; but if there's not an appearance, how will any one know whether we are prosperin' or not, barrin' they see some sign of it about us; I mane, in a quiet rasonable way, widout show or extravagance. In the name o' goodness, thin, let us get the house brushed up, an' the outhouses dashed. A bushel or two of lime 'ill make this as white as an egg widin, an' a very small expinse will get it plastered and whitewashed widout. Wouldn't you like it, avoureen? Eh, Pether?"

"To be sure I'd like it. It'll give a respectful look to the house and place."

"Ay, an' it'll bring customers, that's the main thing. People always like to come to a snug comfortable place. An', plase God, I'm thinking of another plan that I'll soon mintion."

"An' what may that be, you skamer? Why, Ellish, you've ever an' always some skame or

other in that head o' yours. For my part, I don't know how you get at them."

"Well, no matter, acushla, do you only back me; jist show me how I ought to go on wid them, for nobody can outdo you at such things, an' I'll engage we'll thrive yit, always wid a blessin' an us."

"Why, to tell God's thruth, I'd bate the devil himself at plannin' out, an' bringin' a thing to a conclusion—eh, you deludher?"

"The sarra doubt of it; but takin' the other farm was the brightest thought I seen wid you yit. Will you do it, avillish?"

"To be sure. Don't I say it? An' it'll be up wid the lark wid me. Hut, woman, you don't see the half o' what's in me, yet."

"I'll buy you a hat and a pair o' stockins at Christmas."

"Will you, Ellish? Then, by the book, I'll work like a horse."

"I didn't intind to tell you, but I had it laid out for you."

"Faith, you're a beauty, Ellish. What'll we call this young chap that's comin', acushla?"

"Now, Pether, none o' your capers. It's time enough when the thing happens to be thinkin' o' that, glory be to God!"

"Well, you may talk as you plase, but I'll call him Pether."

"An' how do you know but he'll be a girl, you omadhawn?"

"Murdher alive, ay, sure enough! Faith I didn't think o' that!"

"Well, go up now an' spake to Misther Eccles about the land; maybe somebody else 'ud slip in afore us, an' that wouldn't be pleasant. Here's your brave big coat, put it an; faix, it makes a man of you—gives you a *bodagh* [23] look entirely: but that's little to what you'll be yet, wid a blessin'—a Half Sir, any way."

In fact, Ellish's industry had already gained a character for both herself and her husband. He got credit for the assiduity and activity to which she trained him: and both were respected for their cleverness in advancing themselves from so poor a beginning, to the humble state of independence they had then reached. The farm which Ellish was so anxious to secure was the property of the gentleman from whom they held the other. Being a man of sense and penetration, he fortunately saw—what, indeed, was generally well known—that Peter and Ellish were rising in the world, and that their elevation was the consequence of their own unceasing efforts to become independent, so that industry is in every possible point of view its own reward. So long as the farm was open to competition, the offers for it multiplied prodigiously, and rose in equal proportion. Persons not worth twenty shillings in the world, offered double the rent which the utmost stretch of ingenuity, even with suitable capital, could pay. New-married couples, with nothing but the strong imaginative hopes peculiar to their country, proposed for it in a most liberal spirit. Men who had been ejected out of their late farms for non-payment of rent,

were ready to cultivate this at a rent much above that which, on better land, they were unable to pay. Others, who had been ejected from farm after farm—each of which they undertook as a mere speculation, to furnish them with present subsistence, but without any ultimate expectation of being able to meet their engagements—came forward with the most laudable efforts. This gentleman, however, was none of those landlords who are so besotted and ignorant of their own interests, as to let their lands simply to the highest bidders, without taking into consideration their capital, moral character, and habits of industry. He resided at home, knew his tenants personally, took an interest in their successes and difficulties, and instructed them in the best modes of improving their farms.

Peter's first interview with him was not quite satisfactory on either side. The honest man was like a ship without her rudder, when transacting business in the absence of his wife. The fact was, that on seeing the high proposals which were sent in, he became alarmed lest, as he flattered himself, that the credit of the transaction should be all his own, the farm might go into the hands of another, and his character for cleverness suffer with Ellish. The landlord was somewhat astounded at the rent which a man who bore so high a name for prudence offered him. He knew it was considerably beyond what the land was worth, and he did not wish that any tenant coming upon his estate

should have no other prospect than that of gradually receding into insolvency.

"I cannot give you any answer now," said he to Peter; "but if you will call in a day or two I shall let you know my final determination."

Peter, on coming home, rendered an account of his interview with the landlord to his wife, who no sooner heard of the extravagant proposal he made, than she raised her hands and eyes, exclaiming—

"Why thin, Pether, a lanna, was it beside yourself you wor, to go for to offer a rint that no one could honestly pay! Why, man alive, it 'ud lave us widout house or home in no time, all out! Sure Pether, a cushla, where 'ud be the use of us or any one takin' land, barrin' they could make somethin' by it? Faix, if the gintleman had sinse, he wouldn't give the same farm to anybody at sich a rint; an' for good rasons too—bekase they could never pay it, an himself 'ud be the sufferer in the long run."

"Dang me, but you're the long-headedest woman alive this day, Ellish. Why, I never wanst wint into the rason o' the thing, at all. But you don't know the offers he got."

"Don't I? Why do you think he'd let the Mullins, or the Conlans, or the O'Donoghoes, or the Duffys, upon his land, widout a shillin' in one o' their pockets to stock it, or to begin workin' it properly wid. Hand me my cloak from the pin there, an' get your hat. Katty,

avourneen, have an eye to the house till we come back; an' if Dick Murphy comes here to get tobaccy on score, tell him I can't afford it, till he pays up what he got. Come, Pether, in the name o' goodness—come, a bouchal."

Ellish, during their short journey to the landlord's, commenced, in her own way, a lecture upon agricultural economy, which, though plain and unvarnished, contained excellent and practical sense. She also pointed out to him when to speak and when to be silent; told him what rent to offer, and in what manner he should offer it; but she did all this so dexterously and sweetly, that honest Peter thought the new and corrected views which she furnished him with, were altogether the result of his own penetration.

The landlord was at home when they arrived, and ordered them into the parlour, where he soon made his appearance.

"Well, Connell," said he, smiling, "are you come to make me a *higher* offer?"

"Why thin no, plase your honour," replied Peter, looking for confidence to Ellish: "instead o' that, sir, Ellish here"——

"Never heed me, a lanna; tell his honour what you've to say, out o' the face. Go an, acushla."

"Why, your honour, to tell the blessed thruth, the dickens a bit o' myself but had a sup in my head when I wid your honour to-day before."

Ellish was thunderstruck at this most unexpected apology from Peter; but the fact was,

that the instructions which she had given him on their way had completely evaporated from his brain, and he felt himself thrown altogether upon his own powers of invention. Here, however, he was at home; for it was well known among all his acquaintances, that, however he might be deficient in the management of a family when compared to his wife, he was capable, notwithstanding, of exerting a certain imaginative faculty in a very high degree. Ellish felt that to contradict him on the spot must lessen both him and herself in the opinion of the landlord, a circumstance that would have given her much pain.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Connell," said Mr. Eccles; "you bear the character of being strictly sober in your habits. You must have been early at the bottle, too, which makes your apology rather unhappy. Of all tipplers, he who drinks early is the worst and most incurable."

"Thrue for you, sir, but this only happens me wanst a year, your honour."

"Once a year! But, by the by, you had no appearance of being tipsy, Peter."

"Tipsy! Bud-a'-age, your honour, I was never seen tipsy in all my life," said Peter.—"That's a horse of another colour, sir, plase your honour."

The reader must at once perceive that Peter here was only recovering himself from the effects of the injurious impression which his first admission was calculated to produce against him in the mind of his landlord.

"Tipsy! No, no, sir; but the rason of it, sir, was this: it bein' my birthday, sir, I merely tuck a sup in the mornin', in honour o' the day. It's altogether a lucky day to me, sir!"

"Why, to be sure, every man's birthday may, probably, be called such—the gift of existence being, I fear, too much undervalued."

"Bedad, your honour, I don't mane that, at all."

"Then what *do* you mean, Peter?"

"Why, sir, you see, it's not that I was *entirely* born on this day, but *partly*, sir; I was married to Ellish here into the bargain,—one o' the best wives, sir—however, I'll say no more, as she's to the fore herself. But, death alive, sir, sure when we put both conclusions together—myself bein' sich a worthy man, and Ellish such a tip-top wife, who could blame me for smellin' the bottle?—for divil a much more I did—about two glasses, sir—an' so it got up into my head a little when I was wid your honour to-day before."

"But what is the amount of all this, Peter?"

"Why, sir, you see only I was as I said, sir—not tipsy, your honour, any way, but seein' things double or so; an' that was, I suppose, what made me offer for the farm double what I intinded. Every body knows, sir, that the 'crathur' gives the big heart to us, any how, your honour."

"But you know, Peter, we entered into no terms about it. I, therefore, have neither power

nor inclination to hold you to the offer you made."

"Faith, sir, you're not the gintleman to do a shabby turn, nor ever was, nor one o' your family. There's not in all Europe"—

Ellish, who was a point blank dealer, could endure Peter's mode of transacting business no longer. She knew that if he once got into the true spirit of applying the oil of flattery to the landlord, he would have rubbed him into a perfect froth ere he quitted him. She, therefore, took up the thread of the discourse, and finished the compliment with much more delicacy than honest Peter could have displayed.

"Thrue for you, Pether," she added; "there is not a kinder family to the poor, nor betther landlords, in the country they live in. Pether an' myself, your honour, on layin' both our heads together, found that he offered more rint for the land nor any tenant could honestly pay. So, sir, where's the use of keepin' back God's thruth —Pether, sir"—

Peter here trembled from an apprehension that the wife, in accomplishing some object of her own in reference to the land, was about to undeceive the landlord, touching the lie which he had so barefacedly palmed upon that worthy gentleman for truth. In fact, his anxiety overcame his prudence, and he resolved to anticipate her.

"I'd advise you, sir," said he, with a smile of significant good-humour, "to be a little sus-

picious of her, for, to tell the thruth, she draws the "—here he illustrated the simile with his staff —" the long bow of an odd time; faith she does. I'd kiss the book on the head of what I tould you, sir, plase your honour. For the sacret of it is, that I tuck the moisture afore she left her bed."

"Why, Peter, alanna," said Ellish, soothingly, "what's comin' over you, at all, an' me goin' to explain to his honour the outs and ins of our opinion about the land? Faix, man, we're not thinkin' about you, good or bad."

"I believe the drop has scarcely left your head yet, Peter," said the landlord.

"Bud-an'-age, your honour, sure we must have our joke, any how—doesn't she desarve it for takin' the word out o' my mouth?"

"Whisht, a villish; you're too cute for us all, Pether. There's no use, sir, as I was sayin', for any one to deny that when they take a farm they do it to make by it, or at the laste to live comfortably an it. That's the thruth, your honour, an' it's no use to keep it back from you, sir."

"I perfectly agree with you," said the landlord. "It is with these motives that a tenant should wish to occupy land; and it is the duty of every landlord who has his own interest truly at heart, to see that his land be not let at such a rent as will preclude the possibility of comfort or independence on the part of his tenantry. He who lets his land *above* its value, merely because people are foolish enough to offer more for it

than it is worth, is as great an enemy to himself as he is to the tenant."

"It's God's thruth, sir, an' it's nothin' else but a comfort to hear sich words comin' from the lips of a gintleman that's a landlord himself."

"Ay, an' a good one, too," said Peter; "an' kind father for his honour to be what he is. Divil resave the family in all Europe"—

"Thrue for you, avourneen, an' every one knows that. We wor talkin' it over, sir, betuxt ourselves, Pether an' me, an' he says very cutely, that, upon second thoughts, he offered more nor we could honestly pay out o' the land; so"—

"Faith, it's as thrue as gospel, your honour. Says I, 'Ellish, you beauty'"—

"I thought," observed Mr. Eccles, "that she sometimes drew the long bow, Peter."

"Oh, murdher alive, sir, it was only in regard of her crassin' in an' whippin' the word out o' my mouth, that I wanted to take a rise out of her. Oh, bedad, sir, no; the crathur's thruth to the backbone, an' farther if I'd say it."

"So, your honour, considherin' everything, we're willin' to offer thirty shillins an acre for the farm. That rint, sir, we'll be able to pay, wid the help o' God, for sure we can do nothin' widout his assistance, glory be to his name! You'll get many that'll offer you more, your honour; but if it 'ud be plasin' to you to considher what manes they have to pay it, I think, sir, you'd see, out o' your own sinse, that it's not likely people who is gone to the bad, an' has nothin' could stand it out long."

"I wish to heaven," replied Mr. Eccles, "that every tenant in Ireland possessed your prudence and good sense. Will you permit me to ask, Mrs. Connell, what capital you and your husband can command provided I should let you have it."

"Wid every pleasure in life, sir, for it's but a fair question to put. An' sure, it is to God we owe it, whatever it is, plase your honour. But, sir, if we get the land, we're able to stock it, an' to crop it well an' dacently; an' if your honour would allow us for sartin improvements, sir, we'd run it into snug fields, by plantin' good hedges, an' gettin' up shelther for the outlyin' cattle in the hard seasons, plase your honour, and you know the farm is very naked and bare of shelter at present."

"Sowl, will we, sir, an' far more nor that, if we get it. I'll undhertake, sir, to level"—

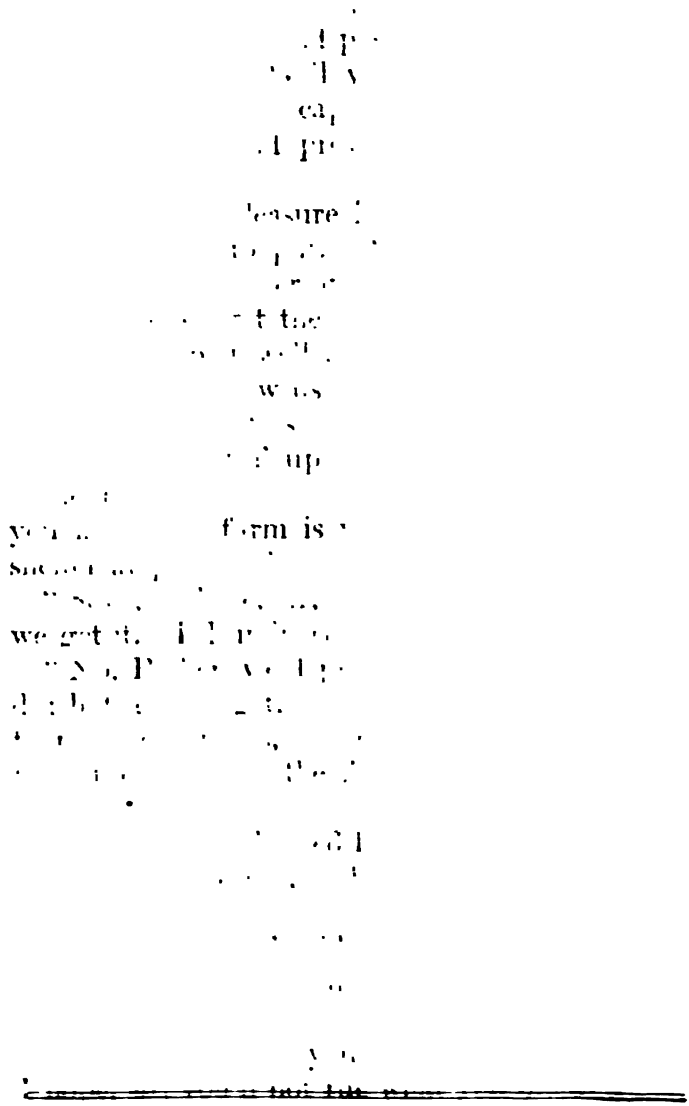
"No, Pether, we'll promise no more nor we'll do; but anything that his honour will be plased to point out to us, if we get fair support, an' that it remains on the farm afther us, we'll be willin' to do it."

"Willin'!" exclaimed Peter;—"faith, whether we're willin' or not, if his honour but says the word"—

"Mrs. Connell," said their landlord, "say no more. The farm is yours, and you may consider yourselves as my tenants."

"Many thanks to you, sir, for the priference. I hope, sir, you'll not rue what you did in givin' it to us before them that offered a higher rint.

The Salmon Leap at Leixlip
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.



The Salmon Leap at Leixlip
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

You'll find, sir, wid the help o' the Almighty, that we'll pay you your rint rigular an' punctual."

"Why, thin, long life, an' glory, an' benediction to your honour! Faith it's only kind father for you, sir, to be what you are. The divil resave the family in all Europe"—

"Peter, that will do," replied the landlord; "it would be rather hazardous for our family to compete with all Europe. Go home, Peter, and be guided by your wife, who has more sense in her little finger than ever your family had either in Europe or out of it, although I mean you no offence by going *beyond* Europe."

"By all the books that *never* wor opened an' shut," replied Peter, with the intuitive quickness of perception peculiar to Irishmen, "an innocenter boy than Andy Connell never was sent acrass the water. I proved as clear an *alibi* for him as the sun in the firmament; an' yit, bad luck to the big-wig O'Grady, he should be puttin' in his leek an me afore the jury, jist whin I had the poor boy cleared out dacently, an' wid all honour. An' bedad, now, that we're spakin' about it, I'll tell your honour the whole conclusions of it. You see, sir, the Agint was shot one night; an' above all nights in the year, your honour, a thief of a toothach that I had kep me"——

"Pether, come away, a bouchal: his honour knows as much about it as you do. Come, aroon; you know we must help to scald an' scrape the pig afore night, an' it's late now."

"Bedad, sir, she's a sweet one, this."

"Be guided by her, Peter, if you're wise: she's a wife you ought to be proud of."

"Thrue for you, sir; divil resave the word o' lie in that, any how. Come, Ellish; come, you deludher, I'm wid you."

"God bless your honour, sir, an' we're oblaged to you for your kindness an' patience wid the likes o' us."

"I say ditto, your honour. Long life an' glory to you every day your honour rises!"

Peter on his way home, entered into a defence of his apology for offering so high a rent to the landlord; but although it possessed both ingenuity and originality, it was, we must confess, grossly defective in those principles usually inculcated by our best Ethic writers.

"Couldn't you have tould him what we agreed upon goin' up," observed Ellish; "but instead o' that, to begin an' tell the gintleman so many lies about your bein' dhrunk, an' this bein' your birth-day, an' the day we wor marrid, an',——Musha, sich quare stories to come into your head!"

"Why," said Peter, "what harm's in all that, whin he didn't *find me out?*"

"But why the sarra did you go to say that *I* was in the custom o' tellin' lies?"

"Faix, bekase I thought you wor goin' to let out all, an' I thought it best to have the first word o' you. What else?—but sure I brought myself off bravely."

"Well, well, a hudh; don't be invitin' sich things another time, or you'll bring yourself into a scrape, some way or other."

"Faix, an' *you* needn't spake Ellish; you can let out a nate bounce yourself, whin it's to sarve you. Come now, don't run away wid the story!"

"Well, if I do, it's in the way o' my business; whin I'm batin' thim down in the price o' what I'm buyin', or gettin' thim to bid up for any thing I'm sellin': besides, it's to advance ourselves in the world, that I do it, a bouchal."

"Go an, go an; faix, you're like the new moon, sharp at both corners: but what matther, you beauty, we've secured the farm, at any rate, an', by this an' by that, I'll show you tip-top farmin' an it."

A struggle now commenced between the husband and wife, as to which of them should, in their respective departments, advance themselves with greater rapidity in life. This friendly contest was kept up principally by the address of Ellish, who, as she knew those points in her husband's character most easily wrought upon, felt little difficulty in shaping him to her own purposes. Her great object was to acquire wealth; and it mostly happens, that when this is the ruling principle in life, there is usually to be found, in association with it, all those qualities which are best adapted to secure it. Peter, on finding that every succeeding day brought something to their gains, began to imbibe a portion of that spirit which wholly absorbed Ellish. He became worldly; but it was rather the worldliness of habit than of principle. In the case of Ellish, it proceeded from both; her mind was apt, vigorous, and conceptive; her body active, her manners

bland and insinuating, and her penetration almost intuitive. About the time of their entering upon the second farm, four children had been the fruit of their marriage—two sons and two daughters. These were now new sources of anxiety to their mother, and fresh impulses to her industry. Her ignorance, and that of her husband, of any kind of education, she had often, in the course of their business, bitter cause to regret. She now resolved that their children should be well instructed; and no time was lost in sending them to school, the moment she thought them capable of imbibing the simplest elements of instruction.

"It's hard to say," she observed to her husband, "how soon they may be useful to us. Who knows, Pether, but we may have a full shop yit, an' they may be able to make up bits of accounts for us, poor things? Throth, I'd be happy if I wanst seen it."

"Faix, Ellish," replied Peter, "if we can get an as we're doin', it *is* hard to say. For my own part, if I had got the larnin' in time, I might be a bright boy to-day, no doubt of it—could spake up to the best o' thim. I never wint to school but wanst, an' I remimber I threwn the masther into a kiln-pot, an' broke the poor craythur's arm; an' from that day to this, I never could be brought a single day to school."

Peter and Ellish now began to be pointed out as a couple worthy of imitation by those who knew that perseverance and industry never fail of securing their own reward. Others, however, —that is to say, the lazy, the profligate, and the

ignorant,—had a ready solution for the secret of their success.

"Oh, my dear, she's a *lucky* woman, an' anything she puts her hand to prospers. Sure she was born wid a *lucky caul*[24] an her head; an', be sure, a hagur, the world will flow in upon thim. There's many a neighbour about thim works their fingers to the stumps, an' yit you see they can't get an: for Ellish, if she'd throw the sweepins of her hearth to the wind, it 'ud come back to her in money. *She was born to it, an' nothin' can keep her from her luck!*"[25]

Such are many of the senseless theories that militate against exertion and industry in Ireland, and occasion many to shrink back from the laudable race of honest enterprise, into filth, penury, and crime. It is this idle and envious crew, who, with a natural aversion to domestic industry, become adepts in politics, and active in those illegal combinations and outrages which retard the prosperity of the country, and bring disgrace upon the great body of its peaceable inhabitants.

In the meantime Ellish was rapidly advancing in life, while such persons were absurdly speculating upon the cause of her success. Her business was not only increased, but extended. From crockery, herrings, and salt, she advanced gradually to deal in other branches adapted to her station, and the wants of the people. She bought stockings, and retailed them every market-day. By and by a few pieces of soap might be seen in her windows: starch, blue, potash, and candles, were equally profitable.

Pipes were seen stuck across each other, flanked by tape, cakes, children's books, thimbles, and bread. In fact, she was equally clever and expert in whatever she undertook. The consciousness of this, and her reputation as being "a hard honest woman," encouraged her to get a cask or two of beer, and a few rolls of tobacco. Peter, when she proposed the two last, consented only to sell them still as smuggled goods—*sub silentio*. With her usual prudence, however, she declined this.

"We have gone on that way purty far," she replied, "an' never *got a touch*,[26] thanks to the kindness o' the neighbours that never informed an us; but now, Pether, that we're *able*, we had betther do everything above boord. You know the ould say, 'long runs the fox, but he's catched at last;' so let us give up in time, an' get out a little bit o' licence."

"I don't like that at all," replied Peter; "I can't warm my heart to the licence. I'll back you in anything but that. The gauger won't come next or near us: he has thried it often, an' never made anything of it. Dang me, but I'd like to have a bit o' fun with the gauger, to see if my hand's still ready for practice."

"Oh, thin, Pether, how can you talk that way, asthore? Now if what I'm sayin' was left to yourself wouldn't you be apt to plan it as I'm doin'?—wouldn't you, acushla? Throth, I know you're too cute an' sinsible not to do it."

"Why thin, do you know what, Ellish—

although I didn't spake out, upon my faix I was thinkin' of it. Divil a word o' lie in it."

"Oh, you thief o' the world, an' never to tell it to me. Faix, Pether, you're a cunnin' shaver, an' as deep as a draw well."

"Let me alone. Why I tell you if I study an' lay myself down to it, I can conthrive anything. Whin I was young, many a time my poor father, God be good to him! said that if there was any possibility of gettin' me to take to larnin', I'd be risin' out o' the ashes every mornin' like a phanix."

"But won't you hould to your plan about the licence?"

"Hould! To be sure I will. What was I but takin' a rise out o' you. I intinded it this good while, you phanix—faix, I did."

In this manner did Ellish dupe her own husband into increasing wealth. Their business soon became so extensive, that a larger house was absolutely necessary. To leave that, beneath whose roof she succeeded so well in all her speculations, was a point—be it of prudence or of prejudice—which Ellish could not overcome. Her maxim was, wherever you find yourself doing well, stay there. She contrived, however, to remedy this. To the old house additional apartments were, from time to time, added, into which their business soon extended. When these again became too small, others were also built; so that in the course of about twenty years, their premises were so extensive, that the original

shebeen-house constituted a very small portion of Peter's residence. Peter, during Ellish's progress within doors, had not been idle without. For every new room added to the house, he was able to hook in a fresh farm in addition to those he had already occupied. Unexpected success had fixed his heart as strongly upon the accumulation of money, and the pride of rising in the world, as it was possible for a man, to whom they were only adventitious feelings, to experience. The points of view in which he and his wife were contemplated by the little public about them were peculiar, but clearly distinct. The wife was generally esteemed for her talents and incessant application to business; but she was not so cordially liked as Peter. He, on the other hand, though less esteemed, was more beloved by all their acquaintances than Ellish. This might probably originate from the more obvious congeniality which existed between Peter's natural disposition, and the national character; for with the latter, Ellish, except good humour, had little in common.

The usual remarks upon both were—"she would buy an' sell him"—"'twas she that made a man of him; but for all that, Pether's worth a ship-load of her, if she'd give him his own way." That is, if she would permit him to drink with the neighbours, to be idle and extravagant.

Every year, now that their capital was extending, added more perceptibly to their independence. Ellish's experience in the humbler kinds of business, trained her for a higher line; just as

boys at school rise from one form to another. She made no plunges, nor permitted Peter, who was often inclined to jump at conclusions, to make any. Her elevation was gradual and cautious; for her plans were always so seasonable and simple, that every new description of business, and every new success, seemed to arise naturally from that which went before it.

Having once taken out a license, their house soon became a decent country spirit establishment; from soap, and candles, and tobacco, she rose into the full sweep of groceries; and from dealing in Connemara stockings and tape, she proceeded in due time to sell woollen and linen drapery. Her crockery was now metamorphosed into delf, pottery, and hardware; her gingerbread into stout loaves, for as Peter himself grew wheat largely, she seized the opportunity presented by the death of the only good baker in the neighbourhood, of opening an extensive bakery.

It may be asked, how two illiterate persons, like Peter and Ellish, could conduct business in which so much calculation was necessary, without suffering severely by their liability to make mistakes. To this we reply—first, that we should have liked to see any person attempting to pass a bad note or a light guinea upon Ellish after nine or ten years' experience; we should like to have seen a smug clerk taking his pen from behind his ear, and after making his calculation, on inquiring from Ellish if she had reckoned up the amount, compelled to ascertain the error which she pointed out to him. The most remark-

able point in her whole character, was the rapid accuracy she displayed in mental calculation, and her uncommon sagacity in detecting bad money.

There is, however, a still more satisfactory explanation of this circumstance to be given. She had not neglected the education of her children. The eldest was now an intelligent boy, and a smart accountant, who, thanks to his master, had been taught to keep their books by Double Entry. The second was little inferior to him as a clerk, though as a general dealer he was far his superior. The eldest had been principally behind the counter; whilst the younger, in accompanying his mother in all her transactions and bargain-making, had in a great measure imbibed her address and tact.

It is certainly a pleasing, and, we think, an interesting thing, to contemplate the enterprise of an humble, but active, shrewd woman, enabling her to rise, step by step, from the lowest state of poverty to a small sense of independence; from this, by calling fresh powers into action, taking wider views, and following them up by increased efforts, until her shebeen becomes a small country public-house; until her roll of tobacco, and her few pounds of soap and starch, are lost in the well-filled drawers of a grocery shop; and her grey Connemara stockings transformed by the golden wand of industry, into a country cloth warehouse. To see Peter—from the time when he first harrowed part of his farm with a thorn-bush, and ploughed it by joining his horse to

to horse, and cart to cart, until we find him a wealthy and extensive agriculturist.

The progress of Peter and Ellish was in another point of view a good study for him who wishes to look into human nature, whilst adapting itself to the circumstances through which it passes. When this couple began life, their friends and acquaintances were as poor as themselves; as they advanced from one gradation to another, and rose up from a lower to a higher state, their former friends, who remained in their original poverty, found themselves left behind in cordiality and intimacy, as well as in circumstances; whilst the subjects of our sketch continued to make new friendships of a more respectable stamp, to fill up, as it were, the places held in their good will by their humble, but neglected, intimates. Let not our readers, however, condemn them for this. It was the act of society, and not of Peter and Ellish. On their parts, it was involuntary; their circumstances raised them, and they were compelled, of course, to rise with their circumstances. They were passing through the journey of life, as it were, and those with whom they set out, not having been able to keep up with them, soon lost their companionship, which was given to those with whom they travelled for the time being. Society is always ready to reward the enterprising and industrious by its just honours, whether they are sought or not; it is so disposed, that every man falls or rises into his proper place in it, and that by the wisdom and harmony of its structure. The rake, who dissi-

pates by profligacy and extravagance that which might have secured him an honourable place in life, is eventually brought to the work-house; whilst the active citizen, who realises an honest independence, is viewed with honour and esteem.

Peter and Ellish were now people of consequence in the parish; the former had ceased to do anything more than superintend the cultivation of his farms; the latter still took an active part in her own business, or rather in the various departments of business which she carried on. Peter might be seen the first man abroad in the morning proceeding to some of his farms mounted upon a good horse, comfortably dressed in top boots, stout corduroy breeches, buff cashmere waistcoat, and blue broad-cloth coat, to which in winter was added, a strong frieze great-coat, with a drab velvet collar, and a glazed hat. Ellish was also respectably dressed, but still considerably under her circumstances. Her mode of travelling to fairs or markets was either upon a common car, covered with a feather bed and quilt, or behind Peter upon a pillion. This last method flattered Peter's vanity very much; no man could ride on these occasions with a statelier air. He kept himself as erect and stiff as a poker, and brandished the thong of his loaded whip, with the pride of a gentleman farmer.

'Tis true, he did not always hear the sarcastic remarks which were passed upon him by those who witnessed his good-natured vanity:

"There he goes," some labouring man on the wayside would exclaim, "a purse-proud *bodagh*

upon our hands. Why, thin, does he forget that we remimber when he kept the shebeen-house, an' sould his smuggled tobaccy in *gits*[27] out of his pocket, for fraid o' the gauger! Sowl, he'd show a blue nose, any way, only for the wife—'Twas she made a man of him."

"Faith, an' I, for one, won't hear Pether Connell run down," his companion would reply; "he's a good-hearted, honest man, an' obligin' enough; an' for that matter so is the wife, a hard honest woman, that made what they have, an' brought herself an' her husband from nothin' to somethin'."

"Thrue for you, Tim; in troth they *do* desarve credit. Still, you see, here's you an' me, an' we've both been slavin' ourselves as much as they have, an' yet you see how we are! However, *it's their luck,* an' there's no use in begrudgin' it to them."

When their children were full grown, the mother did not, as might have been supposed, prevent them from making a respectable appearance. With excellent judgment, she tempered their dress, circumstances, and prospects so well together, that the family presented an admirable display of economy, and a decent sense of independence. From the moment they were able to furnish solid proofs of their ability to give a comfortable dinner occasionally, the priest of the parish began to notice them; and this new intimacy, warmed by the honour conferred on one side, and by the good dinners on the other, ripened into a strong friendship. For many a

long year, neither Peter nor Ellish, God forgive them, ever troubled themselves about going to their duty. They soon became, however, persons of too much importance to be damned without an effort made for their salvation. The worthy gentleman accordingly addressed them on the subject, and as the matter was one of perfect indifference to both, they had not the slightest hesitation to go to confession—in compliment to the priest. We do not blame the priest for this; God forbid that we should quarrel with a man for loving a good dinner. If we ourselves were a priest, it is very probable—nay, from the zest with which we approach a good dinner, it is quite certain—that we would have cultivated honest Peter's acquaintance, and drawn him out to the practice of that most social of virtues—hospitality. The salvation of such a man's soul was worth looking after; and, indeed, we find a much warmer interest felt, in all churches, for those who are able to *give* good dinners, than for those poor miserable sinners who can scarcely *get* even a bad one.

But besides this, there was another reason for the Rev. Mr. Mulcahy's anxiety to cultivate a friendship with Peter and his wife—which reason consisted in a very laudable determination to bring about a match between his own niece, Miss Granua Mulcahy and Peter's eldest son, Dan. This speculation he had not yet broached to the family, except by broken hints, and jocular allusions to the very flattering proposals that had

been made by many substantial young men for Miss Granua.

In the mean time the wealth of the Connells had accumulated to thousands; their business in the linen and woollen drapery line was incredible. There was scarcely a gentleman within many miles of them, who did not find it his interest to give them his custom. In the hardware, flour, and baking concerns, they were equally fortunate. The report of their wealth had gone far and near, exaggerated, however, as everything of the kind is certain to be; but still there were ample grounds for estimating it at a very high amount.

Their stores were large, and well filled with many a valuable bale; their cellars well stocked with every description of spirits; and their shop, though not large in proportion to their transactions, was well filled, neat, and tastefully fitted up. There was no show, however—no empty glare to catch the eye; on the contrary, the whole concern was marked by an air of solid, warm comfort, that was much more indicative of wealth and independence, than tawdry embellishment would have been.

"Avourneen," said Ellish, "the way to deck out your shop is to keep the best of goods. Wanst the people knows that they'll get betther money-worth here than they'll get anywhere else, they'll come here, whether the shop looks well or ill. Not sayin' but every shop ought to be clane an' dacent, for there's rason in all things."

This, indeed, was another secret of their success. Every article in their shop was of the best description, having been selected by Ellish's own eye and hand in the metropolis, or imported directly from the place of its manufacture. Her periodical visits to Dublin gave her great satisfaction; for it appears that those with whom she dealt, having had sufficient discrimination to appreciate her talents and integrity, treated her with marked respect.

Peter's farm-yard bore much greater evidence of his wealth, than did Ellish's shop. It was certainly surprising to reflect, that by the capacity of two illiterate persons, who began the world with nothing, all the best and latest improvements in farming were either adopted or anticipated. The farm-yard was upon a great scale; for Peter cultivated no less than four hundred acres of land—to such lengths had his enterprise carried him. Threshing machines, large barns, corn-kilns, large stacks, extensive stables, and immense cow-houses, together with the incessant din of active employment perpetually going on—all gave a very high opinion of their great prosperity, and certainly reflected honour upon those whose exertions had created such a scene about them. One would naturally suppose, when the family of the Connells had arrived to such unexpected riches, and found it necessary to conduct a system whose machinery was so complicated and extensive, that Ellish would have fallen back to the simple details of business, from a deficiency of that comprehensive intelligence which is requi-

site to conduct the higher order of mercantile transactions; especially as her sons were admirably qualified by practice, example, and education, to ease her of a task, which would appear one of too much difficulty for an unlettered farmer's wife. Such a supposition would be injurious to this excellent woman. So far from this being the case, she was still the moving spirit, the chief conductor of the establishment. Whenever any difficulty arose that required an effort of ingenuity and sagacity, she was able in the homeliest words to disentangle it so happily, that those who heard her wondered that it should at all have appeared to them as a difficulty. She was everywhere. In Peter's farm-yard her advice was as excellent and as useful as in her own shop. On his farms she was the better agriculturist, and she frequently set him right in his plans and speculations for the ensuing year.

She herself was not ignorant of her skill. Many a time has she surveyed the scene about her with an eye in which something like conscious pride might be seen to kindle. On those occasions she usually shook her head, and exclaimed, either in soliloquy, or by way of dialogue, to some person near her:—

"Well, avourneen, all's very right, an' goin' an bravely; but I only hope that when *I'm gone* I won't be missed!"

"Missed," Peter would reply, if he happened to hear her; "oh, upon my credit"—he was a man of too much consequence to swear "by this an' by that" now—"upon my credit, Ellish, if

you die soon, you'll see the ginteel wife I'll have in your place."

"Whisht, avourneen! Although you're but jokin', I don't like to hear it, a villish! No, indeed; we wor too long together, Pether, and lived too happily wid one another, for you to have the heart to think of sich a thing!"

"No, in troth, Ellish, I would be long sarry to do it. It's displasin' to you, achree, an' I won't say it. God spare you to us! It was you put the bone in us, an' that's what all the country says, big an' little, young an' ould; an' God he knows it's truth, and nothin' else."

"Indeed, no, thin, Pether, it's not altogether thruth, you desarve your full share of it. You backed me well, acushla, in everything, an' if you had been a dhrinkin, idle, rollikin' vagabone, what 'ud signify all, that me or the likes o' me could do."

"Faith, an' it was you made me what I am, Ellish; you tuck the soft side o' me, you beauty; an' it's well you did, for by this—hem, upon my reputation, if you had gone to cross purposes wid me, you'd find yourself in the wrong box. An', you phanix o' beauty, you managed the childhre, the crathurs, the same way—an' a good way it is, in throth."

"Pether, wor you ever thinkin' o' Father Mulcahy's *sweetness* to us of late?"

"No, thin, the sorra one o' me thought of it. Why, Ellish?"

"Didn't you obsarve that for the last three or

four months he's full of attintions to us? Every Sunday he brings *you* up, an' *me, if I'd go,* to the althar, an' keeps you there by way of showin' you respect. Pether, it's not you, but your money he respects; an' I think there ought to be no respect o' persons in the chapel, any how. You're not a bit nearer God by bein' near the althar; for how do we know but the poorest crathur there is nearer to heaven than we are!"

"Faith, sure enough, Ellish; but what deep skame are you penethratin, now, you desaver?"

"I'd lay my life, you'll have a proposial o' marriage from Father Mulcahy, atween our Dan an' Miss Granua. For many a day he's hintin' to us, from time to time, about the great offers she had; now what's the rason, if *she* had these great offers, that *he* didn't take them?"

"Bedad, Ellish, you're the greatest head-piece in all Europe. Murdher alive, woman, what a fine counsellor you'd make. An' suppose he did offer, Ellish, what 'ud you be sayin' to him?"

"Why, that 'ud depind entirely upon what he's able to give her—they say he has money. It 'ud depind, too, upon whether Dan has any likin' for her or not."

"He's often wid her, I know; an' I needn't tell you, Ellish, that afore we wor spliced together, I was often wid somebody that I won't mintion. At all evints, he has made Dan put the big O afore the Connell, so that he has him now full namesake to the Counsellor; an', faith, *that itself 'ud get him a wife.*"

"Well, the best way is to say nothin', an' to hear nothin', till his Reverence spakes out, an' thin we'll see what can be done."

Ellish's sagacity had not misled her. In a few months afterwards Father Mulcahy was asked by young Dan Connell to dine; and as he and honest Ellish were sitting together, in the course of the evening, the priest broached the topic as follows:—

"Mrs. Connell, I think this whiskey is better than my four-year old, that I bought at the auction the other day, although Dan says mine's better. Between ourselves, that Dan is a clever, talented young fellow; and if he happens upon a steady, sensible wife, there is no doubt but he will die a respectable man. But, by the by, Mrs. Connell, you've never tried *my* whiskey; and, upon my credit, you must soon, for I know your opinion would decide the question."

"Is it worth while to decide it, your Reverence? I suppose the thruth is, Sir, that both is good enough for any one; an' I think that's as much as we want."

Thus far she went, but never alluded to Dan, judiciously throwing the *onus* of introducing *that* subject upon the priest.

"Dan says mine's better," observed Father Mulcahy; "and I would certainly give a great deal for his opinion upon that or any other subject, except theology."

"You ought," replied Ellish, "to be a betther judge of whiskey nor either Dan nor me; an'

I'll tell you why—you dhrink it in more places, and can make comparishment one wid another; but Dan an' me is confined mostly to our own, an' of that same we take very little, an' the less the betther for people in business, or indeed for anybody."

"Very true, Mrs. Connell! But for all that, I won't give up Dan's judgment in anything within his own line of business, still excepting theology, for which he hasn't the learning."

"He's a good son, without *tay*ology—as good as ever broke the world's bread," said Peter, "glory be to God! Although, for that matther, he ought to be as well acquainted wid *tay*-ology as your Reverence, in regard that he *sells* more of it nor you do."

"A good son, they say, Mrs. Connell, will make a good husband. I wonder you don't think of settling him in life. It's full time."

"Father, avourneen, we must lave that wid himself. I needn't be tellin' you, that it 'ud be hard to find a girl able to bring what the girl that 'ud expect Dan *ought* to bring."

This was a staggerer to the priest, who recruited his ingenuity by drinking Peter's health, and Ellish's.

"Have you *nobody* in your eye for him, Mrs. Connell?"

"Faith, I'll engage she has," replied Peter, with a ludicrous grin—"I'll venture for to say she has *that*."

"Very right, Mrs. Connell; it's all fair. Might

one ask who she is; for, to tell you the truth, Dan is a favourite of mine, and I must make it a point to see him well settled."

"Why, your Reverence," replied Peter again, "jist the one you mintioned."

"Who? I? Why I mentioned *nobody*."

"An' *that's* the very one she has in her eye for him, plase your Reverence—ha, ha, ha! What's the world widout a joke, Docthor? beggin' your pardon for makin' so free wid you."

"Peter, you're still a wag," replied the priest; "but, seriously, Mrs. Connell, have you selected any female *of respectable connexions*, as a likely person to be a wife for Dan?"

"Indeed no, your Reverence; I have not. Where could I pitch upon a girl—barrin' a Protestant, an' that 'ud never do—who has a fortune to meet what Dan's to get?"

The priest moved his chair a little, and drank their healths a second time.

"But you know, Mrs. Connell, that Dan needn't care so much about fortune, if he got a girl *of respectable connexions*. He has an independence himself."

"Thrue for you, father; but what right would any girl have to expect to be supported by the hard arnin' of me an' my husband, widout bringin' somethin' forrid herself? You know, Sir, that the fortune always goes wid the wife; but am I to fortune off my son to a girl that has nothin'? If my son, plase your Reverence, hadn't a coat to his back, or a guinea in his pocket—as,

God be praised, he has both—but, supposin' he hadn't, what right would he have to expect a girl wid a handsom fortune to marry him? There's Paddy Neill, your sarvant-boy; now, if Paddy, who's an honest man's son, axed your niece, wouldn't you be apt to lose your timper?"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Connell, I think your fire's rather hot—allow me to draw back a little. Mrs. Connell, your health again!—Mr. Connell, your fire-side."

"Thank you, Docthor; but faith I think you ought hardly to dhrink the same fire-side, becase it appears to be rather *hot* for your Reverence, at the present time—ha, ha, ha! Jokin' still, Docthor, we must be. Well, what harm! I wish we may never do worse!"

"And what fortune would you expect with a girl of *genteel connexions*—a girl that's accomplished, we'll say in music, plain work, and Irish, vernacularly?—hem! What fortune would you be expecting with such a girl?"

"Why, Docthor, ahagur, the only music I'd wish for my son's wife is a good timper; an' that's what their music-masthers can't tache thim. The plain work, although I don't know what you mane by it, sounds well enough; an' as to *Irish, whick-whackularly,* if you mane our own ould tongue, he may get thousands that can spake it *whackinly,* an' nothin' else."

"You're a wealthy woman, certainly, Mrs. Connell, and what's more, I'm not at all surprised at it. Your health, once more, and long

life to you! Suppose, however, that Dan got a fitting wife, what would you expect as a proper portion? I have a reason for asking."

"Dan, plase your Reverence, will get four thousand to begin the world wid; an', as he's to expect none but a Catholic, I suppose if he gets the fourth part of that, it's as much as he ought to look for."

"A thousand pounds!—hut tut! The woman's beside herself. Why look about you, and try where you can find a Catholic girl with a thousand pounds fortune, except in a gentleman's family, where Dan could never think of going."

"That's thrue, any how, your Reverence," observed Peter.—"A thousand pounds! Ellish! you needn't look for it. Where is it to be had out of a gintleman's family, as his Reverence says thrue enough."

"An' now, Docthor," said Ellish, "what 'ud *you* think a girl ought to bring a young man like Dan, that's to have four thousand pounds?"

"I don't think any Catholic girl of his own rank in the county, could get more than a couple of hundred."

"That's one shillin' to every pound he has," replied Ellish, almost instantaneously. "But, Father, you may as well spake out at wanst," she continued, for she was too quick and direct in all her dealings to be annoyed by circumlocution; "you're desairous of a match between Dan an' Miss Granua?"

"Exactly," said the priest; "and what is more, I believe they are fond of each other. I know

Dan is attached to her, for he told me so. But, now that we have mentioned her, I say that there is not a more accomplished girl of her persuasion in the parish we sit in. She can play on the bagpipes better than any other piper in the province, for I taught her myself; and I tell you that in a respectable man's wife a knowledge of music is a desirable thing. It's hard to tell, Mrs. Connell, how they may rise in the world, and get into fashionable company, so that accomplishments, you persave, are good. She can make a shirt and wash it, and she can write Irish. As for dancing, I only wish you'd see her at a hornpipe. All these things put together, along with her genteel connexions, and the prospect of what I may be able to lave her—I say your son may do worse."

"It's not what you'd lave her, sir, but what you'd give her in the first place, that I'd like to hear. Spake up, your Reverence, an' let us know how far you *will* go."

"I'm afeard, Sir," said Peter, "if it goes to a clane bargain atween yez, that Ellish will make you bid up for Dan. Be sharp, Sir, or you'll have no chance; faix, you won't."

"But, Mrs. Connell," replied the priest, "before I spake up, consider her accomplishments. I'll undertake to say, that the best bred girl in Dublin cannot perform music in such style, or on such an instrument as the one she uses. Let us contemplate Dan and her after marriage, in an elegant house, and full business, the dinner over, and they gone up to the drawing-room. Think how agreeable and graceful it would be for

Mrs. Daniel O'Connell to repair to the sofa, among a few respectable friends, and, taking up her bag-pipes, set her elbow a-going, until the drone gives two or three broken groans, and the chanter a squeak or two, like a child in the cholic, or a cat that you had trampled on by accident. Then comes the real ould Irish music, that warms the heart. Dan looks upon her graceful position, until the tears of love, taste, and admiration are coming down his cheeks. By and by, the toe of him moves: here another foot is going; and, in no time, there is a hearty dance, with a light heart and a good conscience. You or I perhaps, drop in to see them, and, of course, we partake of the enjoyment."

"Divil a pleasanter," said Peter: "I tell you, I'd like it well; an', for my own part, if the deludher here has no objection, *I'm* not goin' to spoil sport."

Ellish looked hard at the priest; her keen blue eye glittered with a sparkling light, that gave decided proofs of her sagacity being intensely excited.

"All that you've said," she replied, "is very fine; but in regard o' the bag-pipes, an' Miss Granua Mulcahy's squeezin' the music out o' thim —why, if it plased God to bring my son to the staff an' bag—a common beggar—indeed, in that case, Miss Granua's bagpipes might sarve both o' thim, an' help, maybe, to get them a night's lodgin' or so; but until that time comes, if you respect your niece, you'll burn her bagpipes, dhrone, chanther, an' all. If you *are* for

a match, which I doubt, spake out, as I said, and say what fortune you'll pay down on the nail wid her, otherwise we're losin' our time, an' that's a loss one can't make up."

The priest, who thought he could have bantered Ellish into an alliance, without pledging himself to pay any specific fortune, found that it was necessary for him to treat the matter seriously, if he expected to succeed. He was certainly anxious for the match; and as he really wished to see his niece—who, in truth, was an excellent girl, and handsome—well settled, he resolved to make a stretch and secure Dan if possible.

"Mrs. Connell," said he, "I will be brief with you. The most I can give her is three hundred pounds, and even that by struggling and borrowing. I will undertake to pay it as you say—on the nail! for I am really anxious that my niece should be connected with so worthy and industrious a family. What do you say?"

"*I'm* willin' enough," replied Peter. "It's not asy to get that wid a Catholic girl."

"There's some thruth in what you say, aroon, sure enough," observed Ellish; "an' if his Reverence puts another hundhre to it, why, in the name of goodness, let them go together. If you don't choose that, Docthor, never breathe the subject to me agin. Dan's not an ould man yit, an' has time enough to get wives in plenty."

"Come," replied the priest, "there's my hand, it's a bargain; although I must say there's no removing you from your point. I *will* give four hundred, hook or crook; but I'll have sad scram-

bling to get it together. Still I'll make it good."

"Down on the nail?" inquired Ellish.

"Ay! ay! Down on the nail," replied the priest.

"Well, in the name o' Goodness, a bargain be it," said Peter; "but, upon my credit, Ellish, I won't have the bag-pipes burnt, any how. Faith, I must hear an odd tune, now an' thin, when I call to see the childhre."

"Pether, acushla, have sinse. Would you wish to see your daughter-in-law playin' upon the bag-pipes, when she ought to be mindin' her business, or attendin' her childhre? No, your reverence, the pipes must be laid aside. I'll have no piperly connexion for a son of mine."

The priest consented to this, although Peter conceded it with great reluctance. Further preliminaries were agreed upon, and the evening passed pleasantly, until it became necessary for Mr. Mulcahy to bid them good night.

When they were gone, Peter and Ellish talked over the matter between themselves in the following dialogue:

"The fortune's a small one," said Ellish to her husband; "an' I suppose you wondher that I consinted to take so little."

"Sure enough, I wondhered at it," replied Peter; "but, for my own part, I'd give my son to her widout a penny o' fortune, in ordher to be connected wid the priest; an' besides, she's a fine, handsome, good girl—ay, an' his fill of a wife, if she had but the shift to her back."

"Four hundhre wid a priest's niece, Pether,

is before double the money wid any other. Don't you know, that when they set up for themselves, he can bring the custom of the whole parish to them? It's unknown the number o' ways he can sarve them in. Sure, at stations an' weddins, wakes, marriages, and funerals, they'll all be proud to let the priest know that they purchased whatever they wanted from his niece an' her husband. Betther!—faix, four hundhre from *him* is worth three times as much from another."

"Glory to you, Ellish!—bright an' cute for ever! Why, I'd back you for a woman that could buy an' sell Europe, aginst the world. Now, isn't it odd that I never think of these long-headed skames?"

"Ay do you, often enough, Pether; but you keep them to yourself, abouchal."

"Faith, I'm close, no doubt of it; an'—but there's no use in sayin' any more about it—you said whatsomever came into my own head consarnin' it. Faith, you did, you phanix."

In a short time the marriage took place. Dan, under the advice of his mother, purchased a piece of ground most advantageously located, as the site of a mill, whereon an excellent one was built; and as a good mill had been long a desideratum in the country, his success was far beyond his expectations. Every speculation, in fact, which Ellish touched, prospered. Fortune seemed to take delight, either in accomplishing, or anticipating her wishes. At least, such was the general opinion, although nothing could possibly be more erroneous than to attribute her success to

mere chance. The secret of all might be ascribed to her good sense, and her exact knowledge of the precise moment when to take the tide of fortune at its flow. Her son, in addition to the mill, opened an extensive mercantile establishment in the next town, where he had ample cause to bless the instructions of his mother, and her foresight in calculating upon the advantage of being married to the priest's niece.

Soon after his marriage, the person who had for many years kept the head inn of the next town died, and the establishment was advertised for sale. Ellish was immediately in action. Here was an opportunity of establishing the second son in a situation which had enabled the late proprietor of it to die nearly the richest man in the parish. A few days, therefore, before that specified for the sale, she took her featherbed car, and had an interview with the executors of the late proprietor. Her character was known, her judgment and integrity duly estimated, and, perhaps, what was the weightiest argument in her favour, her purse was forthcoming to complete the offer she had made. After some private conversation between the executors, her proposal was accepted, and before she returned home, the head inn, together with all its fixtures and furniture, was her property.

The second son, who was called after his father, received the intelligence with delight. One of his sisters was, at his mother's suggestion, appointed to conduct the house-keeping department,

and keep the bar, a duty for which she was pretty well qualified by her experience at home.

"I will paint it in great style," said Peter the Younger. "It must be a head Inn no longer; I'll call it a Hotel, for that's the whole fashion."

"It wants little, avourneen," said his mother; "it was well kep: some paintin' an' other improvements it does want, but don't be extravagant. Have it clane an' dacent, but, above all things, comfortable, an' the attindance good. That's what'll carry you an—not a flourish o' paintin' outside, an' dirt, an' confusion, an' bad attindance widin. Considher, Pether darlin', that the man who owned it last, feathered his nest well in it, but never called it a Hotill. Let it appear on the outside jist as your ould customers used to see it; but improve it widin as much as you can, widout bein' lavish an it, or takin' up the place wid nonsense."

"At all evints, I'll have a picture of the Liberator over the door, and 'O'Connell' written under it. It's both our names, and besides it will be 'killin' two birds with one stone.'"

"No, avourneen. Let me advise you, if you wish to prosper in life, to keep yourself out of party-work. It only stands betune you an' your business; an' it's surely wiser for you to mind your own affairs than the affairs of the nation. There's rason in everything. No man in trade has a right, widout committin' a sin, to neglect his family for politics or parties. There's Jack Cummins that was doin' well in his groceries, till

he began to make speeches, an' get up public meetins, an' write petitions, an' now he has nothin' to throuble him *but* politics, for his business is gone. Every one has liberty to think as they plase. We can't expect Protestants to think as we do, nor Protestants can't suppose that we ought to think as they'd wish; an' for that same rason, we should make allowance on both sides, an' not be like many we know, that have their minds up, expectin' they don't know what, instead of workin' for themselves and their families as they ought to do. Pether, won't you give that up, a villish?"

"I believe you're right, mother. I didn't see it before in the light you've placed it in."

"Then, Pether, darlin', lose no time in gettin' into your place—you an' Alley; an' faix, if you don't both manage it cleverly, I'll never spake to yez."

Here was a second son settled, and nothing remained but to dispose of their two daughters in marriage to the best and most advantageous offers. This, in consequence of their large fortunes, was not a matter of much difficulty. The eldest, Alley, who assisted her brother to conduct the Inn, became the wife of an extensive grazier, who lived in an adjoining county. The younger, Mary, was joined to Father Mulcahy's nephew, not altogether to the satisfaction of the mother, who feared that two establishments of the same kind, in the same parish, supported by the same patronage, must thrive at the expense of each

other. As it was something of a love-match, however, she ultimately consented.

"Avourneen," said she, "the parish is big enough, an' has customers enough to support two o' them; an' I'll engage his Reverence will do what he can for them both."

In the mean time, neither she nor her husband was dependent upon their children. Peter still kept the agricultural department in operation; and although the shop and warehouse were transferred to Mr. Mulcahy, in right of his wife, yet it was under the condition of paying a yearly sum to Mrs. Connell and her husband, ostensibly as a provision, but really as a spur to their exertions. A provision they could not want, for their wealth still amounted to thousands, independently of the large annual profits arising out of their farms.

For some time after the marriage of her youngest daughter, Mrs. Connell took a very active part in her son-in-law's affairs. He possessed neither experience, nor any knowledge of business whatsoever, though he was not deficient in education, nor in capacity to acquire both. This pleased Mrs. Connell very much, who set herself to the task of instructing him in the principles of commercial life, and in the best methods of transacting business.

"The first rules," said she to him, "for you to obsarve is these: tell truth: be sober; be punctual; rise early, persavere; avoid extravagance; keep your word; an' watch your health. Next:

don't be proud; give no offince; talk sweetly; be ready to oblage, when you can do it widout inconvanience, but don't put yourself or your business out o' your ways to sarve any body.

" Thirdly: keep an appearance of substance an' comfort about your place, but don't go beyant your manes in doin' it; when you make a bargain, think what a correcther them you dale wid bears, an' whether or not you found them honest before, if you ever had business wid them.

" When you buy a thing, appear to know your own mind, an' don't be hummin' an' hawin', an' higglin', an' longin' as if your teeth wor watherin' afther it; but be manly, downright, an' quick; they'll then see that you know your business, an' they won't be keepin' off an' an, but will close wid you at wanst.

" Never drink at bargain makin'; an' never pay money in a public-house if you can help it; if you must do it, go into an inn, or a house that you know to be dacent.

" Never stay out late in a fair or market; don't make a poor mouth; on the other hand, don't boast of your wealth; keep no low company; don't be rubbin' yourself aginst your betthers, but keep wid your aquils. File your loose papers an' accounts; an' keep your books up to the day. Never put off any thing that can be done, when it ought to be done. Go early to bed; but be the last up at night, and the first in the mornin', an' there's no fear o' you."

Having now settled all her children in comfort and independence, with each a prospect of

rising still higher in the world, Mrs. Connell felt that the principal duties devolving upon her had been discharged. It was but reasonable, she thought, that, after the toil of a busy life, her husband and herself should relax a little, and enjoy with lighter minds the ease for which they had laboured so long and unremittingly.

"Do you know what I'm thinkin' of, Pether?" said she, one summer evening in their farm-yard.

"Know, is it?" replied Peter—"some long-headed plan that none of us 'ud ever think of, but that will stare us in the face the moment you mintion it. What is it, you ould sprig o' beauty?"

"Why, to get a snug jauntin'-car for you an' me. I'd like to see you comfortable in your old days, Pether. You're gettin' stiff, a hagur, an' will be good for nothin', by an' by."

"Stiff! Arrah, by this an' by—my reputation, I'm younger nor e'er a one o' my sons yet, you——eh?" said Peter, pausing—"Faith then I dunna that. Upon my credit, I think, on second thoughts, that a car 'ud be a mighty comfortable thing for me. Faith I do, an' for you, too, Ellish."

"The common car," she continued, "is slow an' throublesome, an' joults the life out o' me."

"By my reputation, you're not the same woman since you began to use it, that you wor before at all. Why, it'll shorten your life. The pillion's dacent enough; but the jauntin'-car!—faix, it's what 'ud make a fresh woman o' you—divil a lie in it."

"You're not puttin' in a word for *yourself* now Pether?"

"To be sure I am, an' for both of us. I'd surely be proud to see yourself an' myself sittin' in our glory upon our own jauntin'-car. Sure we can afford it, an' ought to have it too. Bud-an'-ager! what's the rason I didn't think of it long ago?"

"Maybe you did, acushla; but you forgot it. Wasn't that the way wid you, Pether? Tell the thruth."

"Why, thin, bad luck to the lie in it, since you must know. About this time twelve months —no, faix, I'm wrong, it was afore Dan's marriage—I had thoughts o' spakin' to you about it, but somehow it left my head. Upon my word, I'm in airnest, Ellish."

"Well, avick, make your mind asy; I'll have one from Dublin in less nor a fortnight. I can thin go about of an odd time, an' see how Dan an' Pether's comin' an. It'll be a pleasure to me to advise an' direct thim, sure, as far an' as well as I can. I only hope God will enable thim to do as much for their childher, as he enabled us to do for them, glory be to his name!"

Peter's eye rested upon her as she spoke: a slight shade passed over his face, but it was the symptom of deep feeling and affection, whose current had run smooth and unbroken during the whole life they had spent together.

"Ellish," said he, in a tone of voice that strongly expressed what he felt, "you wor one o' the best wives that ever the Almighty gev to

mortual man. You wor, avourneen—you wor, you wor!"

"I intind, too, to begin an' make my sowl a little," she continued; "we had so much to do, Pether, aroon, that, indeed, we hadn't time to think of it all along; but now, that everything *else* is settled, we ought to think about *that,* an' make the most of our time while we can."

"Upon my conscience, I've strong notions myself o' the same thing," replied Peter: "An' I'll back you in that, as well as in everything else. Never fear, if we pull together, but we'll bring up the lost time. Faith, we will! Sowl, if *you* set about it, let me see them that 'ud prevint your goin' to heaven!"

"Did Paddy Donovan get the bay filly's foot aised, Pether?"

"He's gone down wid her to the forge: the poor crathur was very lame to-day."

"That's right; an' let Andy Murtagh bring down the sacks from Drumdough early to-morrow. That whate ought to go to the market on Thursday, an' the other stacks ought to be thrashed out off hand."

"Well, well; so it will be all done. Tare alive! if myself knows how you're able to keep an eye on everything. Come in, an' let us have our *tay.*"

For a few months after this, Ellish was perfectly in her element. The jaunting-car was procured; and her spirits seemed to be quite elevated. She paid regular visits to both her sons, looked closely into their manner of conducting business,

examined their premises, and subjected every fixture and improvement made or introduced without her sanction, to the most rigorous scrutiny. In fact, what, between Peter's farm, her daughter's shop, and the establishments of her sons, she never found herself more completely encumbered with business. She had intended "to make her soul," but her time was so fully absorbed by the affairs of those in whom she felt so strong an interest, that she really forgot the spiritual resolution in the warmth of her secular pursuits.

One evening, about this time, a horse belonging to Peter happened to fall into a ditch, from which he was extricated with much difficulty by the labourers. Ellish, who thought it necessary to attend, had been standing for some time directing them how to proceed; her dress was rather thin, and the hour, which was about twilight, chilly, for it was the middle of autumn. Upon returning home she found herself cold, and inclined to shiver. At first she thought but little of these symptoms; for having never had a single day's sickness, she was scarcely competent to know that they were frequently the forerunners of very dangerous and fatal maladies. She complained, however, of slight illness, and went to bed without taking anything calculated to check what she felt. Her sufferings during the night were dreadful: high fever had set in with a fury that threatened to sweep the powers of life like a wreck before it. The next morning the family, on looking into her

state more closely, found it necessary to send instantly for a physician.

On arriving, he pronounced her to be in a dangerous pleurisy, from which, in consequence of her plethoric habit, he expressed but faint hopes of her recovery. This was melancholy intelligence to her sons and daughters; but to Peter, whose faithful wife she had been for thirty years, it was a dreadful communication indeed.

"No hopes, Docthor!" he exclaimed, with a bewildered air: "did you say no hopes, Sir?—Oh! no, you didn't—you couldn't say that there's no hopes!"

"The hopes of her recovery, Mr. Connell, are but slender,—if any."

"Docthor, I'm a rich man, thanks be to God an' to——" he hesitated, cast back a rapid and troubled look towards the bed whereon she lay, then proceeded—"no matther, I'm a rich man: but if you can spare her to me, I'll divide what I'm worth in this world wid you: I will, Sir; an' if that won't do, I'll give up my last shillin' to save her, an' thin I'd beg my bit an' sup through the counthry, only let me have *her* wid me."

"As far as my skill goes," said the doctor, "I shall, of course, exert it to save her; but there are some diseases which we are almost always able to pronounce fatal at first sight. This, I fear, is one of them. Still I do not bid you despair—there is, I trust, a shadow of hope."

"The blessin' o' the Almighty be upon you, Sir, for that word! The best blessing of the heavenly Father rest upon you an' yours for it!"

"I shall return in the course of the day," continued the physician; "and as you feel the dread of her loss so powerfully, I will bring two other medical gentlemen of skill with me."

"Heavens reward you for that, Sir! The heavens above reward you an' them for it! Payment!—och, that signifies but little; but you an' thim 'll be well paid. Oh, Docthor, achora, thry an' save her!—Och, thry an' save her!"

"Keep her easy," replied the doctor, "and let my directions be faithfully followed. In the mean time, Mr. Connell, be a man, and display proper fortitude under a dispensation which is common to all men in your state."

To talk of resignation to Peter was an abuse of words. The poor man had no more perception of the consolations arising from a knowledge of religion than a child. His heart sank within him, for the prop on which his affections had rested was suddenly struck down from under them.

Poor Ellish was in a dreadful state. Her malady seized her in the very midst of her worldly-mindedness; and the current of her usual thoughts, when stopped by the aberrations of intellect peculiar to her illness, bubbled up, during the temporary returns of reason, with a stronger relish of the world. It was utterly impossible for a woman like her, whose habits of thought, and the tendency of whose affections, had been all directed towards the acquisition of wealth, to wrench them for ever and at once from the objects on which they were fixed. This, at

any time, would have been to her a difficult victory to achieve; but now, when stunned by the stroke of disease, and confused by the pangs of severe suffering, tortured by a feverish pulse and a burning brain, to expect that she could experience the calm hopes of religion, or feel the soothing power of Christian sorrow, was utter folly. 'Tis true, her life had been a harmless one: her example, as an industrious and enterprising member of society, was worthy of imitation. She was an excellent mother, a good neighbour, and an admirable wife; but the duties arising out of these different relations of life, were all made subservient to, and mixed up with, her great principle of advancing herself in the world, whilst that which is to come never engaged one moment's serious consideration.

When Father Mulcahy came to administer the rites of the church to Ellish, he found her in a state of incoherency. Occasional gleams of reason broke out through the cloud that obscured her intellect, but they carried with them the marks of a mind knit indissolubly to wealth and aggrandisement. The same tenor of thought, and the same broken fragments of ambitious speculation, floated in rapid confusion through the tempests of delirium which swept with awful darkness over her spirit.

"Mrs. Connell," said he, "can you collect yourself? Strive to compose your mind, so far as to be able to receive the aids of religion."

"Oh, oh!—my blood's boilin'! Is that—is that Father Mulcahy?"

"It is, dear: strive now to keep your mind calm, till you prepare yourself for judgment."

"Keep up his head, Paddy—keep up his head, or he'll be smothered undher the wather an' the sludge. Here, Mike, take this rope: pull, man,—pull, or the horse will be lost! Oh, my head!—I'm boilin'—I'm burnin'!"

"Mrs. Cornell, let me entreat you to remember that you are on the point of death, and should raise your heart to God, for the pardon and remission of your sins."

"Oh! Father dear, I neglected that, but I intinded—I intinded—Where's Pether?—bring, bring—Pether to me!"

"Turn your thoughts to God now, my dear. Are you clear enough in your mind for confession?"

"I am, Father; I am avourneen. Come, come here, Pether! Pether, I'm goin' to lave you, asthore machree! I could part wid them all but —but *you*."

"Mrs. Connell, for Heaven's sake"——

"Is this—is this—Father Mulcahy? Oh! I'm ill—ill!"—

"It is, dear; it is. Compose yourself and confess your sins."

"Where's Mary? She'll neglect—neglect to lay in a stock o' linen, although I—I——Oh, Father, avourneen! won't you pity me? I'm sick —oh, I'm very sick!"

"You are, dear—you are, God help you, very sick, but you'll be better soon. Could you confess, dear?—do you think you could?"

"Oh, this pain—this pain!—it's killin' me!—Pether—Pether, *a suillish machree,*[28] have you des—have you desarted me?"

The priest, conjecturing that if Peter made his appearance, she might feel soothed, and perhaps sufficiently composed to confess, called him in from the next room.

"Here's Peter," said the priest, presenting him to her view—"Here's Peter, dear."

"Oh! what a load is on me!—this pain—this pain—is killin' me—won't you bring me Pether? Oh, what will I do? Who's there?"

The mental pangs of poor Peter were, perhaps, equal in intensity to those which she suffered physically.

"Ellish," said he, in smothered sobs—"Ellish, acushla machree, sure I'm wid you here; here I'm sittin' on the bed wid you, achora machree."

"Catch my hand, thin. Ah, Pether! won't you pity your Ellish?—Won't you pity me—won't you pity me? Oh! this pain—this pain—is killin' me!"

"It is, it is, my heart's delight—it's killin' us both. Oh, Ellish, Ellish! I wish I was dead sooner nor see you in this agony. I ever loved you!—I ever an' always loved you, avourneen dheelish;—but now I would give my heart's best blood, if it 'ud save you. Here's Father Mulcahy come."

"About the mon—about the money—Pether—what do you intind—Oh! my blood—my blood's a-fire!—Mother o' Heaven!—Oh! this pain is—is takin' me from all—ALL!—Rise me up!"

"Here, my darlin'—treasure o' my heart—here—I'm puttin' your head upon my breast—upon *my* breast, Ellish, ahagur. Marciful Virgin—Father dear," said Peter, bursting into bitter tears—"her head's like fire! Oh! Ellish, Ellish, Ellish!—but my heart's brakin' to feel this! Have marcy on her, sweet God—have marcy on her! Bear witness, Father of heaven—bear witness, an' hear the vow of a brakin' heart. I here solemnly promise, before God, to make, if I'm spared life an' health to do it, a Station on my bare feet to Lough Derg, if it plases you, sweet Father o' pity, to spare her to me this day! Oh! but the hand o' God, Father dear, is terrible!—feel her brow!—Oh! but it's terrible!"

"It *is* terrible," said the priest; "and terribly is it laid upon her, poor woman! Peter, do not let this scene be lost. Remember it."

"Oh, Father dear, can I ever forget it?—can I ever forget seein' my darlin' in sich agony?"

"Pether," said the sick woman, "will you get the car ready for to-mor—to-morrow—till I look at that piece o' land that Dan bought, before he—he closes the bargain?"

"Father, jewel!" said Peter, "can't you get the world banished out of her heart? Oh, I'd give all I'm worth to see that heart fixed upon God! I could bear to part wid her, for she must die some time; but to go wid this world's thoughts an' timptations ragin' strong in her heart—mockin' God, an' hope, an' religion, an' every-

thing:—oh! that I can't bear! Sweet Jasus, change her heart!—Queen o' Heaven, have pity on her, an' save her!"

The husband wept with great sorrow as he uttered these words.

"Neither reasoning nor admonition can avail her," replied the priest; "she is so incoherent that no train of thought is continued for a single minute in her mind. I will, however, address her again. Mrs. Connell, will you make a struggle to pay attention to me for a few minutes? Are you not afraid to meet God? You are about to die!—prepare yourself for judgment."

"Oh, Father dear! I can't—I can't—I *am* af—afraid—Hooh!—hooh!—*God!* You *must* do somethin' for—for me! I ne-ver done anything for myself."

"Glory be to God! that she has that much sinse, any way," exclaimed the husband. "Father, ahagur, I trust my vow was heard."

"Well, my dear—listen to me," continued the priest—"can you not make the best confession possible? Could you calm yourself for it?"

"Pether, avick machree—Pether,"—

"Ellish, avourneen, I'm here!—my darlin', I *am* your vick machree, an' ever was. Oh, Father! my heart's brakin'! I can't bear to part wid her. Father of heaven, pity us this day of throuble!"

"Be near me, Pether; stay wid me—I'm very lonely. Is this you keepin' my head up?"

"It is, it is! I'll never lave you till—till"—

—

"Is the carman come from Dublin wid—wid the broad-cloth?"

"Father of heaven! she's gone back again!" exclaimed the husband. "Father, jewel! have you no prayers that you'd read for her? You wor ordained for these things, an' comin' from *you,* they'll have more stringth. Can you do nothin' to save my darlin'?"

"My prayers will not be wanting," said the priest: "but I am watching for an interval of sufficient calmness to hear her confession; and I very much fear that she will pass in darkness. At all events, I will anoint her by and by. In the mean time, we must persevere a little longer; she may become easier, for it often happens that reason gets clear immediately before death."

Peter sobbed aloud, and wiped away the tears that streamed from his cheeks. At this moment her daughter and son-in-law stole in, to ascertain how she was, and whether the rites of the church had in any degree soothed or composed her.

"Come in, Denis," said the priest to his nephew, "you may both come in. Mrs. Mulcahy, speak to your mother: let us try every remedy that might possibly bring her to a sense of her awful state."

"Is she raving still?" inquired the daughter, whose eyes were red with weeping.

The priest shook his head;—"Ah, she is—she is! and I fear she will scarcely recover her reason before the judgment of heaven opens upon her!"

"Oh thin may the Mother of Glory forbid that!" exclaimed her daughter—"anything at all but that! Can you do nothin' for her, uncle?"

"I'm doing all I can for her, Mary," replied the priest; "I'm watching a calm moment to get her confession, if possible."

The sick woman had fallen into a momentary silence, during which she caught the bed-clothes like a child, and felt them, and seemed to handle their texture, but with such an air of vacancy as clearly manifested that no corresponding association existed in her mind.

The action was immediately understood by all present. Her daughter again burst into tears; and Peter, now almost choked with grief, pressing the sick woman to his heart, kissed her burning lips.

"Father, jewel," said the daughter, "there it is, and I feared it—*the sign,* uncle—the sign! —don't you see her gropin' the clothes? Oh, mother, darlin', darlin'!—are we going to lose you for ever?"

"Oh! Ellish, Ellish—won't you spake one word to me afore you go? Won't you take one farewell of *me*—of ME, aroon asthore, before you depart from us for ever!" exclaimed her husband.

"Feeling the bed-clothes," said the priest, "is not *always* a sign of death; I have known many to recover after it."

"Husht," said Peter—"husht!—Mary—Mary! Come here—hould your tongues! Oh,

it's past—it's past!—it's all past, an' gone—all hope's over! Heavenly father!"

The daughter after listening for a moment, in a paroxysm of wild grief, clasped her mother's recumbent body in her arms, and kissed her lips with a vehemence almost frantic. "You won't go, my darlin'—is it from your own Mary that you'd go? Mary, that you loved best of all your childhre!—Mary, that you always said, an' every body said, was your own image! Oh, you won't go without one word, to say you know her!"

"For Heaven's sake," said Father Mulcahy, "what do you mean?—are you mad?"

"Oh! uncle dear! don't you hear?—don't you hear?—listen, an' sure you will—all hope's *gone* now—gone—gone! *The dead rattle!*—listen! —the dead rattle's in her throat!"—

The priest bent his ear a moment, and distinctly heard the gurgling noise produced by the phlegm, which is termed with wild poetical accuracy, by the peasantry—the "dead rattle," or "death rattle," because it is the immediate and certain forerunner of death.

"True," said the priest—"too true; the last shadow of hope is gone. We must now make as much of the time as possible. Leave the room for a few minutes, till I anoint her. I will then call you in."

They accordingly withdrew, but in about fifteen or twenty minutes he once more summoned them to the bed of the dying woman.

"Come in," said he, "I have anointed her —come in, and kneel down till we offer up a

Rosary to the Blessed Virgin, under the hope that she may intercede with God for her, and cause her to pass out of life happily. She was calling for you, Peter, in your absence; you had better stay with her."

"I will," said Peter, in a broken voice, "I'll stay nowhere else."

"An' I'll kneel at the bed-side," said the daughter. "She was the kind mother to me, and to us all; but to me in particular. 'Twas with me she took her choice to live, when they war all striving for her. Oh," said she, taking her mother's hand between hers, and kneeling down to kiss it "a Vahr dheelish![39] did we ever think to see you departing from us this way! snapped away without a minute's warning! If it was a long sickness, that you'd be calm and sinsible in; but to be hurried away into eternity, and your mind dark! Oh, Vahr dheelish, my heart is broke to see you this way!"

"Be calm," said the priest; "be quiet till I open the Rosary."

He then offered up the usual prayers which precede its repetition, and after having concluded them, commenced what is properly called the Rosary itself, which consists of fifteen Decades, each Decade containing the Hail Mary repeated ten times, and the Lord's Prayer once. In this manner the Decade goes round from one to another, until, as we have said above, it is repeated fifteen times; or, in all the *Ave Maria's* one hundred and sixty-five times, without variation. From the indistinct utterance, elevated

voice, and rapid manner in which it is pronounced, it certainly has a wild, and is more strongly impressed with the character of a mystic rite, or incantation, than with any other religious ceremony with which we could compare it.

When the priest had repeated the first part, he paused for the response; neither the husband nor daughter, however, could find utterance.

"Denis," said he, to his nephew, "do you take up the next."

His nephew complied; and with much difficulty Peter and his daughter were able to join in it, repeating here and there a word or two, as well as their grief and sobbings would permit them.

The heart must indeed have been an unfeeling one, to which a scene like this would not have been deeply touching and impressive. The poor dying woman reclined with her head upon her husband's bosom; the daughter knelt at the bed-side, with her mother's hand pressed against her lips, she herself convulsed with sorrow—the priest was in the attitude of earnest supplication, having the stole about his neck, his face and arms raised towards heaven—the son-in-law was bent over a chair, with his face buried in his hands. Nothing could exceed the deep, the powerful expression of entreaty, which marked every tone and motion of the parties, especially those of the husband and daughter. They poured an energy into the few words which they found voice to utter, and displayed such a concentration of the faculties of the soul in their wild unregulated attitudes, and streaming up-

turned eyes, as would seem to imply that their own salvation depended upon that of the beloved object before them. Their words, too, were accompanied by such expressive tokens of their attachment to her, that the character of prayer was heightened by the force of the affection which they bore her. When Peter, for instance, could command himself to utter a word, he pressed his dying wife to his bosom, and raised his eyes to heaven in a manner that would have melted any human heart; and the daughter, on joining occasionally in the response, pressed her mother's hand to her heart, and kissed it with her lips, conscious that the awful state of her parent had rendered more necessary the performance of the two tenderest duties connected with a child's obedience—prayer and affection.

When the son-in-law had finished his Decade, a pause followed, for there was none now to proceed but her husband or her daughter.

"Mary, dear," said the priest, "be a woman; don't let your love for your mother prevent you from performing a higher duty. Go on with the prayer—you see she is passing fast."

"I'll try, uncle," she replied—"I'll try; but —but—it's hard, hard, upon me."

She commenced, and by an uncommon effort so far subdued her grief, as to render her words intelligible. Her eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed with a mixture of wildness, sorrow, and devotedness, upon the countenance of her mother, until she had completed her Decade.

Another pause ensued. It was now necessary, according to the order and form of the Prayer, that Peter should commence, and offer up his supplications for the happy passage from life to eternity of her who had been his inward idol during a long period. Peter knew nothing about sentiment, or the philosophy of sorrow; but he loved his wife with the undivided power of a heart in which nature had implanted her strongest affections. He knew, too, that his wife had loved him with a strength of heart equal to his own. He loved her, and she deserved his love.

The pause, when the prayer had gone round to him, was long; those who were present at length turned their eyes towards him, and the priest, now deeply affected, cleared his voice, and simply said, "Peter," to remind him that it was his duty to proceed with the Rosary.

Peter, however, instead of uttering the prayer, burst out into a tide of irrepressible sorrow.—"Oh!" said he, enfolding her in his arms, and pressing his lips to hers: "Ellish, ahagur machree! sure when I think of all the goodness, an' kindness, an' tendherness that you showed me—whin I think of your smiles upon me, whin you wanted me to do the right, an' the innocent plans you made out, to benefit me an' mine!—Oh where was your harsh word, a villish?—where was your could brow, or your bad tongue? Nothin' but goodness—nothin' but kindness, an' love, an wisdom, ever flowed from these lips! An' now, darlin', pulse o' my broken heart! these same

lips can't spake to me—these eyes don't know me—these hands don't feel me—nor your ears doesn't hear me!"

"Is—is—it *you?*" replied his wife, feebly—"is it—YOU?—come—come near me—my heart—my heart says it misses *you*—come near me!"

Peter again pressed her in an embrace, and in doing so, unconsciously received the parting breath of a wife whose prudence and affection had saved him from poverty, and, probably, from folly or crime.

The priest, on turning round to rebuke Peter for not proceeding with the prayer, was the first who discovered that she had died; for the grief of her husband was too violent to permit him to notice anything with much accuracy.

"Peter," said he, "I beg your pardon; let me take the trouble of supporting her for a few minutes, after which I must talk to you seriously—very seriously."

The firm, authoritative tone in which the priest spoke, together with Peter's consciousness that he had acted wrongly by neglecting to join in the rosary, induced him to retire from the bed with a rebuked air. The priest immediately laid back the head of Mrs. Connell on the pillow, and composed the features of her lifeless face with his own hands. Until this moment none of them, except himself, knew that she was dead.

"Now," continued he, "all her cares, and hopes, and speculations, touching this world are over—so is her pain; her blood will soon be cold enough, and her head will ache no more. She is

dead. Grief is therefore natural; but let it be the grief of a man, Peter. Indeed, it is less painful to look upon her now, than when she suffered such excessive agony. Mrs. Mulcahy, hear me! Oh, it's in vain! Well, well, it *is* but natural; for it was an unexpected and a painful death!"

The cries of her husband and daughter soon gave intimation to her servants that her pangs were over. From the servants it immediately went to the neighbours, and thus did the circle widen until it reached the furthest ends of the parish. In a short time, also, the mournful sounds of the church-bell, in slow and measured strokes, gave additional notice that a Christian soul had passed into eternity.

It is in such scenes as these that the Roman Catholic clergy knit themselves so strongly into the affections of the people. All men are naturally disposed to feel the offices of kindness and friendship more deeply, when tendered at the bed of death or of sickness, than under any other circumstances. Both the sick-bed and the house of death are necessarily the sphere of a priest's duty, and to render them that justice which we will ever render, when and whereso-ever it may be due, we freely grant that many shining, nay, noble instances of Christian virtue are displayed by them on such occasions.

When the violence of grief produced by Ellish's death had subsided, the priest, after giving them suitable exhortations to bear the affliction which had just befallen them with

patience, told Peter, that as God, through the great industry and persevering exertions of her who had then departed to another world, had blessed him abundantly with wealth and substance, it was, considering the little time which had been allowed her to repent in a satisfactory manner for her transgressions, his bounden and solemn duty to set aside a suitable portion of that wealth for the delivery of her soul from purgatory, where, he trusted, in the mercy of God, it was permitted to remain.

"Indeed, your Reverence," replied Peter, "it wasn't necessary to mintion it, considherin' the way she was cut off from among us, widout even time to confess."

"But blessed be God," said the daughter, "she received the ointment at any rate, and that of itself would get her to purgatory."

"And I can answer for her," said Peter, "that she *intended,* as soon as she'd get everything properly settled for the childhre, to make her sowl."

"Ah! good intentions," said the priest, "wont do. I, however, have forewarned you of your duty, and must now leave the guilt or the merit of relieving her departed spirit, upon you and the other members of her family, who are all bound to leave nothing undone that may bring her from pain and fire, to peace and happiness."

"Och! och! asthore, asthore! you're lyin' there —an', oh, Ellish, avourneen, could you think that I—*I*—would spare money—trash—to bring you to glory wid the angels o' heaven! No, no,

Father dear. It's good, an' kind an' thoughtful of you to put it into my head; but I didn't intind to neglect or forget it. Oh, how will I live wantin' her, Father? When I rise in the mornin', a villish, where'll be your smile and your voice? We won't hear your step, nor see you as we used to do, movin' pleasantly about the place. No—you're gone, avourneen—gone —an we'll see you and hear you no more!"

His grief was once more about to burst forth, but the priest led him out of the room, kindly chid him for the weakness of his immoderate sorrow, and after making arrangements about the celebration of mass for the dead, pressed his hand, and bade the family farewell.

The death of Ellish excited considerable surprise, and much conversation in the neighbourhood. Every point of her character was discussed freely, and the comparisons instituted between her and Peter were any thing but flattering to the intellect of her husband.

"An' so Ellish is whipped off, Larry," said a neighbour to one of Peter's labouring men. "Faix, an' the best feather in their wing is gone."

"Ay, sure enough, Risthard, you may say that. It was her cleverness made them what they are. She was the best manager in the three kingdoms."

"Ah, she was the woman could make a bargain. I only hope she hasn't brought the luck o' the family away wid her!"

"Why, man alive, she made the sons and

daughters as clever as herself—put them up to everything. Indeed, it's quare to think of how that one woman brought them an, an' ris them to what they are!"

"They shouldn't forget themselves as they're doin', thin; for betune you an' me, they're as proud as Turks, an' God he sees it ill becomes them—sits very badly on them itself, when everybody knows that their father an' mother begun the world wid a bottle of private whiskey an' half a pound of smuggled tobaccy."

"Poor Pether will break his heart, any way. Oh, man, but she was the good wife. I'm livin' wid them goin' an seven year, an' never hard a cross word from the one to the other. It's she that had the sweet tongue all out, an' *did* manage him; but, afther all, he was worth the full o' the Royal George of her. Many a time when some poor craythur 'ud come to ax whiskey on score *to put over*[80] some o' their friends, or for a weddin', or a christenin', maybe, an' when the wife 'ud refuse it, Pether 'ud send what whiskey they wanted afther them, widout lettin' her know anything about it. An', indeed, he never lost anything by that; for if they wor to sell their cow, he should be ped, in regard of the kindly way he gave it to them."

"Well, we'll see how they'll manage now that she's gone; but Pether an' the youngest daughther, Mary, is to be pitied."

"The sarra much; barrin' that they'll miss her at first from about the place. You see she has left them above the world, an' full of it.

Wealth and substance enough may they thank her for; and that's very good comfort for sorsow, Risthard."

"Faith, sure enough, Larry. There's no lie in that, any way!"

"Awouh! Lie! I have you about it."

Such was the view which had been taken of their respective characters through life. Yet notwithstanding that the hearts of her acquaintances never *warmed to her*—to use a significant expression current among the peasantry—as they did to Peter, still she was respected almost involuntarily for the indefatigable perseverance with which she pushed forward her own interests through life. Her funeral was accordingly a large one; and the conversation which took place at it, turning, as it necessarily did, upon her extraordinary talents and industry, was highly to the credit of her memory and virtues. Indeed, the attendance of many respectable persons of all creeds and opinions, gave ample proof that the qualities she possessed had secured for her general respect and admiration.

Poor Peter, who was an object of great compassion, felt himself completely crushed by the death of his faithful partner. The reader knows that he had hitherto been a sober, and, owing to Ellish's prudent control, an industrious man. To thought or reflection he was not, however, accustomed; he had, besides, never received any education; if his morals were correct, it was because a life of active employment had

kept him engaged in pursuits which repressed immorality, and separated him from those whose society and influence might have been prejudicial to him. He had scarcely known calamity, and when it occurred he was prepared for it neither by experience, nor a correct view of moral duty. On the morning of his wife's funeral, such was his utter prostration both of mind and body, that even his own sons, in order to resist the singular state of collapse into which he had sunk, urged him to take some spirits. He was completely passive in their hands, and complied. This had the desired effect, and he found himself able to attend the funeral. When the friends of Ellish assembled, after the interment, as is usual, to drink and talk together, Peter, who could scarcely join in the conversation, swallowed glass after glass of punch with great rapidity. In the mean time, the talk became louder and more animated; the punch, of course, began to work, and as they sat long, it was curious to observe the singular blending of mirth and sorrow, singing and weeping, laughter and tears, which characterised this remarkable scene. Peter, after about two hours' hard drinking, was not an exception to the influence of this trait of national manners. His heart having been deeply agitated, was the more easily brought under the effects of contending emotions. He was naturally mirthful, and when intoxication had stimulated the current of his wonted humour, the influence of this and his recent sorrow, produced

such an anomalous commixture of fun and grief as could seldom, out of Ireland, be found checkering the mind of one individual.

It was in the midst of this extraordinary din that his voice was heard commanding silence in its loudest and best-humoured key:

"Hould yer tongues," said he; "bad win to yees, don't you hear me wantin' to sing! Whist wid yees. Hem—och—'Rise up'—Why, thin, Phil Callaghan, you might thrate me wid more dacency, if you had gumption in you; I'm sure no one has a betther right to sing first in this company nor myself; an' what's more, I *will* sing first. Hould your tongues! Hem!"

He accordingly commenced a popular song, the air of which, though simple, was touchingly mournful.

"Och, rise up, Willy Reilly, an' come alongst wid me,
I'm goin' for to go wid you, and lave this coun-ter-ee;
I'm goin' to lave my father, his castles and free lands—
An' away wint Willy Reilly, an' his own Colleen Bawn.

"Och, they wint o'er hills an' mountains, and valleys that was fair,
An' fled before her father, as you may shortly hear;
Her father followed afther wid a well-chosen armed band,
Och, an' taken was poor Reilly, an' his own Collen Bawn."

The simple pathos of the tune, the affection implied by the words, and probably the misfortune of Willy Reilly, all overcame him. He finished the second verse with difficulty, and on attempting to commence a third he burst into tears.

"Colleen bawn! (fair, or fair-haired, girl)—Colleen bawn!" he exclaimed: "she's lyin' low that was *my* colleen bawn! Oh, will ye hould your tongues, an' let me think of what has happened me? She's gone: Mary, avourneen, isn't she gone from us? I'm alone, an' I'll be always lonely. Who have I now to comfort me? I know I have good childhre, neighbours; but none o' them, all of them, if they wor ten times as many, isn't aqual to her that's in the grave. Her hands won't be about me—there was tindherness in their very touch. An', of a Sunday mornin', how she'd tie an my handkerchy, for I never could rightly tie it an myself, the knot was ever an' always too many for me; but, och, och, she'd tie it an so snug an' purty wid her own hands, that I didn't look the same man! The same song was *her* favourite. Here's your healths; an' sure it's the first time ever we wor together that she wasn't wid us: but now, avillish, you're voice is gone—you're silent an' lonely in the grave; an' why shouldn't I be sarry for the wife o' my heart that never angered me? Why shouldn't I? Ay, Mary, asthore, machree, good right you have to cry afther her; she was the kind mother to you; her heart was fixed in you; there's her fatures on your face; her very eyes, an' fair hair, too, an' I'll love you, achora, ten times more nor ever, for her sake. Another favourite song of hers, God rest her, was 'Brian O'Lynn.' Throth an' I'll sing it, so I will, for if she was livin' she'd like it.

'Och, Brian O'Lynn, he had milk an' male,
A two-lugged porringer wantin' a tail.'

Och, my head's through other! The sarra one o' me I bleeve, but's out o' the words, or, as they say, there's a hole in the ballad. Send round the punch will ye? By the hole o' my coat, Parra Gastha, I'll whale you widin an inch of your life, if you don't dhrink. Send round the punch, Dan; an' give us a song, Parra Gastha. Arrah, Paddy, do you remimber—ha, ha, ha—upon my credit, I'll never forget it, the fun we had catchin' Father Soolaghan's horse, the day he gave his shirt to the sick man in the ditch. The Lord rest his sowl in glory—ha, ha, ha—I'll never forget it. Paddy, the song, you thief?"

"No, but tell them about that, Misther Connell."

"Throth, an' I will; but don't be *Mistherin* me. Faith, this is the height o' good punch. You see—ha, ha, ha! You see, it was one hard summer afore I was marrid to Ellish—mavourneen, that you wor, asthore! Och, och, are we parted at last? Upon my sowl, my heart's breakin'—breakin', (*weeps*); an' no wondher! But as I was sayin'—all your healths! faith, it *is* tip-top punch that—the poor man fell sick of a faver, an' sure enough, when it was known what ailed him, the neighbours built a little shed on the roadside for him, in regard that every one was afeard to let him into their place. Howsomever—ha, ha, ha—Father Soolaghan was one

day ridin' past upon his horse, an' seein' the crathur lyin' undher the shed, on a wishp o' sthraw, he pulls bridle, an' puts the spake an the poor sthranger. So, begad, it came out, that the neighbours were very kind to him, an' used to hand over whatsomever they thought best for him from the back o' the ditch, as well as they could.

"'My poor fellow,' said the priest, 'you're badly off for linen.'

"'Thrue for you, Sir,' said the sick man, 'I never longed for anything so much in my life, as I do for a clane shirt an' a glass o' whiskey.'

"'The devil a glass o' whiskey I have about me, but you shall have the clane shirt, you poor compassionate crathur,' said the priest, stretchin' his neck up an' down, to make sure there was no one comin' on the road—ha, ha, ha!

"Well an' good—'I have *three* shirts,' says his Reverence, 'but I have only one o' them an me, an' that you shall have.'

"So the priest peels himself on the spot, an' lays his black coat and waistcoat afore him acrass the saddle, thin takin' off his shirt, he *threwn* it acrass the ditch to the sick man. Whether it was the white shirt, or the black coat danglin' about the horse's neck, the divil a one o' myself can say, but any way, the baste tuck fright, an' made off wid Father Soolaghan, in the state I'm tellin' yez, upon his back—ha, ha, ha!

"Parra Gastha, here, an' I war goin' up at the time to do a little in the distillin' way for

Tom Duggan of Aidinasamlagh, an' seen what was goin' an. So off we set, an' we splittin' our sides laughin'—ha, ha, ha—at the figure the priest cut. However, we could do no good, an' he never could pull up the horse, till he came full flight to his own house, opposite the pound there below, and the whole town in convulsions when they seen him. We *gother* up his clothes, an' brought them home to him, an' a good piece o' fun we had wid him, for he loved the joke as well as any man. Well, he was the good an' charitable man, the same Father Soolaghan; but so simple that he got himself into fifty scrapes, God rest him! Och, och, she's lyin' low that often laughed at that, an' I'm here—ay, I have no one, no one that 'ud show me sich a warm heart as she would. (*weeps*). However, God's will be done. I'll sing yez a song she liked:—

> Och, Brian O'Lynn, he had milk an' male,
> A two-lugged porringer wantin' a tail.'

Musha, I'm out agin—ha, ha, ha! Why, I b'lieve there's pishthrogues an me, or I'd remember it. Bud-an-age, dhrink all of ye. Lie in to the liquor, I say; don't spare it. Here, Mike, send us up another gallon. Faith, we'll make a night of it.

> 'Och, three maidens a milkin' did go
> An' three maidens a milkin' did go;
> An' the winds they blew high,
> An' the winds they blew low,
> An' they dashed their milkin' pails to an' fro.'

All your healths, childhre! Neighbours, all your

healths! don't spare what's before ye. It's long since I tuck a jorum myself an—come, I say, plase God, we'll often meet this way, so we will. Faith, I'll take a sup from this forrid, wid a blessin'. Dhrink, I say, dhrink!"

By the time he had arrived at this pitch, he was able to engross no great portion either of the conversation or attention. Almost every one present had his songs, his sorrows, his laughter, or his anecdotes, as well as himself. Every voice was loud; and every tongue busy. Intricate and entangled was the talk, which, on the present occasion, presented a union of all the extremes which the lights and shadows of the Irish character alone could exhibit under such a calamity as that which brought the friends of the deceased together.

Peter literally fulfilled his promise of taking a jorum in future. He was now his own master; and as he felt the loss of his wife deeply, he unhappily had recourse to the bottle, to bury the recollection of a woman, whose death left a chasm in his heart, which he thought nothing but the whiskey could fill up.

His transition from a life of perfect sobriety to one of habitual, nay, of daily intoxication, was immediate. He could not bear to be sober; and his extraordinary bursts of affliction, even in his cups, were often calculated to draw tears from the eyes of those who witnessed them. He usually went out in the morning with a flask of whiskey in his pocket, and sat down to weep behind a ditch—where, however, after having

emptied his flask, he might be heard at a great distance, singing the songs which Ellish in her life-time was accustomed to love. In fact, he was generally pitied; his simplicity of character, and his benevolence of heart, which was now exercised without fear of responsibility, made him more a favourite than he ever had been. His former habits of industry were thrown aside; as he said himself, he hadn't heart to work; his farms were neglected, and but for his son-in-law, would have gone to ruin. Peter himself was sensible of this.

"Take them," said he, "into your own hands, Denis; for me, I'm not able to do anything more at them; she that kep me up is gone, an' I'm broken down. Take them—take them into your own hands. Give me my bed, bit, an' sup, an' that's all I want."

Six months produced an incredible change in his appearance. Intemperance, whilst it shattered his strong frame, kept him in frequent exuberance of spirits; but the secret grief preyed on him within. Artificial excitement kills, but it never cures; and Peter, in the midst of his mirth and jollity, was wasting away into a shadow. His children, seeing him go down the hill of life so rapidly, consulted among each other on the best means of winning him back to sobriety. This was a difficult task, for his powers of bearing liquor were prodigious. He has often been known to drink so many as twenty-five, and sometimes thirty tumblers of punch, without being taken off his legs, or rendered in-

capable of walking about. His friends, on considering who was most likely to recall him to a more becoming life, resolved to apply to his landlord—the gentleman whom we have already introduced to our readers. He entered warmly into their plan, and it was settled, that Peter should be sent for, and induced, if possible, to take an oath against liquor. Early the following day a liveried servant came down to inform him that his master wished to speak with him.

"To be sure," said Peter; "divil resave the man in all Europe I'd do more for than the same gintleman, if it was only on account of the regard he had for her that's gone. Come, I'll go wid you in a minute."

He accordingly returned with the flask in his hand, saying, "I never thravel widout a pocket-pistol, John. The times, you see, is not overly safe, an' the best way is to be prepared!—ha, ha, ha! Och, och! It houlds three half-pints."

"I think," observed the servant, "you had better not taste that till after your return."

"Come away man," said Peter; "we'll talk upon it as we go along: I couldn't do readily widout it. You hard that I lost Ellish?"

"Yes," replied the servant, "and I was very sorry to hear it."

"Did you attind the berrin?"

"No, but my master did," replied the man; "for, indeed, his respect for your wife was very great, Mr. Connell."

This was before ten o'clock in the forenoon, and about one in the afternoon a stout country-

man was seen approaching the gentleman's house, with another man bent round his neck, where he hung precisely as a calf hangs round the shoulders of a butcher, when he is carrying it to his stall.

"Good Heavens!" said the owner of the mansion to his lady, "what has happened to John Smith, my dear? Is he dead?"

"Dead!" said his lady, going in much alarm to the drawing-room window: "I protest I fear so, Frank. He is evidently dead! For God's sake go down and see what has befallen him."

Her husband went hastily to the hall-door, where he met Peter with his burden.

"In the name of Heaven, what has happened, Connell?—what is the matter with John? Is he living or dead?"

"First, plase your honour, as I have him on my shouldhers, will you tell me where his bed is?" replied Peter. "I may as well lave him snug, as my hand's in, poor fellow. The devil's bad head he has, your honour. Faith, it's a burnin' shame, so it is an' nothin' else—to be able to bear so little!"

The lady, children, and servants, were now all assembled about the dead footman, who hung, in the mean time, very quietly round Peter's neck.

"Gracious Heaven! Connell, is the man dead?" she inquired.

"Faith, thin, he is, Ma'am,—for a while any how; but, upon my credit, it's a burnin' shame, so it is,"——

"The man is drunk, my dear," said her husband—"he's only drunk."

"——a burnin' shame, so it is—to be able to bear no more nor about six glasses, an' the whiskey good, too. Will you ordher one o' thim to show me his bed, Ma'am, if you plase," continued Peter, "while he's an me? It'll save throuble."

"Connell is right," observed his landlord.—"Gallagher, show him John's bed-room."

Peter accordingly followed another servant, who pointed out his bed, and assisted to place the vanquished footman in a somewhat easier position than that in which Peter had carried him.

"Connell," said his landlord, when he returned, "how did this happen?"

"Faith, thin, it's a burnin' shame," said Connell, "to be able only to bear "——

"But *how* did it happen? for he has been hitherto a perfectly sober man."

"Faix, plase your honour, asy enough," replied Peter; "he begun to lecthur me about dhrinkin', so, says I, 'Come an' sit down behind the hedge here, an' we'll talk it over between us;' so we went in, the two of us, a-back o' the ditch—an' he began to advise me agin dhrink, an' I began to tell him about her that's gone, Sir. Well, well! och, och! no matther!—So, Sir, one story an' one pull from the bottle, brought on another, for divil a glass we had at all, Sir. Faix, he's a tindher-hearted boy, anyhow; for as myself begun to let the tears down, whin the bottle was near out, divil resave the morsel of

him but cried afther poor Ellish, as if she had been his mother. Faix, he did! An' it won't be the last sup we'll have together, plase goodness! But the best of it was, Sir, that the dhrunker he got, he abused me the more for dhrinkin'. Oh, thin, but he's the pious boy whin he gets a sup in his head! Faix, it's a pity ever he'd be sober, he talks so much scripthur an' devotion in his liquor!"

"Connell," said the landlord, "I am exceedingly sorry to hear that you have taken so openly and inveterately to drink as you have done, ever since the death of your admirable wife. This, in fact, was what occasioned me to send for you. Come into the parlour. Don't go, my dear; perhaps *your* influence may also be necessary. Gallagher, look to Smith, and see that every attention is paid him, until he recovers the effects of his intoxication."

He then entered the parlour, where the following dialogue took place between him and Peter:—

"Connell, I am really grieved to hear that you have become latterly so incorrigible a drinker; I sent for you to-day, with the hope of being able to induce you to give it up."

"Faix, your honour, it's jist what I'd expect from your father's son—kindness, an' dacency, an' devotion, wor always among yez. Divil resave the family in all Europe I'd do so much for as the same family."

The gentleman and lady looked at each other, and smiled. They knew that Peter's blarney was

Tramore Strand

Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.

[illegible]

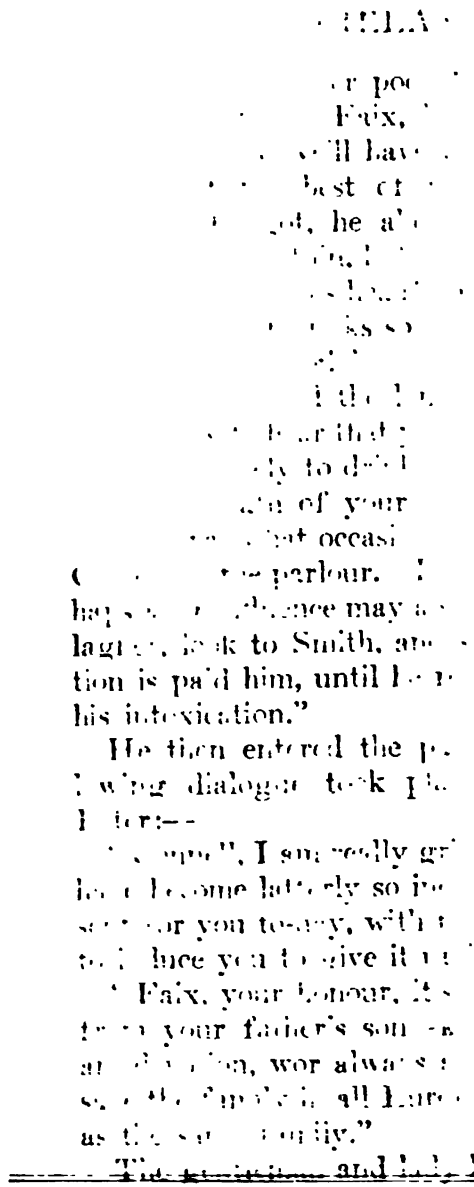
[illegible] r poo[illegible]
[illegible] Faix, [illegible]
[illegible] will have [illegible]
[illegible] best of [illegible]
[illegible] ot, he a[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] ks so [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] ar that [illegible]
[illegible] ly to d[illegible]
[illegible] of your [illegible]
[illegible] at occasi[illegible]
[illegible] parlour. [illegible]
hap[illegible] ence may [illegible]
lag[illegible] look to Smith, an[illegible]
tion is paid him, until [illegible]
his intoxication."

He then entered the p[illegible]
[illegible] wing dialogue took p[illegible]
[illegible] ter:—

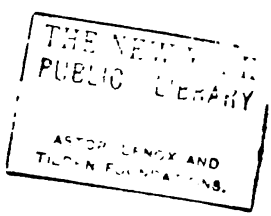
"[illegible]", I am really gr[illegible]
[illegible] become latterly so in[illegible]
[illegible] or you to-day, with [illegible]
[illegible] luce you to give it [illegible]

"Faix, your honour, it [illegible]
[illegible] your father's son [illegible]
[illegible] on, wor always [illegible]
[illegible] all Eur[illegible]
as [illegible] ily."

[illegible] and [illegible]



Tramore Strand
Reproduced from a Painting by Francis S. Walker, R. H. A.


PUBLIC LIBRARY

no omen of their success in the laudable design they contemplated.

"I thank you, Peter, for your good opinion; but in the meantime allow me to ask, what can you propose to yourself by drinking so incessantly as you do?"

"What do I propose to myself by dhrinkin', is it? Why thin to banish grief, your honour. Surely you'll allow that no man has reason to complain who's able to banish the thief for two shillins a-day. I reckon the whiskey at first cost, so that it doesn't come to more nor that at the very outside."

"That is taking a commercial view of affliction, Connell; but you must promise me to give up drinking."

"Why thin upon my credit, your honour astonishes me. Is it to give up banishin' grief? I have a regard for you, Sir, for many a dalin we had together; but for all that, faix, I'd be miserable for no man, barrin' for her that's gone. If I'd be so to oblage any one, I'd do it for your family; for divil resave the family in all Europe"——

"Easy, Connell—I am not to be palmed off in that manner; I really have a respect for the character which you bore, and wish you to recover it once more. Consider that you are disgracing yourself and your children by drinking so excessively from day to day—indeed, I am told, almost from hour to hour."

"Augh! don't believe the half o' what you hear, Sir. Faith, somebody has been dhrawin'

your honour out! Why I am never dhrunk, Sir; faith, I'm not."

"You will destroy your health, Connell, as well as your character; besides, you are not to be told that it is a sin, a crime against God, and an evil example to society."

"Show me the man, plase your honour, that ever seen me *incapable*. That's the proof o' the thing."

"But why do you drink at all? It is not necessary."

"An' do *you* never taste a dhrop yourself, Sir, plase your honour? I'll be bound you do, Sir, raise your little finger of an odd time, as well as another. Eh, Ma'am? That's comin' close to his honour! An' faix, small blame to him, an' a weeshy sup o' the wine to the misthress herself, to correct the tindherness of her dilicate appetite."

"Peter, this bantering must not pass: I think I have a claim upon your respect and deference. I have uniformly been *your* friend, and the friend of your children and family, but more especially of your late excellent, and exemplary wife."

"Before God an' man, I acknowledge that, Sir—I do—I do. But, Sir, to spake sarious—it's thruth, Ma'am, downright—to spake sarious, my heart's broke, an' every day it's brakin' more an' more. She's gone, Sir, that used to manage me; an' now I can't turn myself to anything, barrin' the dhrink—God help me!"

"I honour you, Connell, for the attachment

which you bear towards the memory of your wife, but I utterly condemn the manner in which you display it. To become a drunkard is to disgrace her memory. You know it was a character she detested."

"I know it all, Sir, an' that you have thruth an rason on your side; but, Sir, you never lost a wife that you loved; an' long may you be so, I pray the heavenly Father this day! Maybe if you did, Sir, plase your honour, that, wid your heart sinkin' like a stone widin you, you'd thry whether or not *something* couldn't rise it. Sir, only for the dhrink I'd be dead."

"There I totally differ from you, Connell. The drink only prolongs your grief, by adding to it the depression of spirits which it always produces. Had you not become a drinker, you would long before this have been once more a cheerful, active, and industrious man. Your sorrow would have worn away gradually, and nothing but an agreeable melancholy—an affectionate remembrance of your excellent wife—would have remained. Look at other men."

"But where's the man, Sir, had *sich* a wife to grieve for as she was? Don't be hard on me, Sir. I'm not a dhrunkard. It's thrue I dhrink a great dale; but thin I can bear a great dale, so that I'm never incapable."

"Connell," said the lady, "you will break down your constitution, and bring yourself to an earlier death than you would otherwise meet."

"I care very little, indeed, how soon I was dead, not makin' you, Ma'am, an ill answer."

"Oh fie, Connell, for you, a sensible man and a Christian, to talk in such a manner!"

"Throth, thin, I don't, Ma'am. *She's* gone, an' I'd be glad to folly her as soon as I could. Yes, asthore, you're departed from me! an' now I'm gone asthray—out o' the right, an' out o' the good! Oh, Ma'am," he proceeded, whilst the tears rolled fast down his cheeks, "if you knew her—her last words too—Oh, she was—she was—but where's the use o' sayin' what she was?—I beg your pardon, Ma'am,—your honour, Sir, 'ill forgive my want o' manners, sure I know it's bad breedin', but I can't help it."

"Well, promise," said his landlord, "to give up drink. Indeed, I wish you would take an oath against it: you are a conscientious man, and I know would keep it, otherwise I should not propose it, for I discountenance such oaths generally. Will you promise me this, Connell?"

"I'll promise to think of it, your honour,—aginst takin' a sartin quantity, at any rate."

"If you refuse it, I'll think you are unmindful of the good feeling which we have ever shown your family."

"What?—do you think, Sir, I'm ungrateful to you? That's a sore cut, Sir, to make a villain o' me. Where's the book?—I'll swear this minute. Have you a Bible, Ma'am?—I'll show you that I'm not mane, any way."

"No, Connell, you shall not do it rashly; you must be cool and composed: but go home, and turn it in your mind," she replied; "and remem-

ber, that it is the request of me and my husband, for your own good."

"Neither must you swear before me," said his landlord, "but before Mr. Mulcahy, who, as it is an oath connected with your moral conduct, is the best person to be present. It must be voluntary, however. Now, good bye, Connell, and think of what we said; but take care never to carry home any of my servants in the same plight in which you put John Smith to-day."

"Faix thin, Sir, *he* had no business, wid your honour's livery upon his back, to begin lecthurin' me agin dhrinkin', as he did. We may all do very well, Sir, till the timptation crasses us—but that's what thries us. It thried him, but he didn't *stand* it—faix he didn't!—ha, ha, ha! Good mornin', Sir—God bless you, Ma'am! Divil resave the family in all Europe"——

"Good morning, Connell—good morning!—Pray remember what we said."

Peter, however, could not relinquish the whiskey. His sons, daughters, friends, and neighbours, all assailed him, but with no success. He either bantered them in his usual way, or reverted to his loss, and sank into sorrow. This last was the condition in which they found him most intractable; for a man is never considered to be in a state that admits of reasoning or argument, when he is known to be pressed by strong gushes of personal feeling. A plan at length struck Father Mulcahy, which he resolved to put into immediate execution.

"Peter," said he, "if you do not abandon drink, I shall stop the masses which I'm offering up for the repose of your wife's soul, and I will also return you the money I received for saying them."

This was perhaps the only point on which Peter was accessible. He felt staggered at such an unexpected intimation, and was for some time silent.

"You will then feel," added the priest, "that your drunkenness is prolonging the sufferings of your wife, and that *she* is as much concerned in your being sober, as you are yourself."

"I *will* give in," replied Peter; "I didn't see the thing in *that* light. No—I will give it up; but if I swear aginst it, you must allow me a rasonable share every day, an' I'll not go beyant it, of coorse. The thruth is, I'd die soon if I gev it up altogether."

"We have certainly no objection against that," said the priest, "provided you keep within what would injure your health, or make you tipsy. Your drunkenness is not only sinful but disreputable; besides, you must not throw a slur upon the character of your children, who hold respectable and rising situations in the world."

"No," said Peter, in a kind of soliloquy, "I'd lay down my life, avourneen, sooner nor I'd cause you a minute's sufferin'. Father Mulcahy, go an wid the masses. I'll get an oath drawn up, an' whin it's done, I'll swear to it. I know a man that'll do it for me."

The priest then departed, quite satisfied with having accomplished his object; and Peter, in the course of that evening, directed his steps to the house of the village schoolmaster, for the purpose of getting him to "draw up" the intended oath.

"Misther O'Flaherty," said he, "I'm comin' to ax a requist of you an' I hope you'll grant it to me. I brought down a sup in this flask, an' while we're takin' it, we can talk over what I want."

"If it be anything widin the circumference of my power, set it down, Misther Connell, as already operated upon. I'd drop a pen to no man at keepin' Books by Double Enthry, which is the Italian method invinted by Pope Gregory the Great. The Three Sets bear a theological ratio to the three states of a thrue Christian. 'The Waste-book,' says Pope Gregory, 'is this world, the Journal is purgatory, an' the Ledger is heaven. Or it may be compared,' he says, in the priface of the work, 'to the three states of the Catholic church—the church Militant, the church Suffering, and the church Triumphant.' The larnin' of that man was beyant the reach of credibility."

"Arra, have you a small glass, Masther? You see, Misther O'Flaherty, it's consarnin' purgatory, this that I want to talk about."

"Nancy, get us a glass—oh, here it is! Thin if it be, it's a wrong enthry in the Journal."

"Here's your health, Masther!—Not forgettin'

you, Mrs. O'Flaherty. No, indeed, thin it's not in the Journal, but an oath I'm goin' to take aginst liquor."

"Nothin' is asier to post than it is. We must enter it undher the head of—let me see!—it must go in the *spirit* account, undher the head of Profit an' Loss. Your good health, Mr. Connell!—Nancy, I dhrink to your improvement in imperturbability! Yes, it must be enthered undher the"——

"Faix, undher *the rose,* I think," observed Peter; "don't you know the smack of it? You see since I tuck to it, I like the smell o' what I used to squeeze out o' the barley myself, long ago. Mr. O'Flaherty, I only want you to dhraw up an oath aginst liquor for me; but it's not for the books, good or bad. I promised to Father Mulcahy, that I'd do it. It's regardin' my poor Ellish's sowl in purgatory."

"Nancy, hand me a slate an' cutter. Faith, the same's a provident resolution; but how is it an' purgatory concatenated?"

"The priest, you see, won't go an wid the masses for her till I take the oath."

"That's but wake logic, if you ped him for thim."

"Faix, an' I did—an' well, too;—but about the oath? Have you the pencil?"

"I have; jist lave the thing to me."

"Asy, Masther—you don't undherstand it yit. Put down two tumblers for me at home."

"How is that, Misther Connell?—It's mysterious, if you're about to swear *aginst* liquor!"

"I am. Put down, as I said, two tumblers for me at home.—Are they down?"

"They are down; but"——

"Asy!—very good! Put down two more for me at Dan's. Let me see!—two more behind the garden. Well!—put down one at Father Mulcahy's;—two more at Frank M'Carroll's of Kilclay. How many's that?"

"Nine!!!"

"Very good. Now put down one wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Cargah; an' two over wid honest Roger M'Gaugy, of Nurchasey. How many have you now?"

"Twelve in all!!!! But, Misther Connell, there's a demonstration badly wanted here: I must confiss I was always bright, but at present I'm as dark as Nox. I'd thank you for a taste of explanation."

"Asy, man alive! Is there twelve in all?"

"Twelve in all: I've calculated them."

"Well, we'll hould to that. Och, och!—I'm sure, avourneen, afore I'd let you suffer one minute's pain, I'd not scruple to take an oath aginst liquor, any way. He may go an wid the masses now for you, as soon as he likes! Mr. O'Flaherty, will you put that down on paper, an' I'll swear to it, wid a blessin', to-morrow."

"But what object do you wish to effectuate by this?"

"You see, Masther, I dhrink one day wid another from a score to two dozen tumblers, an' I want to swear to no more nor twelve in the twenty-four hours."

"Why, there's intelligibility in *that!*—Wid great pleasure, Mr. Connell, I'll indite it. Katty, tare me a lafe out o' Brian Murphy's copy there."

"You see, Masther, it's for Ellish's sake I'm doin' this. State that in the oath."

"I know it; an' well she desarved that specimen of abstinence from you, Misther Connell. Thank you!—Your health agin! an' God grant you grace an' fortitude to go through wid the same oath!—An' so he will, or I'm grievously mistaken in you."

"OATH AGAINST LIQUOR,

made by me, Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath, on behalf of Misther Peter Connell, of the Cross-roads, Merchant, on one part—and of the soul of Mrs. Ellish Connell, now in purgatory, Merchantess, on the other.

"I solemnly, and meritoriously, and soberly swear, that a single tumbler of whiskey punch shall not cross my lips during the twenty-four hours of the day, barring *twelve*, the locality of which is as followeth:

"Imprimis—Two tumblers at home.....	2
Secundo—Two more ditto at my son Dan's.....	2
Tertio—Two more ditto behind my own garden....	2
Quarto—One ditto at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's	1
Quinto—Two more ditto at Frank M'Carroll's, of Kilclay	2
Sexto—One ditto wid ould Bartle Gorman, of Cargah	1
Septimo—Two more ditto wid honest Roger M'Gaugy, of Nurchasey.....	2
	12

N.B.—I except in case any Docthor of Physic might think it right and medical to ordher me *more* for my health; or

in case I could get Father Mulcahy to take the oath off of me for a start, at a wedding, or a christening, or at any other meeting of friends where there's drink.

his
Witness present, Peter X Connell.
Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath. mark.
June the 4th, 18—.

"☞ I certify that I have made and calculated this oath for Misther Pether Connell, Merchant, and that it is strictly and arithmetically proper and correct.

"Cornelius O'Flaherty, Philomath.
"*Dated this 4th day of June*, 18—."

"I think, Misther O'Flaherty, it's a dacent oath, as it stands. Plase God I'll swear to it some time to-morrow *evenin'*."

"Dacent! Why I don't wish to become eulogistically addicted; but I'd back the same oath, for both grammar and arithmetic, aginst any that ever was drawn up by a lawyer—ay, by the great Counsellor himself!—but faith, I'd not face him at a Vow, for all that; he's the greatest man at a Vow in the three kingdoms."

"I'll tell you what I'm thinkin', Masther—as my hand's in, mightn't I as well take another wid an ould friend o' mine, Owen Smith, of Lisbuy? He's a dacent ould residenther, an' likes it. It'll make the baker's, or the long dozen."

"Why, it's not a bad thought; but won't thirteen get into your head?"

"No, nor three more to the back o' that. I only begin to get hearty about seventeen; so that the long dozen, afther all, is best; for God he

knows, I've a regard for Owen Smith this many a year, an' I wouldn't wish to lave him out."

"Very well—I'll add it up to the other part of the oath.

'Octavo—One ditto out of respect for dacent Owen Smith, of Lisbuy ..... 1'

Now I must make the total amount thirteen, an' all will be right."

"Masther, have you a prayer-book widin?—bekase if you have, I may as well swear it here, an' you can witness it."

"Katty, hand over the *Spiritual* Exercises—a book aquil to the Bible itself for piety an' devotion."

"Sure they say, Masther, any book that the name o' God is in, is good for an oath. Now, wid the help o' goodness, repate the words afore me, an' I'll sware thim."

O'Flaherty hemmed two or three times, and complied with Peter's wishes, who followed him in the words until the oath was concluded. He then kissed the book, and expressed himself much at ease, as well, he said, upon the account of Ellish's soul, as for the sake of his children.

For some time after this, his oath was the standing jest of the neighbourhood: even to this day, Peter Connell's oath against liquor is a proverb in that part of the country. Immediately after he had sworn, no one could ever perceive that he violated it in the slightest degree; indeed there could be no doubt as to his literally fulfilling it. A day never passed in which he did

not punctually pay a friendly visit to those whose names were dotted down, with whom he sat, pulled out his flask, and drank his quantum. In the meantime the poor man was breaking down rapidly; so much so, that his appearance generally excited pity, if not sorrow, among his neighbours. His character became simpler every day, and his intellect evidently more exhausted. The inoffensive humour, for which he had been noted, was also completely on the wane; his eye waxed dim, his step feeble, but the benevolence of his heart never failed him. Many acts of his private generosity are well known, and still remembered with gratitude.

In proportion as the strength of his mind and constitution diminished, so did his capacity for bearing liquor. When he first bound himself by the oath not to exceed the long dozen, such was his vigour, that the effects of thirteen tumblers could scarcely be perceived on him. This state of health, however, did not last. As he wore away, the influence of so much liquor was becoming stronger, until at length he found that it was more than he could bear, that he frequently confounded the names of the men, and the number of tumblers mentioned in the oath, and sometimes took in, in his route, persons and places not to be found in it at all. This grieved him, and he resolved to wait upon O'Flaherty for the purpose of having some means devised of guiding him during his potations.

"Masther," said he, "we must thry an' make this oath somethin' plainer. You see, whin I get

confused, I'm not able to remimber things as I ought. Sometimes, instid o' one tumbler, I take two at the wrong place; an' sarra bit o' me but called in an' had three wid ould Jack Rogers, that isn't in it at all. On another day I had a couple wid honest Barny Casey, an my way acrass to Bartle Gorman's. I'm not what I was, Masther, ahagur; so I'd thank you to dhraw it out more clearer, if you can, nor it was."

"I see, Mr. Connell; I comprehend wid the greatest ase in life, the very plan for it. We must reduce the oath to Geography, for I'm at home there, bein' a Surveyor[81] myself. I'll lay down a map o' the parish, an' draw the houses of your friends at their proper places, so that you'll never be out o' your latitude at all."

"Faix, I doubt *that,* Masther—ha, ha, ha!" replied Peter; "I'm afeard I will, of an odd time, for I'm not able to carry what I used to do; but no matther: thry what you can do for me this time, any how. I think I could bear the long dozen still, if I didn't make mistakes."

O'Flaherty accordingly set himself to work; and as his knowledge, not only of the parish, but of every person and house in it, was accurate, he soon had a tolerably correct skeleton map of it drawn for Peter's use.

"Now," said he, "lend me your ears."

"Faix, I'll do no sich thing," replied Peter—"I know a thrick worth two of it. Lend you my ears, inagh![82]—catch me at it! You have a bigger pair of your own nor I have—ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, in other words, pay attintion. Now, see this dot—that's your own house."

"Put a crass there," said Peter, "an thin I'll know it's the Crass-roads."

"Upon my reputation, you're right; an' that's what I call a good specimen of ingenuity. I'll take the hint from that, an' we'll make it a Hieroglyphical as well as a Geographical oath. Well, there's a crass, wid two tumblers. Is that clear?"

"It is, it is! Go an."

"Now here we draw a line to your son Dan's. Let me see; he keeps a mill, an' sells cloth. Very good. I'll dhraw a mill-wheel an' a yard-wand. There's two tumblers. Will you know that?"

"I see it: go an, nothin' can be clearer. So far I can't go asthray."

"Well, what next? Two behind your own garden. What metaphor for the garden? Let me see!—let me cogitate! A dragon—the Hesperides! That's beyant *you*. A bit of a hedge will do, an' a gate."

"Don't put a gate in, it's not lucky. You know when a man takes to dhrink, they say he's goin' a grey gate, or a black gate, or a bad gate. Put that out, an' make the hedge longer, an' it'll do—wid the two tumblers, though."

"They're down. One at the Reverend Father Mulcahy's. How will we thranslate the priest?"

"Faix, I doubt that will be a difficquilt business."

"Upon my reputation, I agree wid you in that, especially whin he repates Latin. However,

we'll see. He writes P.P. afther his name;—pee-pee is what we call the turkeys wid. What 'ud you think o' two turkeys?"

"The priest would like them roasted, but I couldn't undherstand that. No; put down the sign o' the horsewhip, or the cudgel; for he's handy, an' argues well wid both?"

"Good! I'll put down the horsewhip first, an' the cudgel alongside of it; then the tumbler, an' there 'ill be the sign o' the priest."

"Ay do, Masther, an' faix the priest 'ill be complate—there can be no mistakin' him thin. Divil a one but that's a good thought!"

"There it is in black an' white. Who comes next? Frank M'Carroll. He's a farmer. I'll put down a spade an' a harrow. Well, that's done—two tumblers."

"I won't mistake that aither. It's clear enough."

"Bartle Gorman's of Cargah. Bartle's a little lame, an' uses a staff wid a cross on the end that he houlds in his hand. I'll put down a staff wid a cross on it."

"Would there be no danger of me mistakin' that for the priest's cudgel?"

"Divil the slightest. I'll pledge my knowledge of geography, they're two very different weapons."

"Well, put it down—I'll know it."

"Roger M'Gaugy of Nurchasy. What for him? Roger's a pig-driver. I'll put down a pig. You'll comprehend that?"

"I ought; for many a pig I sould him in my

day. Put down the pig; an' if you could put two black spots upon his back, I'd know it to be one I sould him about four years agone—the fattest ever was in the country—it had to be brought home on a car, for it wasn't able to walk wid fat."

"Very good; the spots are on it. The last is Owen Smith of Lisbuy. Now, do you see that I've drawn a line from place to place, so that you have nothing to do only to keep to it as you go. What for Owen?"

"Owen! Let me see—Owen! Pooh! What's come over me that I've nothing for Owen? Ay! I have it. He's a horse-jockey: put down a grey mare I sould him about five years agone."

"I'll put down a horse; but I can't make a grey mare wid black ink."

"Well, make a mare of her, any way."

"Faith, an' that same puzzles me. Stop, I have it; I'll put a foal along wid her."

"As good as the bank. God bless you, Misther O'Flaherty. I think this'll keep me from mistakes. An' now, if you'll slip up to me afther dusk, I'll send you down a couple o' bottles and a flitch. Sure you desarve more for the throuble you tuck."

Many of our readers, particularly of our English readers, will be somewhat startled to hear, that, except the change of names and places, there is actually little exaggeration in the form of this oath; so just is the observation, that the romance of truth frequently far exceeds that of fiction.

Peter had, however, over-rated his own strength in supposing that he could bear the long dozen in future; ere many months passed, he was scarcely able to reach the half of that number without sinking into intoxication. Whilst in this state, he was in the habit of going to the grave-yard in which his wife lay buried, where he sat, and wept like a child, sang her favourite songs, or knelt and offered up his prayers for the repose of her soul. None ever mocked him for this; on the contrary, there was always some kind person to assist him home. And as he staggered on, instead of sneers and ridicule, one might hear such expressions as these:—

"Poor Pether! he's nearly off; an' a dacent, kind neighbour he ever was. The death of the wife broke his heart—he never ris his head since."

"Ay, poor man! God pity him! He'll soon be sleepin' beside her, beyant there, where she's lyin'. It was never known of Peter Connell that he offinded man, woman, or child, since he was born, barrin' the gaugers, bad luck to thim, afore he was marrid—but *that* was no offince. Sowl, he was *their* match, any how. When he an' the wife's gone, they won't lave their likes behind them. The sons are *bodaghs*—gintlemen, now; an' it's nothin' but dinners an' company. Aha-gur, that wasn't the way their hard-workin' father an' mother made the money that they're houldin' their heads up wid such consequence upon."

The children, however, did not give Peter up as hopeless. Father Mulcahy, too, once more

assailed him on his weak side. One morning, when he was sober, nervous, and depressed, the priest arrived, and finding him at home, addressed him as follows:—

"Peter, I'm sorry, and vexed, and angry, this morning; and you are the cause of it."

"How is that, your Reverence?" said Peter. "God help me," he added, "don't be hard an me, Sir, for I'm to be pitied. Don't be hard on me, for the short time I'll be here. I know it won't be long—I'll be wid *her* soon. Asthore machree, we'll be together, I hope, afore long—an', oh! if it was the will o' God, I would be glad it was afore night!"

The poor, shattered, heart-broken creature wept bitterly, for he felt somewhat sensible of the justice of the reproof which he expected from the priest, as well as undiminished sorrow for his wife.

"I'm not going to be hard on you," said the good-natured priest; "I only called to tell you a dream that your son Dan had last night about you and his mother."

"About Ellish! Oh, for heaven's sake, what about her, Father, avourneen?"

"She appeared to him, last night," replied Father Mulcahy, "and told him that your drinking kept her out of happiness."

"Queen of heaven!" exclaimed Peter, deeply affected, "is that true? Oh," said he, dropping on his knees, "Father, ahagur machree, pardon me—oh, forgive me! I now promise, solemnly and seriously, to drink neither *in* the house nor

out of it, for the time to come, not one drop at all, good, bad, or indifferent, of either whiskey, wine, or punch—*barrin' one glass.* Are you now satisfied? an' do you think she'll get to happiness?"

"All will be well, I trust," said the priest. "I shall mention this to Dan and the rest, and depend upon it, they, too, will be happy to hear it."

"Here's what Mr. O'Flaherty an' myself made up," said Peter: "burn it, Father; take it out of my sight, for it's now no use to me."

"What is this at all?" said Mr. Mulcahy, looking into it. "Is it an oath?"

"It's the Joggraphy of one I swore some time ago; but it's now out of date—I'm done wid it."

The priest could not avoid smiling when he perused it, and on getting from Peter's lips an explanation of the hieroglyphics, he laughed heartily at the ingenious shifts they had made to guide his memory.

Peter, for some time after this, confined himself to one glass, as he had promised; but he felt such depression and feebleness, that he ventured slowly, and by degrees, to *enlarge* the "glass" from which he drank. His impression touching the happiness of his wife was, that as he had for several months strictly observed his promise, she had probably during that period gone to heaven. He then began to exercise his ingenuity gradually, as we have said, by using, from time to time, a glass larger than the preceding one; thus receding from the spirit of his vow to the letter,

and increasing the quantity of his drink from a small glass to the most capacious tumbler he could find. The manner in which he drank this was highly illustrative of the customs which prevail on this subject in Ireland. He remembered, that in making the vow, he used the words, "neither *in* the house nor *out* of it;" but in order to get over this dilemma, he usually stood with one foot outside the threshold, and the other in the house, keeping himself in that position which would render it difficult to determine whether he was either out or in. At other times, when he happened to be upstairs, he usually thrust one half of his person out of the window, with the same ludicrous intention of keeping the letter of his vow.

Many a smile this adroitness of his occasioned to the lookers-on; but further ridicule was checked by his wo-begone and afflicted look. He was now a mere skeleton, feeble and tottering.

One night in the depth of winter he went into the town where his two sons resided; he had been ill in mind and body during the day, and he fancied that change of scene and society might benefit him. His daughter and son-in-law, in consequence of his illness, watched him so closely, that he could not succeed in getting his usual "glass." This offended him, and he escaped without their knowledge to the son who kept the inn. On arriving there, he went up stairs, and by a *douceur* to the waiter, got a large tumbler filled with spirits. The lingering influences of a conscience that generally felt strongly on the

side of moral duty, though poorly instructed, prompted him to drink it in the usual manner, by keeping one-half of his body, as nearly as he could guess, out of the window, that it might be said he drank it neither in nor out of the house. He had scarcely finished his draught, however, when he lost his balance, and was precipitated upon the pavement. The crash of his fall was heard in the bar, and his son, who had just come in, ran, along with several others, to ascertain what had happened. They found him, however, only severely stunned. He was immediately brought in, and medical aid sent for; but, though he recovered from the immediate effects of the fall, the shock it gave to his broken constitution, and his excessive grief, carried him off in a few months afterwards. He expired in the arms of his son and daughter, and amidst the tears of those who knew his simplicity of character, his goodness of heart, and his attachment to the wife by whose death that heart had been broken.

Such was the melancholy end of the honest and warm-hearted Peter Connell, who, unhappily, was not a solitary instance of a man driven to habits of intoxication and neglect of business by the force of sorrow, which time and a well-regulated mind might otherwise have overcome. We have held him up, on the one hand, as an example of worthy imitation in that industry and steadiness which, under the direction of his wife, raised him from poverty to independence and wealth; and, on the other, as a man resorting to the use of spirituous liquors that he might be

enabled to support affliction—a course which, so far from having sustained him under it, shattered his constitution, shortened his life, and destroyed his happiness. In conclusion, we wish our countrymen of Peter's class would imitate him in his better qualities, and try to avoid his failings.

THE LIANHAN SHEE

One summer evening Mary Sullivan was sitting at her own well-swept hearthstone, knitting feet to a pair of sheep's-grey stockings for Bartley, her husband. It was one of those serene evenings in the month of June, when the decline of day assumes a calmness and repose, resembling what we might suppose to have irradiated Eden, when our first parents sat in it before their fall. The beams of the sun shone through the windows in clear shafts of amber light, exhibiting millions of those atoms which float to the naked eye within its mild radiance. The dog lay barking in his dream at her feet, and the grey cat sat purring placidly upon his back, from which even his occasional agitation did not dislodge her.

Mrs. Sullivan was the wife of a wealthy farmer, and niece to the Rev. Felix O'Rourke; her kitchen was consequently large, comfortable, and warm. Over where she sat, jutted out the "brace" well lined with bacon; to the right hung a well-scoured salt-box, and to the left was the jamb, with its little gothic paneless window to admit the light. Within it hung several ash rungs, seasoning for flail-sooples, or boulteens, a dozen of eel-skins, and several stripes of horse-skin, as hangings for them. The dresser was a "parfit white," and well furnished with the usual

appurtenances. Over the door and on the "threshel," were nailed, "for luck," two horse-shoes; that had been found by accident. In a little "hole" in the wall, beneath the salt-box, lay a bottle of holy water to keep the place purified; and against the cope-stone of the gable, on the outside, grew a large lump of house-leek, as a specific for sore eyes, and other maladies.

In the corner of the garden were a few stalks of tansy "to kill the thievin' worms in the childhre, the crathurs," together with a little Rose-noble, Solomon's Seal, and Bugloss, each for some medicinal purpose. The "lime wather" Mrs. Sullivan could make herself, and the "bog bane" for the *linh roe*,[83] or heart-burn, grew in their own meadow-drain; so that, in fact, she had within her reach a very decent pharmacopœia, perhaps as harmless as that of the profession itself. Lying on the top of the salt-box was a bunch of fairy flax, and sewed in the folds of her own scapular was the dust of what had once been a four-leaved shamrock, an invaluable specific "for seein' the good people," if they happened to come within the bounds of vision. Over the door in the inside, over the beds, and over the cattle in the out-houses, were placed branches of withered palm, that had been consecrated by the priest on Palm Sunday; and when the cows happened to calve, this good woman tied, with her own hands, a woollen thread about their tails, to prevent them from being overlooked by evil eyes, or *elf-shot*[84] by the fairies, who seem to possess a peculiar power over females of every species

during the period of parturition. It is unnecessary to mention the variety of charms which she possessed for that obsolete malady the colic, for tooth-ach, head-achs, or for removing warts, and taking motes out of the eyes; let it suffice to inform our readers that she was well stocked with them; and that in addition to this, she, together with her husband, drank a potion made up and administered by an herb-doctor, for preventing for ever the slightest misunderstanding or quarrel between man and wife. Whether it produced this desirable object or not our readers may conjecture, when we add, that the herb-doctor, after having taken a very liberal advantage of their generosity, was immediately compelled to disappear from the neighbourhood, in order to avoid meeting with Bartley, who had a sharp look out for him, not exactly on his own account, but "in regard," he said, "that it had no effect upon *Mary*, at all at all;" whilst Mary, on the other hand, admitted its efficacy upon herself, but maintained, "that *Bartley* was worse nor ever afther it."

Such was Mary Sullivan, as she sat at her own hearth, quite alone engaged as we have represented her. What she may have been meditating on we cannot pretend to ascertain; but after some time, she looked sharply into the "backstone," or hob, with an air of anxiety and alarm. By and by she suspended her knitting, and listened with much earnestness, leaning her right ear over to the hob, from whence the sounds to which she paid such deep attention proceeded. At length

she crossed herself devoutly, and exclaimed, "Queen of saints about us!—is it back ye are? Well sure there's no use in talkin', bekase they say you know what's said of you, or to you—an' we may as well spake yez fair.—Hem—musha yez are welcome back, crickets, avourneenee! I hope that, not like the last visit ye ped us, yez are comin' for luck now! Moolyeen[35] died, any way, soon afther your other *kailyee,*[36] ye crathurs ye. Here's the bread, an' the salt, an' the male for yez, an' we wish ye well. Eh?—saints above, if it isn't listenin' they are jist like a Christhien! Wurrah, but ye are the wise an' the quare crathurs all out!"

She then shook a little holy water over the hob, and muttered to herself an Irish charm or prayer against the evils which crickets are often supposed by the peasantry to bring with them, and requested, still in the words of the charm, that their presence might, on that occasion, rather be a presage of good fortune to man and beast belonging to her.

"There now, ye *dhonans*[37] ye, sure ye can't say that ye're ill-thrated here, anyhow, or ever was mocked or made game of in the same family. You have got your hansel, an' full an' plenty of it; hopin' at the same time that you'll have no rason in life to cut our best clothes from revinge. Sure an' I didn't desarve to have my brave stuff *long body*[38] riddled the way it was, the last time ye wor here, an' only bekase little Barny, that has but the sinse of a *gorsoon,* tould yez in a joke to pack off wid yourselves somewhere else. Musha, never

heed what the likes of him says; sure he's but a *caudy,*[39] that doesn't mane ill, only the bit o' divarsion wid yez."

She then resumed her knitting, occasionally stopping, as she changed her needles, to listen, with her ear set, as if she wished to augur from the nature of their chirping, whether they came for good or evil. This, however, seemed to be beyond her faculty of translating their language; for after sagely shaking her head two or three times, she knit more busily than before.[40]

At this moment, the shadow of a person passing the house darkened the window opposite which she sat, and immediately a tall female, of a wild dress and aspect, entered the kitchen.

"*Gho manhy dhea ghud, a ban chohr!* the blessin' o' goodness upon you, dacent woman," said Mrs. Sullivan, addressing her in those kindly phrases so peculiar to the Irish language.

Instead of making her any reply, however, the woman, whose eye glistened with a wild depth of meaning, exclaimed in low tones, apparently of much anguish, "*Husht, husht, dherum!* husht, husht, I say—let me alone—I will do it—will you husht? I will, I say—I will—there now—that's it—be quiet, an' I will do it—be quiet!" and as she thus spoke, she turned her face back over her left shoulder, as if some invisible being dogged her steps, and stood bending over her.

"*Gho manhy dhea ghud, a ban chohr, dherhum areesht!* the blessin' o' God on you, honest woman, I say again," said Mrs. Sullivan, repeating that

sacred form of salutation with which the peasantry address each other. "'Tis a fine evenin', honest woman, glory be to him that sent the same, and amin! If it was cowld, I'd be axin' you to draw your chair in to the fire; but, any way, won't you sit down?"

As she ceased speaking, the piercing eye of the strange woman became rivetted on her with a glare, which, whilst it startled Mrs. Sullivan, seemed full of an agony that almost abstracted her from external life. It was not, however, so wholly absorbing as to prevent it from expressing a marked interest, whether for good or evil, in the woman who addressed her so hospitably.

"Husht, now—husht," she said, as if aside—"husht, won't you—sure I may speak *the thing* to her—you said it—there now, husht!" And then fastening her dark eyes on Mrs. Sullivan, she smiled bitterly and mysteriously.

"I know you well," she said, without, however, returning the *blessing* contained in the usual reply to Mrs. Sullivan's salutation—"I know you well, Mary Sullivan—husht, now, husht—yes, I know you well, and the power of all that you carry about you; but you'd be better than you are—and that's well enough *now*—if you had sense to know—ah, ah, ah!—what's this!" she exclaimed abruptly, with three distinct shrieks, that seemed to be produced by sensations of sharp and piercing agony.

"In the name of goodness, what's over you, honest woman?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan, as she

started from her chair, and ran to her in a state of alarm, bordering on terror—"Is it sick you are?"

The woman's face had got haggard, and its features distorted; but in a few minutes they resumed their peculiar expression of settled wildness and mystery. "Sick!" she replied, licking her parched lips, "*awirck, awirck!* look! look!" and she pointed with a shudder that almost convulsed her whole frame, to a lump that rose on her shoulders; this, be it what it might, was covered with a red cloak, closely pinned and tied with great caution about her body—"'tis here!—I have it!"

"Blessed mother!" exclaimed Mrs. Sullivan, tottering over to her chair, as finished a picture of horror as the eye could witness, "this day's Friday: the saints stand betwixt me an' all harm! Oh, holy Mary, protect me! *Nhanim an airh,*" in the name of the Father &c., and she forthwith proceeded to bless herself, which she did thirteen times in honour of the blessed virgin and the twelve apostles.

"Ay, it's as you see!" replied the stranger, bitterly. "It is here—husht, now—husht, I say—I will say *the thing* to her, mayn't I? Ay, indeed, Mary Sullivan, 'tis with me always—always. Well, well, no, I won't, I won't—easy. Oh, blessed saints, easy, and I won't!"

In the meantime Mrs. Sullivan had uncorked her bottle of holy water, and plentifully bedewed herself with it, as a preservative against this mysterious woman and her dreadful secret.

"Blessed mother above!" she ejaculated, "the *Lianhan Shee!*" And as she spoke, with the holy water in the palm of her hand, she advanced cautiously, and with great terror, to throw it upon the stranger and the unearthly thing she bore.

"Don't attempt it!" shouted the other, in tones of mingled fierceness and terror; "do you want to give *me* pain without keeping *yourself* anything at all safer? Don't you know *it* doesn't care about your holy water? But I'd suffer for it, an' perhaps so would you."

Mrs. Sullivan, terrified by the agitated looks of the woman, drew back with affright, and threw the holy water with which she intended to purify the other on her own person.

"Why thin, you lost crathur, who or what are you at all?—don't, don't—for the sake of all the saints and angels of heaven, don't come next or near me—keep your distance—but what are you, or how did you come to get that 'good thing' you carry about wid you?"

"Ay, indeed!" replied the woman bitterly, "as if I would or could tell you that! I say, you woman, you're doing what's not right in asking me a question you ought not let to cross your lips—look to yourself, and what's over you."

The simple woman, thinking her meaning literal, almost leaped off her seat with terror, and turned up her eyes to ascertain whether or not any dreadful appearance had approached her, or hung over her where she sat.

"Woman," said she, "I spoke you kind an' fair, an' I wish you well—but——"

"But what?" replied the other—and her eyes kindled into deep and profound excitement, apparently upon very slight grounds.

"Why—hem—nothin' at all sure, only"——

"Only what?" asked the stranger, with a face of anguish that seemed to torture every feature out of its proper lineaments.

"Dacent woman," said Mrs. Sullivan, whilst the hair began to stand with terror upon her head, "sure it's no wondher in life that I'm in a perplexity, whin a *Lianhan Shee* is undher the one roof wid me. 'Tisn't that I want to know anything at all about it—the dear forbid I should; but I never hard of a person bein' tormented wid it as you are. I always used to hear the people say that it thrated its friends well."

"Husht!" said the woman, looking wildly over her shoulder, "I'll not tell: it's on myself I'll leave the blame! Why, will you never pity me? Am I to be night and day tormented? Oh, you're wicked and cruel for no reason!"

"Thry," said Mrs. Sullivan, "an' bless yourself; call on God."

"Ah!" shouted the other, "are you going to get me killed?" and as she uttered the words, a spasmodic working which must have occasioned great pain, even to torture, became audible in her throat: her bosom heaved up and down, and her head was bent repeatedly on her breast, as if by force.

"Don't mention that name," said she, "in my presence, except you mean to drive me to utter distraction. I mean," she continued, after con-

siderable effort to recover her former tone and manner—"hear me with attention—I mean, woman—you, Mary Sullivan—that if you mention that holy name, you might as well keep plunging sharp knives into my heart! Husht! peace to me for one minute, tormentor! Spare me something, I'm in your power!"

"Will you ate anything?" said Mrs. Sullivan; "poor crathur, you look like hunger an' distress; there's enough in the house, blessed be them that sent it! an' you had betther thry an' take some nourishment, any way;" and she raised her eyes in a silent prayer of relief and ease for the unhappy woman, whose unhallowed association had, in her opinion, sealed her doom.

"Will I?—will I?—oh!" she replied, "may you never know misery for offering it! Oh, bring me something—some refreshment—some food—for I'm dying with hunger."

Mrs. Sullivan, who, with all her superstition, was remarkable for charity and benevolence, immediately placed food and drink before her, which the stranger absolutely devoured—taking care occasionally to secrete under the protuberance which appeared behind her neck, a portion of what she ate. This, however, she did, not by stealth, but openly; merely taking means to prevent the concealed thing, from being, by any possible accident, discovered.

When the craving of hunger was satisfied, she appeared to suffer less from the persecution of her tormentor than before; whether it was, as Mrs. Sullivan thought, that the food with which

she plied it, appeased in some degree its irritability, or lessened that of the stranger, it was difficult to say; at all events, she became more composed; her eyes resumed somewhat of a natural expression; each sharp ferocious glare, which shot from them with such intense and rapid flashes, partially disappeared; her knit brows dilated, and part of a forehead, which had once been capacious and handsome, lost the contractions which deformed it by deep wrinkles. Altogether the change was evident, and very much relieved Mrs. Sullivan, who could not avoid observing it.

"It's not that I care much about it, if you'd think it not right o' me, but it's odd enough for you to keep the lower part of your face muffled up in that black cloth, an' then your forehead, too, is covered down on your face a bit? If they're part of the *bargain,*"—and she shuddered at the thought—"between you an' anything that's not good—hem!—I think you'd do well to throw thim off o' you, an' turn to thim that can protect you from everything that's bad. Now a scapular would keep all the divils in hell from one; an' if you'd"——

On looking at the stranger she hesitated, for the wild expression of her eyes began to return.

"Don't begin my punishment again," replied the woman; "make no allus—don't make mention in my presence of anything that's good. Husht,—husht—it's beginning—easy now—easy! No," said she, "I came to tell you, that only for my breaking a vow I made to this thing

upon me, I'd be happy instead of miserable with it. I say, it's a good thing to have, if the person will use this bottle," she added, producing one, "as I will direct them."

"I wouldn't wish, for my part," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "to have any thing to do wid it—neither act nor part;" and she crossed herself devoutly on contemplating such an unholy alliance as that at which her companion hinted.

"Mary Sullivan," replied the other, "I can put good fortune and happiness in the way of you and yours. It is for you the good is intended; if *you* don't get both, *no other* can," and her eyes kindled as she spoke like those of the Pythoness in the moment of inspiration.

Mrs. Sullivan looked at her with awe, fear, and a strong mixture of curiosity; she had often heard that the *Lianhan Shee* had, through means of the person to whom it was bound, conferred wealth upon several, although it could never render this important service to those who exercised direct authority over it. She therefore experienced something like a conflict between her fears and a love of that wealth, the possession of which was so plainly intimated to her.

"The money," said she, "would be one thing, but to have the *Lianhan Shee* planted over a body's shouldher—och! the saints preserve us!—no, not for oceans of hard goold would I have it in my company one minnit. But in regard to the money—hem!—why, if it could be managed widout havin' act or part wid *that thing*, people would do anything in rason and fairity."

"You have this day been kind to me," replied the woman, "and that's what I can't say of many—dear help me!—husht! Every door is shut in my face! Does not every cheek get pale when I am seen? If I meet a fellow-creature on the road, they turn into the field to avoid me; if I ask for food, it's to a deaf ear I speak; if I am thirsty, they send me to the river. What house would shelter me? In cold, in hunger, in drought, in storm, and in tempest, I am alone and unfriended, hated, feared, an' avoided; starving in the winter's cold, and burning in the summer's heat. All this is my fate here; and—oh! oh! oh!—have mercy, tormentor—have mercy! I will not lift my thoughts *there* —I'll keep the paction—but spare me *now!*"

She turned round as she spoke, seeming to follow an invisible object, or, perhaps, attempting to get a more complete view of the mysterious being which exercised such a terrible and painful influence over her. Mrs. Sullivan, also, kept her eye fixed upon the lump, and actually believed that she saw it move. Fear of incurring the displeasure of what it contained, and a superstitious reluctance harshly to thrust a person from her door who had eaten of her food, prevented her from desiring the woman to depart.

"In the name of Goodness," she replied, "I will have nothing to do wid your gift. Providence, blessed be his name, has done well for me an' mine; an' it mightn't be right to go beyant what it has pleased *him* to give me."

"A rational sentiment!—I mean there's good sense in what you say," answered the stranger: "but you need not be afraid," and she accompanied the expression by holding up the bottle and kneeling: "now," she added, "listen to me, and judge for yourself, if what I say, when I swear it, can be a lie." She then proceeded to utter oaths of the most solemn nature, the purport of which was to assure Mrs. Sullivan that drinking of the bottle would be attended with no danger.

"You see this little bottle, drink it. Oh, for my sake and your own, drink it; it will give wealth without end, to you, and to all belonging to you. Take one-half of it before sunrise, and the other half when he goes down. You must stand while drinking it, with your face to the east, in the morning; and at night, to the west. Will you promise to do this?"

"How would drinkin' the bottle get me money?" inquired Mrs. Sullivan, who certainly felt a strong tendency of heart to the wealth.

"That I can't tell you now, nor would you understand it, even if I could; but you will know all when what I say is complied with."

"Keep your bottle, dacent woman. I wash my hands out of it: the saints above guard me from the timptation! I'm sure it's not right, for as I'm a sinner, 'tis gettin' stronger every minute widin me? Keep it! I'm loth to bid any one that *ett* o' my bread to go from my hearth, but if you go, I'll make it worth

your while. Saints above, what's comin' over me. In my whole life I never had such a hankerin' afther money! Well, well, but it's quare entirely!"

"Will you drink it!" asked her companion. "If it does hurt or harm to you or yours, or anything but good, may what is hanging over me be fulfilled!" and she extended a thin, but, considering her years, not ungraceful arm, in the act of holding out the bottle to her kind entertainer.

"For the sake of all that's good and gracious take it without scruple—it is not hurtful, a child might drink every drop that's in it. Oh, for the sake of all you love, and of all that love you, take it!" and as she urged her, the tears streamed down her cheeks.

"No, no," replied Mrs. Sullivan, "it'll never cross my lips; not if it made me as rich as ould Hendherson, that airs his guineas in the sun, for fraid they'd get light by lyin' past."

"I entreat you to take it?" said the strange woman.

"Never, never!—once for all—I say, I won't; so spare your breath."

The firmness of the good housewife was not, in fact, to be shaken; so, after exhausting all the motives and arguments with which she could urge the accomplishment of her design, the strange woman, having again put the bottle into her bosom, prepared to depart.

She had now once more become calm, and resumed her seat with the languid air of one

who has suffered much exhaustion and excitement. She put her hand upon her forehead for a few moments, as if collecting her faculties, or endeavouring to remember the purport of their previous conversation. A slight moisture had broken through her skin, and altogether, notwithstanding her avowed criminality in entering into an unholy bond, she appeared an object of deep compassion.

In a moment, her manner changed again, and her eyes blazed out once more, as she asked her alarmed hostess:—

"Again, Mary Sullivan, will you take the gift that I have it in my power to give you? ay or no? speak, poor mortal, if you know what is for your own good?"

Mrs. Sullivan's fears, however, had overcome her love of money, particularly as she thought that wealth obtained in such a manner could not prosper; her only objection being to the means of acquiring it.

"Oh!" said the stranger, "am I doomed never to meet with any one who will take the promise off me by drinking of this bottle. Oh! but I am unhappy! What it is to fear—ah! ah!—and keep *his* commandments. Had *I* done so in my youthful time, I wouldn't now—ah—merciful mother, is there no relief? kill me, tormentor; kill me outright, for surely the pangs of eternity cannot be greater than those you now make me suffer. Woman," said she, and her muscles stood out in extraordinary energy—"woman, Mary Sullivan—ay, if you should kill me—blast

me—where I stand, I will say the word—woman —you have daughters—teach them—to fear —" Having got so far, she stopped—her bosom heaved up and down—her frame shook dreadfully—her eye-balls became lurid and fiery—her hands were clenched, and the spasmodic throes of inward convulsion worked the white froth up to her mouth; at length she suddenly became like a statue, with this wild supernatural expression intense upon her, and with an awful calmness, by far more dreadful than excitement could be, concluded by pronouncing in deep husky tones, the name of God.

Having accomplished this with such a powerful struggle, she turned round with pale despair in her countenance and manner, and with streaming eyes slowly departed, leaving Mrs. Sullivan in a situation not at all to be envied.

In a short time the other members of the family, who had been out at their evening employments, returned. Bartley, her husband, having entered somewhat sooner than his three daughters from milking, was the first to come in; presently the girls followed, and in a few minutes they sat down to supper, together with the servants, who dropped in one by one, after the toil of the day. On placing themselves about the table, Bartley as usual took his seat at the head; but Mrs. Sullivan, instead of occupying hers, sat at the fire in a state of uncommon agitation. Every two or three minutes she would cross herself devoutly, and mutter such prayers against spiritual influences of an evil

nature, as she could compose herself to remember.

"Thin, why don't you come to your supper, Mary," said the husband, "while the sowans are warm? Brave and thick they are this night, any way."

His wife was silent, for so strong a hold had the strange woman and her appalling secret upon her mind, that it was not till he repeated his question three or four times—raising his head with surprise, and asking, "Eh, thin Mary, what's come over you—is it unwell you are?"—that she noticed what he said.

"Supper!" she exclaimed, "unwell! 'tis a good right I have to be unwell,—I hope nothin' bad will happen, any way. Feel my face, Nannie," she added, addressing one of her daughters, "it's as cowld an' wet as a lime-stone—ay, an' if you found me a corpse before you, it wouldn't be at all strange."

There was a general pause at the seriousness of this intimation. The husband rose from his supper, and went up to the hearth where she sat.

"Turn round to the light," said he; "why, Mary dear, in the name of wondher, what ails you? for you're like a corpse sure enough. Can't you tell us what has happened, or what put you in such a state? Why, childhre, the cowld sweat's teemin' off her!"

The poor woman, unable to sustain the shock produced by her interview with the stranger, found herself getting more weak, and requested

a drink of water; but before it could be put to her lips, she laid her head upon the back of the chair and fainted. Grief, and uproar, and confusion, followed this alarming incident. The presence of mind, so necessary on such occasions, was wholly lost; one ran here, and another there, all jostling against each other, without being cool enough to render her proper assistance. The daughters were in tears, and Bartley himself was dreadfully shocked by seeing his wife apparently lifeless before him.

She soon recovered, however, and relieved them from the apprehension of her death, which they thought had actually taken place. "Mary," said the husband, "something quare entirely has happened, or you wouldn't be in this state!"

"Did any of you see a strange woman lavin' the house, a minute or two before ye came in?" she inquired.

"No," they replied, "not a stim of any one did we see."

"Wurrah dheelish! No?—now is it possible ye didn't?" She then described her, but all declared they had seen no such person.

"Bartley, whisper," said she, and beckoning him over to her, in few words she revealed the secret. The husband grew pale and crossed himself. "Mother of Saints! childhre," said he "a *Lianhan Shee!*" The words were no sooner uttered, than every countenance assumed the pallidness of death; and every right hand was raised in the act of blessing the person, and crossing

the forehead. "*The Lianhan Shee!!*" all exclaimed in fear and horror—"This day's Friday, God betwixt us an' harm!"[41]

It was now after dusk, and the hour had already deepened into the darkness of a calm, moonless, summer night; the hearth, therefore, in a short time, became surrounded by a circle, consisting of every person in the house; the door was closed and securely bolted;—a struggle for the safest seat took place; and to Bartley's shame be it spoken, he lodged himself on the hob within the jamb, as the most distant situation from the fearful being known as the *Lianhan Shee.* The recent terror, however, brooded over them all; their topic of conversation was the mysterious visit, of which Mrs. Sullivan gave a painfully accurate detail; whilst every ear of those who composed her audience was set, and every single hair of their heads bristled up, as if awakened into distinct life by the story. Bartley looked into the fire soberly, except when the cat, in prowling about the dresser, electrified him into a start of fear, which sensation went round every link of the living chain about the hearth.

The next day the story spread through the whole neighbourhood, accumulating in interest and incident as it went. Where it received the touches, embellishments, and emendations, with which it was amplified, it would be difficult to say; every one told it, forsooth, *exactly* as he heard it from another; but indeed it is not improbable, that those through whom it passed, were unconscious of the additions it had received

at their hands. It is not unreasonable to suppose, that imagination in such cases often colours highly without a premeditated design of falsehood. Fear and dread, however, accompanied its progress; such families as had neglected to keep holy water in their houses borrowed some from their neighbours; every old prayer which had become rusty from disuse, was brightened up—charms were hung about the necks of cattle—and gospels about those of children—crosses were placed over the doors and windows;—no unclean water was thrown out before sun-rise or after dusk—

"E'en those prayed now who never prayed before,
And those who always prayed, still prayed the more."

The inscrutable woman who caused such general dismay in the parish, was an object of much pity. Avoided, feared, and detested, she could find no rest for her weary feet, nor any shelter for her unprotected head. If she was seen approaching a house, the door and windows were immediately closed against her; if met on the way she was avoided as a pestilence. How she lived no one could tell, for none would permit themselves to know. It was asserted that she existed without meat or drink, and that she was doomed to remain possessed of life, the prey of hunger and thirst, until she could get some one weak enough to break the spell by drinking her hellish draught, to taste which, they said, would be to change places with herself, and assume her despair and misery.

There had lived in the country about six months before her appearance in it, a man named Stephenson. He was unmarried, and the last of his family. This person led a solitary and secluded life, and exhibited during the last years of his existence strong symptoms of eccentricity, which for some months before his death, assumed a character of unquestionable derangement. He was found one morning hanging by a halter in his own stable, where he had, under the influence of his malady, committed suicide. At this time the public press had not, as now, familiarised the minds of the people to that dreadful crime, and it was consequently looked upon *then* with an intensity of horror, of which we can scarcely entertain any adequate notion. His farm remained unoccupied, for while an acre of land could be obtained in any other quarter, no man would enter upon such unhallowed premises. The house was locked up, and it was currently reported that Stephenson and the devil each night repeated the hanging scene in the stable; and that when the former was committing the "hopeless sin," the halter slipped several times from the beam of the stable-loft, when Satan came, in the shape of a dark-complexioned man with a hollow voice, and secured the rope until Stephenson's end was accomplished.

In this stable did the wanderer take up her residence at night; and when we consider the belief of the people in the night-scenes which were supposed to occur in it, we need not be

surprised at the new feature of horror which this circumstance superadded to her character. Her presence and appearance in the parish were dreadful; a public outcry was soon raised against her, which, were it not from fear of her power over their lives and cattle, might have ended in her death. None, however, had courage to grapple with her, or to attempt expelling her by violence, lest a signal vengeance might be taken on any who dared to injure a woman that could call in the terrible aid of the *Lianhan Shee.*

In this state of feeling they applied to the parish priest, who, on hearing the marvellous stories related concerning her, and on questioning each man closely upon his authority, could perceive, that, like most other reports, they were to be traced principally to the imagination and fears of the people. He ascertained, however, enough from Bartley Sullivan to justify a belief that there was something certainly uncommon about the woman; and being of a cold, phlegmatic disposition, with some humour, he desired them to go home, if they were wise—he shook his head mysteriously as he spoke—"and do the woman no injury, if they didn't wish"—and with this abrupt hint he sent them about their business.

This, however, did not satisfy them. In the same parish lived a suspended priest, called Father Philip O'Dallaghy, who supported himself, as most of them do, by curing certain diseases of the people—miraculously! He had

no other means of subsistence, nor, indeed, did he seem strongly devoted to life, or to the pleasures it afforded. He was not addicted to those intemperate habits which characterise "Blessed Priests" in general; spirits he never tasted, nor any food that could be termed a luxury, or even a comfort. His communion with the people was brief, and marked by a tone of severe contemptuous misanthropy. He seldom stirred abroad except during morning, or in the evening twilight, when he might be seen gliding amidst the coming darkness, like a dissatisfied spirit. His life was an austere one, and his devotional practices were said to be of the most remorseful character. Such a man, in fact, was calculated to hold a powerful sway over the prejudices and superstitions of the people. This was true. His power was considered almost unlimited, and his life one that would not disgrace the highest saint in the calendar. There were not wanting some persons in the parish who hinted that Father Felix O'Rourke, the parish priest, was himself rather reluctant to incur the displeasure, or challenge the power of the *Lianhan Shee,* by driving its victim out of the parish. The opinion of theses persons was, in its distinct unvarnished reality, that Father Felix absolutely showed the white feather on this critical occasion—that he became shy, and begged leave to decline being introduced to this intractable pair—seeming to intimate that he did not at all relish adding them to the stock of his acquaintances.

Father Philip they considered as a decided con-

trast to him on this point. His stern and severe manner, rugged, and, when occasion demanded, daring, they believed suitable to the qualities requisite for sustaining such an interview. They accordingly waited on him; and after Bartley and his friends had given as faithful a report of the circumstances as, considering all things, could be expected, he told Bartley he would hear from Mrs. Sullivan's own lips the authentic narrative. This was quite satisfactory, and what was expected from him. As for himself, he appeared to take no particular interest in the matter, further than that of allaying the ferment and alarm which had spread through the parish.

"Plase your Reverence," said Bartley, "she came in to Mary, and she alone in the house, and for the matther o' that, I believe she laid hands upon her, and tossed and tumbled the crathur, and she but a sickly woman, through the four corners of the house. Not that Mary lets an so much, for she's afeard; but I know from her way, when she spakes about her, that it's thruth, your Reverence."

"But didn't the *Lianhan Shee,*" said one of them, "put a sharp-pointed knife to her breast, wid a divilish intintion of makin' her give the best of atin' an' dhrinkin' the house afforded?"

"She got the victuals, to a sartinty," replied Bartley, "and 'overlooked' my woman for her pains; for she's not the picture of herself since."

Every one now told some magnified and terrible circumstance, illustrating the formidable power of the Lianhan Shee.

When they had finished, the sarcastic lip of the priest curled into an expression of irony and contempt; his brow which was naturally black and heavy, darkened; and a keen, but rather a ferocious-looking eye shot forth a glance, which, while it intimated disdain for those to whom it was directed, spoke also of a dark and troubled spirit in himself. The man seemed to brook with scorn the degrading situation of a religious quack, to which some incontrollable destiny had doomed him.

"I shall see your wife to-morrow," said he to Bartley; "and after hearing the plain account of what happened, I will consider what is best to be done with this dark, perhaps unhappy, perhaps guilty character; but whether dark, or unhappy, or guilty, I, for one, should not, and will not, avoid her. Go, and bring me word to-morrow evening, when I can see her on the following day. Begone!"

When they withdrew, Father Philip paced his room for some time in silence and anxiety.

"Ay," said he, "infatuated people! sunk in superstition and ignorance, yet, perhaps, happier in your degradation than those who, in the pride of knowledge, can only look back upon a life of crime and misery. What is a sceptic? What is an infidel? Men who, when they will not submit to moral restraint, harden themselves into scepticism and infidelity, until, in the headlong career of guilt, that which was first adopted to lull the outcry of conscience, is supported by the pretended pride of principle. Principle in a

sceptic! Hollow and devilish lie! Would *I* have plunged into scepticism, had I not first violated the moral sanctions of religion? Never. I became an infidel, because I first became a villain! Writhing under a load of guilt, that which I wished might be true, I soon forced myself to think true: and now"—he here clenched his hands and groaned—"now—ay, now—and hereafter—oh, *that* hereafter! Why can I not shake the thoughts of it from my conscience? Religion! Christianity! With all the hardness of an infidel's heart, I feel your truth; because, if every man were the villain that infidelity would make him, then indeed might every man curse God for the existence bestowed upon him—as I would, but dare not do. Yet why can I not believe?—Alas! why should God accept an unrepentant heart? Am I not a hypocrite, mocking him by a guilty pretension to his power, and leading the dark into thicker darkness? Then these hands—blood!—broken vows—ha! ha! ha! Well, go—let misery have its laugh, like the light that breaks from the thunder-cloud. Prefer Voltaire to Christ; sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind, as I have done—ha, ha, ha! Swim, world—swim about me! I have lost the ways of Providence, and am dark! *She* awaits me; but I broke the chain that galled us: yet it still rankles—still rankles!"

The unhappy man threw himself into a chair in a paroxysm of frenzied agony. For more than an hour he sat in the same posture, until he became gradually hardened into a stiff,

lethargic insensibility, callous and impervious to feeling, reason, or religion—an awful transition from a visitation of conscience so terrible as that which he had just suffered. At length he arose, and by walking moodily about, relapsed into his usual gloomy and restless character.

When Bartley went home, he communicated to his wife Father Philip's intention of calling on the following day, to hear a correct account of the *Lianhan Shee.*

"Why, thin," said she, "I'm glad of it, for I intinded myself to go to him, any way, to get my new scapular consecrated. How-an'-ever, as he's to come, I'll get a set of gospels for the boys an' girls, an' he can consecrate all when his hand's in. Aroon, Bartley, they say that man's so holy that he can do anything—ay, melt a body off the face o' the earth, like snow off a ditch. Dear me, but the power they have is strange all out!"

"There's no use in gettin' him anything to ate or dhrink," replied Bartley; "he wouldn't take a glass o' whiskey once in seven years. Throth, myself thinks he's a little too dhry; sure he might be holy enough, an' yet take a sup of an odd time. There's Father Felix, an' though we all know he's far from bein' so blessed a man as him, yet he has friendship an' neighbourliness in him, an' never refuses a glass in rason."

"But do you know what I was tould about Father Philip, Bartley?"

"I'll tell you that afther I hear it, Mary, my

woman; you won't expect me to tell what I don't know?—ha, ha, ha!"

"Behave, Bartley, an' quit your jokin' now, at all evints; keep it till we're talkin' of somethin' else, an' don't let us be committin' sin, maybe, while we're spakin' of what we're spakin' about; but they say it's as thrue as the sun to the dial; —the Lent afore last itself it was,—he never tasted mate or dhrink durin' the whole seven weeks! Oh, you needn't stare! it's well known by thim that has as much sinse as you—no, not so much as you'd carry on the point o' this knittin'-needle. Well, sure the housekeeper an' the two sarvants wondhered—faix, they couldn't do less—an' took it into their heads to watch him closely; an' what do you think—blessed be all the saints above!—what do you think they *seen?*"

"The Goodness above knows; for me—I don't."

"Why, thin, whin he was asleep they seen a small silk thread in his mouth, that came down through the ceilin' from heaven, an' he suckin' it, just as a child would his mother's breast whin the crathur 'ud be asleep: so that was the way he was supported by the angels! An' I remimber myself, though he's a dark, spare, yallow man at all times, yet he never looked half so fat an' rosy as he did the same Lent!"

"Glory be to Heaven! Well, well—*it is* sthrange the power they have! As for him, I'd as *lee* meet St. Pether, or St. Pathrick himself, as him; for one can't but fear him, somehow."

"Fear him! Och, it 'ud be the pity o' thim

that 'ud do anything to vex or anger that man. Why, his very look 'ud wither thim, till there wouldn't be the thrack[42] o' thim on the earth; an' as for his curse, why it 'ud scorch thim to ashes!"

As it was generally known that Father Philip was to visit Mrs. Sullivan the next day, in order to hear an account of the mystery which filled the parish with such fear, a very great number of the parishioners were assembled in and about Bartley's long before he made his appearance. At length he was seen walking slowly down the road, with an open book in his hand, on the pages of which he looked from time to time. When he approached the house, those who were standing about it assembled in a body, and, with one consent, uncovered their heads, and asked his blessing. His appearance bespoke a mind ill at ease; his face was haggard, and his eyes bloodshot. On seeing the people kneel, he smiled with his usual bitterness, and, shaking his hand with an air of impatience over them, muttered some words, rather in mockery of the ceremony than otherwise. They then rose, and blessing themselves, put on their hats, rubbed the dust off their knees, and appeared to think themselves recruited by a peculiar accession of grace.

On entering the house the same form was repeated; and when it was over, the best chair was placed for him by Mary's own hands, and the fire stirred up, and a line of respect drawn, within which none was to intrude, lest he might feel in any degree incommoded.

"My good neighbour," said he to Mrs. Sullivan, "what strange woman is this, who has thrown the parish into such a ferment? I'm told she paid you a visit? Pray sit down."

"I humbly thank your Reverence," said Mary, curtseying lowly, "but I'd rather not sit, Sir, if you plase. I hope I know what respect manes, your Reverence. Barny Bradagh, I'll thank you to stand up, if you plase, an' his Reverence to the fore, Barny."

"I ax your Reverence's pardon, an' yours, too, Mrs. Sullivan: sure we didn't mane the disrespect, any how, Sir, plase your Reverence."

"About this woman, and the *Lianhan Shee?*" said the priest, without noticing Barny's apology. "Pray what do you precisely understand by a *Lianhan Shee?*"

"Why, Sir," replied Mary, "some sthrange bein' from the good people, or fairies, that sticks to some persons. There's a bargain, Sir, your Reverence, made atween thim; an' the divil, Sir, that is, the ould boy—the saints about us!—has a hand in it. The *Lianhan Shee,* your Reverence, is never seen only by thim it keeps wid; but—hem!—it always, wid the help of the ould boy, conthrives, Sir, to make the person brake the agreement, an' thin it has *thim* in *its* power; but if they *don't* brake the agreement, thin *it's* in *their* power. If they can get any body to put in their place, they may get out o' the bargain; for they can, of a sartainty, give oceans o' money to people, but can't take any themselves, plase your Reverence. But sure, where's the

use o' me to be tellin' your Reverence what you know betther nor myself?—an' why shouldn't you, or any one that has the power you have?"

He smiled again at this in his own peculiar manner, and was proceeding to inquire more particularly into the nature of the interview between them, when the noise of feet, and sounds of general alarm, accompanied by a rush of people into the house, arrested his attention, and he hastily inquired into the cause of the commotion. Before he could receive a reply, however, the house was almost crowded; and it was not without considerable difficulty that, by the exertions of Mrs. Sullivan and Bartley, sufficient order and quiet were obtained to hear distinctly what was said.

"Plase your Reverence," said several voices at once, "they're comin', hot-foot, into the very house to us! Was ever the likes seen! an' they must know right well, Sir, that you're widin in it."

"Who are coming?" he inquired.

"Why the woman, Sir an' her *good pet,* the *Lianhan Shee,* your Reverence."

"Well," said he, "but why should you all appear so blanched with terror? Let her come in, and we shall see how far she is capable of injuring her fellow-creatures: some maniac," he muttered, in a low soliloquy, "whom the villany of the world has driven into derangement—some victim to a hand like m——. Well, they say there *is* a Providence, yet such things are permitted!"

"He's sayin' a prayer now," observed one of them; "haven't we a good right to be thankful that he's in the place wid us while she's in it, or dear knows what harm she might do us—maybe *rise* the wind!" [43]

As the latter speaker concluded, there was a dead silence. The persons about the door crushed each other backwards, their feet set out before them, and their shoulders laid with violent pressure against those who stood behind, for each felt anxious to avoid all danger of contact with a being against whose power even a blessed priest found it necessary to guard himself by a prayer.

At length a low murmur ran among the people—"Father O'Rourke!—here's Father O'Rourke!—he has turned the corner after her, an' they're both comin' in." Immediately they entered, but it was quite evident from the manner of the worthy priest, that he was unacquainted with the person of this singular being. When they crossed the threshold, the priest advanced, and expressed his surprise at the throng of people assembled.

"Plase your Reverence," said Bartley, "*that's* the woman," nodding significantly towards her as he spoke, but without looking at her person, lest the evil eye he dreaded so much might meet his, and give him "the blast."

The dreaded female, on seeing the house in such a crowded state, started, paused, and glanced with some terror at the persons assembled. Her dress was not altered since her last

visit; but her countenance, though more meagre and emaciated, expressed but little of the unsettled energy which then flashed from her eyes, and distorted her features by the depth of that mysterious excitement by which she had been agitated. Her countenance was still muffled as before, the awful protuberance rose from her shoulders, and the same band which Mrs. Sullivan had alluded to during their interview, was bound about the upper part of her forehead.

She had already stood upwards of two minutes, during which the fall of a feather might be heard, yet none bade God bless her—no kind hand was extended to greet her—no heart warmed in affection towards her; on the contrary, every eye glanced at her, as a being marked with enmity towards God. Blanched faces and knit brows, the signs of fear and hatred, were turned upon her; her breath was considered pestilential, and her touch paralysis. There she stood, proscribed, avoided, and hunted like a tigress, all fearing to encounter, yet wishing to exterminate her! Who could she be?—or what had she done, that the finger of the Almighty marked her out for such a fearful weight of vengeance?

Father Philip rose and advanced a few steps, until he stood confronting her. His person was tall, his features dark, severe, and solemn: and when the nature of the investigation about to take place is considered, it need not be wondered at, that the moment was, to those present, one of deep and impressive interest—such as a visible

conflict between a supposed champion of God and a supernatural being was calculated to excite.

"Woman," said he, in his deep stern voice, "tell me who and what you are, and why you assume a character of such a repulsive and mysterious nature, when it can entail only misery, shame, and persecution on yourself? I conjure you, in the name of Him after whose image you are created, to speak truly?"

He paused, and the tall figure stood mute before him. The silence was dead as death—every breath was hushed—and the persons assembled stood immoveable as statues! Still she spoke not; but the violent heaving of her breast evinced the internal working of some dreadful struggle. Her face before was pale—it was now ghastly; her lips became blue, and her eyes vacant.

"Speak!" said he, "I conjure you in the name of the power by whom you live!"

It is probable that the agitation under which she laboured was produced by the severe effort made to sustain the unexpected trial she had to undergo.

For some minutes her struggle continued; but having begun at its highest pitch, it gradually subsided until it settled in a calmness which appeared fixed and awful as the resolution of despair. With breathless composure she turned round, and put back that part of her dress which concealed her face, except the band on her forehead, which she did not remove; having done this, she turned again, and walked calmly to-

wards Father Philip, with a deadly smile upon her thin lips. When within a step of where he stood, she paused, and rivetting her eyes upon him, exclaimed—

"Who and what am I? The victim of infidelity and you, the bearer of a cursed existence, the scoff and scorn of the world, the monument of a broken vow and a guilty life, a being scourged by the scorpion lash of conscience, blasted by periodical insanity, pelted by the winter's storm, scorched by the summer's heat, withered by starvation, hated by man, and touched into my inmost spirit by the anticipated tortures of future misery. I have no rest for the sole of my foot, no repose for a head distracted by the contemplation of a guilty life; I am the unclean spirit which walketh to seek rest and findeth none; I am—*what you have made me!* Behold," she added, holding up the bottle, "this failed, and I live to accuse you. But no, you are my husband—though our union was but a guilty form, and I will bury that in silence. You thought me dead, and you flew to avoid punishment—did you avoid it? No; the finger of God has written pain and punishment upon your brow. I have been in all characters, in all shapes, have spoken with the tongue of a peasant, moved in my natural sphere; but my knees were smitten, my brain stricken, and the wild malady which banishes me from society has been upon me for years. Such I am, and such I say, have you made me. As for you, kind-hearted woman, there was nothing in this bottle but pure water.

The interval of reason returned this day, and having remembered glimpses of our conversation, I came to apologise to you, and to explain the nature of my unhappy distemper, and to beg a little bread, which I have not tasted for two days. I at times conceive myself attended by an evil spirit, shaped out by a guilty conscience, and this is the only familiar which attends me, and by it I have been dogged into madness through every turning of life. Whilst it lasts I am subject to spasms and convulsive starts which are exceedingly painful. The lump on my back is the robe I wore when innocent in my peaceful convent."

The intensity of general interest was now transferred to Father Philip; every face was turned towards him, but he cared not. A solemn stillness yet prevailed among all present. From the moment she spoke, her eye drew his with the power of a basilisk. His pale face became like marble, not a muscle moved; and when she ceased speaking, his blood-shot eyes were still fixed upon her countenance with a gloomy calmness like that which precedes a tempest. They stood before each other, dreadful counterparts in guilt, for truly his spirit was as dark as hers.

At length he glanced angrily around him:— "Well," said he, "what is it now, ye poor infatuated wretches, to trust in the sanctity *of man?* Learn from me to place the same confidence *in God* which you place in his *guilty creatures,* and you will not lean on a broken reed. Father O'Rourke, you, too, witness my disgrace,

but not my punishment. It is pleasant, no doubt, to have a topic for conversation at your Conferences; enjoy it. As for you, Margaret, if society lessen misery, we may be less miserable. But the band of your order, and the remembrance of your vow is on your forehead, like the mark of Cain—tear it off, and let it not blast a man who is the victim of prejudice still, nay of superstition, as well as of guilt; tear it from my sight." His eyes kindled fearfully as he attempted to pull it away by force.

She calmly took it off, and he immediately tore it into pieces, and stamped upon the fragments as he flung them on the ground.

"Come," said the despairing man—"come—there is a shelter for you, *but no peace!*—food, and drink, and raiment, but *no peace!*—NO PEACE!" As he uttered these words, in a voice that sank to its deepest pitch, he took her hand, and they both departed to his own residence.

The amazement and horror of those who were assembled in Bartley's house cannot be described. Our readers may be assured that they deepened in character as they spread through the parish. An undefined fear of this mysterious pair seized upon the people, for their images were associated in their minds with darkness and crime, and supernatural communion. The departing words of Father Philip rang in their ears: they trembled, and devoutly crossed themselves, as fancy again repeated the awful exclamation of the priest—"No peace! no peace!"

When Father Philip and his unhappy asso-

ciate went home, he instantly made her a surrender of his small property; but with difficulty did he command sufficient calmness to accomplish even this. He was distracted—his blood seemed to have been turned to fire—he clenched his hands, and he gnashed his teeth, and exhibited the wildest symptoms of madness. About ten o'clock he desired fuel for a large fire to be brought into the kitchen, and got a strong cord, which he coiled, and threw carelessly on the table. The family were then ordered to bed. About eleven they were all asleep; and at the solemn hour of twelve he heaped additional fuel upon the living turf, until the blaze shone with scorching light upon everything around. Dark and desolating was the tempest within him, as he paced, with agitated steps, before the crackling fire.

"She is risen!" he exclaimed—"the spectre of all my crimes is risen to haunt me through life! I *am* a murderer—yet she lives, and my guilt is not the less! The stamp of eternal infamy is upon me—the finger of scorn will mark me out—the tongue of reproach will sting me like that of the serpent—the deadly touch of shame will cover me like a leper—the laws of society will crush the murderer, not the less that his wickedness in blood has miscarried: after that comes the black and terrible tribunal of the Almighty's vengeance—of his fiery indignation! Hush!—What sounds are those? They deepen—they deepen! Is it thunder? It cannot be the crackling of the blaze! It *is* thunder!—but it speaks only to *my* ear! Hush!—Great God, there is a

change in my voice! It is hollow and supernatural! Could a change have come over me? Am I living? Could I have——Hah!—Could I have departed? and am I now at length given over to the worm that never dies? If it be at my heart, I may feel it. God!—I am damned! Here is a viper twined about my limbs, trying to dart its fangs into my heart! Hah!—there are feet pacing in the room, too, and I hear voices! I am surrounded by evil spirits! Who's there? —What are you?—Speak!—They are silent!— There is no answer! Again comes the thunder! But perchance this is not my place of punishment, and I will try to leave these horrible spirits!"

He opened the door, and passed out into a small green field that lay behind the house. The night was calm, and the silence profound as death. Not a cloud obscured the heavens;—the light of the moon fell upon the stillness of the scene around him, with all the touching beauty of a moonlit midnight in summer. Here he paused a moment, felt his brow, then his heart, the palpitations of which fell audibly upon his ear. He became somewhat cooler; the images of madness which had swept through his stormy brain disappeared, and were succeeded by a lethargic vacancy of thought, which almost deprived him of the consciousness of his own identity. From the green field he descended mechanically to a little glen which opened beside it. It was one of those delightful spots to which the heart clingeth. Its sloping sides were clothed

with patches of wood, on the leaves of which the moonlight glanced with a soft lustre, rendered more beautiful by their stillness. That side on which the light could not fall, lay in deep shadow, which occasionally gave to the rocks and small projecting precipices an appearance of monstrous and unnatural life. Having passed through the tangled mazes of the glen, he at length reached its bottom, along which ran a brook, such as in the description of the poet,—

> ——— "In the leafy month of June,
> Unto the sleeping woods all night,
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Here he stood, and looked upon the green winding margin of the streamlet—but its song he heard not. With the workings of a guilty conscience, the beautiful in nature can have no association. He looked up the glen, but its picturesque windings, soft vistas, and wild underwood mingling with gray rocks and taller trees, all mellowed by the moon-beams, had no charms for him. He maintained a profound silence—but it was not the silence of peace or reflection. He endeavoured to recall the scenes of the past day, but could not bring them back to his memory. Even the fiery tide of thought, which, like burning lava, seared his brain a few moments before, was now cold and hardened. He could remember nothing. The convulsion of his mind was over, and his faculties were impotent and collapsed.

In this state he unconsciously retraced his

steps, and had again reached the paddock adjoining his house, when, as he thought, the figure of his paramour stood before him. In a moment his former paroxysm returned, and with it the gloomy images of a guilty mind, charged with the extravagant horrors of brain-struck madness.

"What!" he exclaimed, "the band still on your forchead! Tear it off!"

He caught at the form as he spoke, but there was no resistance to his grasp. On looking again towards the spot it had ceased to be visible. The storm within him arose once more; he rushed into the kitchen, where the fire blazed out with fiercer heat; again he imagined that the thunder came to his ears, but the thunderings which he heard were only the voice of conscience. Again his own footsteps and his voice sounded in his fancy as the footsteps and voices of fiends, with which his imagination peopled the room. His state and his existence seemed to him a confused and troubled dream; he tore his hair—threw it on the table—and immediately started back with a hollow groan; for his locks, which but a few hours before had been as black as the raven's wing, were now white as snow!

On discovering this, he gave a low but frantic laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!" he exclaimed; "here is another mark—here is food for despair. Silently, but surely, did the hand of God work this, as a proof that I am hopeless! But I will bear it; I will bear the sight! I now feel myself a man blasted by the eye of God himself! Ha, ha, ha! Food for despair! Food for despair!"

Immediately he passed into his own room, and approaching the looking-glass beheld a sight calculated to move a statue. His hair had become literally white, but the shades of his dark complexion, now distorted by terror and madness, flitted, as his features worked under the influence of his tremendous passions, into an expression so frightful, that deep fear came over himself. He snatched one of his razors, and fled from the glass to the kitchen. He looked upon the fire, and saw the white ashes lying around its edge.

"Ha!" said he, "the light is come! I see the sign. I am directed, and I will follow it. There is yet ONE hope. The immolation! I shall be saved, yet so as by fire. It is for this my hair has become white;—the sublime warning for my self-sacrifice! The colour of ashes!—white—white! It is so!—I will sacrifice my body in material fire, to save my soul from that which is eternal! But I had anticipated the SIGN. The self-sacrifice is accepted!"[44]

We must here draw a veil over that which ensued, as the description of it would be both unnatural and revolting. Let it be sufficient to say, that the next morning he was found burned to a cinder, with the exception of his feet and legs, which remained as monuments of, perhaps, the most dreadful suicide that ever was committed by man. His razor, too, was found bloody, and several clots of gore were discovered about the hearth; from which circumstances it was plain that he had reduced his strength so much by loss

of blood, that when he committed himself to the flames, he was unable, even had he been willing, to avoid the fiery and awful sacrifice of which he made himself the victim. If anything could deepen the impression of fear and awe, already so general among the people, it was the unparalleled nature of his death. Its circumstances are yet remembered in the parish and county wherein it occurred—*for it is no fiction,* gentle reader! and the titular bishop who then presided over the diocese, declared, that while he lived, no person bearing the unhappy man's name should ever be admitted to the clerical order.

The shock produced by his death struck the miserable woman into the utter darkness of settled derangement. She survived him some years, but wandered about through the province, still, according to the superstitious belief of the people, tormented by the terrible enmity of the *Lianhan Shee.*

GOING TO MAYNOOTH.

YOUNG DENIS O'SHAUGHNESSY was old Denis's son; and old Denis, like many great men before him, was the son of his father and mother in particular, and of a long line of respectable ancestors in general. He was, moreover, a great historian, a perplexing controversialist, deeply read in Dr. Gallagher and Pastorini, and equally profound in the history of Harry the Eighth, and Luther's partnership with the devil. Denis was a tall man, who from his peculiar appearance, and the nature of his dress, a light drab-coloured frieze, was nicknamed the Walking Pigeon-house; and truly on seeing him at a distance, a man might naturally enough hit upon a worse comparison. He was quite straight, carried both arms hanging by his sides, motionless and at their full length, like the pendulums of a clock that has ceased going. In his head, neck, and chest there was no muscular action visible; he walked, in fact, as if a milk-pail were upon his crown, or as if a single nod of his would put the planets out of order. But the principal cause of the similarity lay in his roundness, which resembled that of a pump, running to a point, or the pigeon-house aforesaid, which is still better.

Denis, though a large man, was but a small

farmer, for he rented only eighteen acres of good land. His family, however, like himself, was large, consisting of thirteen children, among whom Denis Junior stood pre-eminent. Like old Denis, he was exceedingly long-winded in argument, pedantic as the schoolmaster who taught him, and capable of taking a very comprehensive grasp of any tangible subject.

Young Denis's display of controversial talents was so remarkably precocious, that he controverted his father's statements upon all possible subjects, with a freedom from embarrassment which promised well for that most distinguished trait in a controversialist—hardihood of countenance. This delighted old Denis to the finger ends.

"Dinny, if he's spared," he would say, "will be a credit to us all yet. The sorra one of him but's as manly as anything, and as long-headed as a four-footed baste, so he is! Nothing daunts or dashes him, or puts him to an amplush: but he'll look you in the face so stout an' cute, an' never redden or stumble, whether he's right or wrong, that it does one's heart good to see him. Then he has such a laning to it, you see, that the crathur 'ud ground an argument on any thing, thin draw it out to a norration an' make it as clear as rock-water, besides insensing you so well into the rason of the thing, that Father Finnerty himself 'ud hardly do it betther from the althar."

The highest object of an Irish peasant's ambition is to see his son a priest. Whenever a farmer happens to have a large family, he

usually destines one of them for the church, if his circumstances are at all such as can enable him to afford the boy a proper education. This youth becomes the centre in which all the affections of the family meet. He is cherished, humoured in all his caprices, indulged in his boyish predilections, and raised over the heads of his brothers, independently of all personal or relative merit in himself. The consequence is, that he gradually becomes self-willed, proud, and arrogant, often to an offensive degree; but all this is frequently mixed up with a lofty bombast, and an undercurrent of strong disguised affection, that render his early life remarkably ludicrous and amusing. Indeed, the pranks of pedantry, the pretensions to knowledge, and the humour with which it is mostly displayed, render these scions of divinity, in their intercourse with the people until the period of preparatory education is completed, the most interesting and comical class, perhaps, to be found in the kingdom. Of these learned priestlings young Denis was undoubtedly a first-rate specimen. His father, a man of no education, was, nevertheless, as profound and unfathomable upon his favourite subjects as a philosopher; but this profundity raised him mightily in the opinion of the people, who admired him the more the less they understood him.

Now old Denis was determined that young Denis should tread in his own footsteps; and, sooth to say, young Denis possessed as bright a talent for the dark and mysterious as the father

himself. No sooner had the son commenced Latin with the intention of adorning the church, than the father put him in training for controversy. For a considerable time the laurels were uniformly borne away by the veteran: but what will not learning do? Ere long the son got as far as syntax, about which time the father began to lose ground, in consequence of some ugly quotations which the son threw into his gizzard, and which unfortunately stuck there. By and by the father receded more and more, as the son advanced in his Latin and Greek, until, at length, their encounters were only resorted to for the purpose of showing off the son.

When young Denis had reached the age of sixteen or seventeen, he was looked upon by his father and his family, as well as by all their relations in general, as a prodigy. It was amusing to witness the delight with which the worthy man would call upon his son to exhibit his talents, a call to which the son instantly attended. This was usually done by commencing a mock controversy, for the gratification of some neighbour to whom the father was anxious to prove the great talents of his son. When old Denis got the young *sogarth* fairly in motion, he gently drew himself out of the dispute, but continued a running comment upon the son's erudition, pointed out his good things, and occasionally resumed the posture of the controversialist to reinspirit the boy if he appeared to flag.

"Denny, abouchal, will you come up till Phadrick Murray hears you arguin' Scripther wid my-

self, Dinny. Now, Phadrick, listen, but keep your tongue sayin' nothin'; jist lave us to ourselves. Come up, Dinny, till you have a hate at arguin' wid myself."

"Fadher, I condimnate you at once—I condimnate you as being a most ungrammatical ould man, an' not fit to argue wid any one that knows Murray's English Grammar, an' more espaciously the three concords of Lilly's Latin one; that is the cognation between the nominative case and the verb, the consanguinity between the substantive and the adjective, and the blood-relationship that irritates between the relative and the antecedent."

"I tould you, Phadrick!! There's the boy that can rattle off the high English, and the larned Latin, jist as if he was born wid an English Dixonary in one cheek, a Latin Neksuggawn in the other, an' Doctor Gallagher's Irish Sarmons nately on the top of his tongue between the two."

"Fadher, but that unfortunately I am afflicted wid modesty, I'd blush *crocus* for your ignorance, as Virgil asserts in his Bucolics, *ut Virgilius ait in Bucolicis;* and as Horatius, a book that I'm well acquainted wid, says in another place, *Huc pertinent verba,* says he, *commodandi, comparandi, dandi, promittendi, solvendi imperandi nuntiandi, fidendi, obsequendi, minandi irascendi, et iis contraria."*

"That's a good boy, Dinny; but why would you blush for *my* ignorance, avourneen? Take care of yourself now, an' spake deep, for I'll out

argue you at the heel o' the hunt, cute as you are."

"Why do I blush for your ignorance, is it? why thin, I'm sure I have sound rasons for it: only think of the gross persivarance wid which you call that larned work, the Lexicon in Greek, a neck-suggan. Fadher never attimpt to argue or display your ignorance wid me again. But, moreover, I can probate you to be un ungrammatical man, from your own *modus* of argument."

"Go on, avourneen. Phadrick!!"

"I'm listenin'. The sorra's no match for his cuteness, an' one's puzzled to think where he can get it all."

"Why, you don't know at all what I could do by larnin'. It would be no throuble to me to divide myself into two halves, an' argue the one agin the other."

"You would, in throth, Dinny."

"Ay, father, or cut myself acrass, an' dispute my head, maybe, agin my heels."

"Throth would you!"

"Or practise logic wid my right hand, and bate that agin with my left."

"The sarra lie in it."

"Or read the Greek Tistament wid my right eye, an' thranslate it at the same time wid my left, according to the Greek an' English sides of my face, wid my tongue constrein' it into Irish, unknownst to both o' them."

"Why, Denis, he must have a head like a bell to be able to get into things."

"Throth an' he has that, an' 'ill make a noise

in conthroversy yet, if he lives. Now, Dinny, let us have a hate at histhory."

"A hate at histhory?—wid all my heart; but before we begin, I tell you that I'll confound you precipitately; for you see, if you bate me in the English, I'll scarify you wid Latin, and give you a bang or two of Greek into the bargain. Och! I wish you'd hear the sackin' I gave Tom Reilly the other day; rubbed him down, as the masther says, wid a Greek towel, an' whenever I complimented him with the loan of a cut on the head, I always gave him a plaster of Latin to heal it; but the sorra worse healin' flesh in the world than Tom's is for the Latin, so I bruised a few Greek roots and laid them to his *caput* so nate, that you'd laugh to see him. Well is it histhory we are to begin wid? If it is, come on—advance. I'm ready for you—in protection—wid my guards up."

"Ha, ha, ha! Well, if he isn't the drollest crathur, an' so cute! But now for the *histhory*. Can you prove to me, upon a clear foundation, the differ atween black an' white, or prove that Phadrick Murray here, long life to him, is an ass? Now, Phadrick, listen, for you must decide betune us."

"Orra, have you no other larnin' than that to argue upon? Sure if you call upon me to decide, I must give it agin Dinny. Why, my judgment won't be worth a hap'orth, if he makes an ass of me!"

"What matther how you decide, man alive, if he proves you to be one; sure that's all we want.

Never heed shakin' your head—listen an' it will be well worth your while. Why, man, you'll know more nor you ever knew or suspected before, when he proves you to be an ass."

"In the first place, fadher, you're ungrammatical in one word; instead of sayin' 'prove,' always say probate, or probe; the word is descindid, that is, the ancisthor of it is, *probo,* a deep Greek word—*probo, probas, prob-ass,* that is to say, I'm to *probe* Phadrick here to be an *ass.* Now, do you see how pat I brought that in? That's the way, Phadrick, I chastise my fadher with the languages."

"In throth it is; go an, avick. Phadrick!"

"I'm listenin'."

"Phadrick, do you know the differ atween black an' white?"

"Atween black an' white? Hut, gorsoon, to be sure I do."

"Well, an' what might it be, Phadrick, my larned Athiop? What might it be, I negotiate?"

"Why, thin, the differ atween them is this, Dinny, that black is—let me see—why—that black is *not* red—nor yallow—nor brown—nor green—nor purple—nor cutbeard—nor a heather colour—nor a grogram"——

"Nor a white?"

"Surely, Dinny, not a white, abouchal; don't think to come over me that way."

"But I want to know what colour it *is,* most larned sager."

"All rasonable, Dinny. Why, thin, black is

—let me see—hut, death alive!—it's—a—a—why, it's black, an' that's all I can say about it; yes, faix, I can—black is the colour of Father Curtis's coat."

"An' what colour is that, Phadrick?"

"Why, it's black, to be sure."

"Well, now, what colour is white, Phadrick?"

"Why, it's a snow-colour: for all the world the colour of snow."

"White is?"

"Ay, is it."

"The dear help your head, Phadrick, if that's all you know about snow. In England, man, snow is an Oxford grey, an' in Scotland a pepper an' salt, an' sometimes a cutbeard, when they get a hard winther. I found that much in the Greek, any way, Phadrick. Thry agin, you imigrant, I'll give you another chance—what colour is white?"

"Why, thin, it's—white—an' nothin' else. The sorra one but you'd puzzle a saint wid your long-headed screwtations from books."

"So, Phadrick, your preamble is, that white is white, an' black is black?"

"Asy, avick. I said, sure enough, that white is white; but the black I deny—I said it was the colour of Father Curtis's black coat."

"Oh, you barbarian of the world, how I scorn your profundity an' emotions! You're a disgrace to the human sex by your superciliousness of knowledge, an' your various quotations of ignorance. *Ignorantia,* Phadrick, is your date,

an' superscription. Now, stretch out your ears, till I probate, or probe to you the differ atween black an' white."

"Phadrick!!" said the father.

"I'm listenin'."

"Now, Phadrick, here's the griddle, an' here's a clane plate. Do you see them here beside one another?"

"I'm lookin' at them."

"Now, shut your eyes."

"Is that *your* way, Denis, of judgin' colours?"

"Shut your eyes, I say, till I give you *ocular* demonstration of the differ atween these two respectable colours."

"Well, they're shut."

"An' keep them so. Now, what differ do you *see* atween them?"

"The sorra taste, man alive; I never *seen* anything in my whole life so clearly of a colour as they are both this minute."

"Don't you see now, Phadrick, that there's not the smallest taste o' differ in them, an' that's accordin' to Euclid."

"Sure enough, I see the divil a taste o' differ atween the two."

"Well, Phadrick, that's the point settled. There's no discrimination at all atween black an' white. They're both of the same colour—so long as you keep your eyes shut."

"But if a man happens to open his eyes, Dinny?"

"He has no *right* to open them, Phadrick, if he wants to prove the truth of a thing. I should have said *probe*—but it does not significate."

"The heavens mark you to grace, Dinny. You did that in brave style. Phadrick, ahagur, he'll make the darlin' of an arguer whin he gets the robes an him."

"I don't deny that; he'll be aquil to the best o' thim: still Denis, I'd rather, whin I want to pronounce upon colours, that he'd let me keep my eyes open."

"Ay, but he did it out o' the books, man alive; an' there's no goin' beyant thim. Sure he could prove it out of the Divinity, if you went to that. An' what is still more, he could, by shuttin' your eyes, in the same way prove black to be white, an' white black, jist as asy."

"Surely myself doesn't doubt it. I suppose, by shuttin' my eyes, the same lad could prove anything to me."

"But, Dinny, avourneen, you didn't prove Phadrick to be an ass yit. Will you do that by histhory, too, Dinny, or by the norrations of Illocution?"

"Father, I'm surprised at your gross imperception. Why, man, if you were not a *rari avis* of somnolency, a man of most frolicsome determinations, you'd be able to see that I've proved Phadrick to be an ass already."

"Throth, I deny that you did; there wasn't a word about my bein' an ass, in the last discoorse. It was all upon the differ atween black an' white."

"Oh, how I scorn your gravity, man! *Ignorantia,* as I said, is your date an' superscription; an' when you die, you ought to go an' engage a stone-cutter to carve you a head-stone, an' make him write on it, *Hic jacet Ignorantius Redivivus.* An' the translation of that is, accordin' to Publius Virgilius Maro—'here lies a quadruped who didn't know the differ atween black an' white.'"

"Well, by the livin', Dinny, I dunna where you get all this deep readin'."

"Sure he gets it all in the Dixonary."

"Bedad, that Dixonary must be a fine book entirely, to thim that can undherstand it."

"But, Dinny, will you tell Phadrick the Case of Conscience atween Barny Branagan's two goats an' Parra Ghastha's mare?"

"Fadher, if you were a grammarian I'd castigate your incompatability as it desarves—I'd lay the scourge o' syntax upon you, as no man ever got it since the invintion o' the nine parts of speech. By what rule of logic can you say that aither Barny Branagan's goats or Parra Ghastha's mare had a conscience? I tell you it wasn't they had the conscience, but the divine who decided the difficulty. Phadrick, lie down till I illusthrate."

"How is that, Dinny? I can hear you sittin'."

"Lie down, you reptile, or I shall decline the narration altogether."

"Arra, lie down, Phadrick; sure he only wants to show you the rason o' the thing."

"Well, well; I'm down. Now Dinny, don't let your feet be too larned, if you plase."

"Silence!—*taceto!* you reptile. Now, Phadrick, here, on this side o' you, lies Barny Branagan's field; an' there, on that side, lies a field of Parra Ghastha's; you're the ditch o' mud betuxt them."

"The ditch o' mud! Faix that's dacent!"

"Now here, on Barny Branagan's side, feeds Parra Ghastha's mare; an' there, on Parra Ghastha's side, feed Barny Branagan's goats. Do you comprehend? Do you insinuate?"

"I do—I do. Death alive! there's no use in punchin' my sides wid your feet that way."

"Well, get up now an' set your ears."

"Now listen to him, Phadrick!"

"It was one night in winter, when all nature shone in the nocturnal beauty of tenebrosity: the sun had set about three hours before; an', accordin' to the best logicians, there was a dearth of light. It's the general opinion of philosophers—that is, of the soundest o' them—that when the sun is down the moon an' stars are usually up; an' so they were on the night that I'm narratin' about. The moon was, wid great respect to her character, night-walkin' in the sky; and the stars vegetated in celestial genuflexion around her. Nature, Phadrick, was in great state; the earth was undher our feet, an' the sky above us. The frost, too, was hard, Phadrick, the air keen, an' the grass tendher. All things were enrobed wid verisimilitude an' scrupulosity. In this manner was the terraqueous part of our

system, when Parra Ghastha's mare, after havin' taken a cowld collation on Barny Branagan's grass, was returnin' to her master's side o' the merin; an' Barny Branagan's goats, havin' tasted the sweets of Parra Ghastha's cabbages, were on their way acrass the said merin to their own side. Now it so happened that they met exactly at a narrow gap in the ditch behind Rosha Halpin's house. The goats, bein' coupled together, got one on each of the rift, wid the rope that coupled them extended acrass it. The mare stood in the middle of it, so that the goats were in the way of the mare, an' the mare in the way of the goats. In the mean time they surveyed one another wid great composure, but had neither of them the politeness to stir, until Rosha Halpin came suddenly out, an' emptied a vessel of untransparent wather into the ditch. The mare, who must have been an animal endowed wid great sensibility of soul, stooped her head suddenly at the noise; an' the goats, who were equally sentimental, gave a start from nervishness. The mare, on raisin' her head came in contact wid the cord that united the goats; an' the goats, havin' lost their commandin' position, came in contact wid the neck o' the mare. *Quid multis?* They pulled an' she pulled, an' she pulled an' they pulled, until at length the mare was compelled to practise the virtue of resignation in the ditch, wid the goats about her neck. She died by suspinsion; but the mettlesome ould crathur, wid a love of justice that did her honour, hanged the goats in requital; for they departed this vale of tears on the moun-

tain side along wid her, so that they had the satisfaction of dyin' a social death together.—Now, Phadrick, you quadruped, the case of conscience is, whether Parra Ghastha has a right to make restitution to Barny Branagan for the loss of his goats, or Barny Branagan to Parra Ghastha for the loss of his mare?"

"Bedad, that's a puzzler!"

"Isn't it, Phadrick? But wait till you hear how he'll clear it up! Do it for Phadrick, Dinny."

"Yis, Phadrick, I'll illusthrate your intellects by divinity. You see, Phadrick, you're to suppose me to be in the chair, as confessor. Very well—or *valde,* in the larned languages—Parra Ghastha comes to confess to me, an' tells me that Barny Branagan wants to be paid for his goats. I tell him it's a disputed point, an' that the price o' the *goats* must go to the church. On the other hand, Barny Branagan tells me that Parra Ghastha wishes to be paid for his mare. I say again, it's a disputed point, an' that the price of the *mare* must go to the church—the amount of the proceeds to be applied in prayer towards the benefit of the parties, in the first instance, an' of the faithful in general afterwards."

"Phadrick!!!"

"Oh, that I may never, but he bates the globe!"

Denny's character is a very common one in the remote parts of Ireland, where knowledge is novelty, and where the slightest tinge of learning is looked upon with such reverence and ad-

miration, as can be properly understood only by those who have an opportunity of witnessing it. Indeed, few circumstances prove the great moral influence which the Irish priesthood possesses over the common people more forcibly, than the extraordinary respect paid by the latter to such as are designed for the "mission." The moment the determination is made, an incipient sanctity begins, as it were, to consecrate the young priest; and a high opinion of his learning and talents to be entertained, no matter how dull he may be so far as honest nature is concerned. Whatever he says is sure to have some hidden meaning in it, that would be highly edifying, if they themselves understood it. But their own humility comes in here to prop up his talents; and whatsoever perplexity there may be in the sense of what he utters, is immediately attributed to learning altogether beyond *their* depth.

Love of learning is a conspicuous principle in an Irish peasant; and in no instance is it seen to greater advantage, than when the object of it appears in the "makins of a priest." Among all a peasant's good and evil qualities, this is not the least amiable. How his eye will dance in his head with pride, when the young priest thunders out a line of Virgil or Homer, a sentence from Cicero, or a rule from Syntax! And with what complacency and affection will the father and relations of such a person, when sitting during a winter evening about the hearth, demand from him a translation of what he repeats, or a grammatical analysis, in which he must show the de-

pendencies and relations of word upon word—the concord, the verb, the mood, the gender, and the case, into every one and all of which the learned youth enters with an air of oracular importance, and a polysyllabicism of language that fails not in confounding them with astonishment and edification. Neither does Paddy confine himself to Latin or Greek, for his curiosity in hearing a little upon all known branches of human learning is boundless. When a lad is *designed* for the priesthood, he is, as if by a species of intuition, supposed to know more or less of everything—astronomy, fluxions, Hebrew, Arabic, and the black art, are subjects upon which he is frequently expected to dilate; and vanity scruples not, under the protection of their ignorance, to lead the erudite youth through what they believe to be the highest regions of imagination, or the profoundest depths of science and philosophy.

It is, indeed, in those brilliant moments, when the young priest is launching out in full glory upon some topic of which he knows not a syllable, that it would be a learned luxury to catch him. These flights, however, are very pardonable, when we consider the importance they give him in the eyes of his friends, and reflect upon that lofty and contemptuous pride, and those delectable sensations which the appearance of superior knowledge gives to the pedant, whether raw or trained, high or low, in this profession or the other. It matters little that such a feeling dilates the vanity in proportion to the absence of

real knowledge or good sense: it is not real, but affected knowledge, we are writing about. Pride is confined to no condition; nor is the juvenile pedantry of a youth upon the hob of an Irish chimney-corner much different from the pride which sits upon the brow of a worthy Lord Mayor, freshly knighted, lolling with strained dignity beside his honourable brother, the mace, during a city procession; or of a Lady Mayoress, when she reads upon a dead wall her own name flaming in yellow capitals, at the head of a subscription ball; or, what is better still, the contemptuous glance which, while about to open the said ball, her ladyship throws at that poor creature—the Sheriff's wife.

In addition, however, to the enjoyment of this assumption of profound learning which characterises the young priest, a different spirit, considerably more practical, often induces him to hook in other motives. The learning of Denis O'Shaughnessy, for instance, blazed with peculiar lustre whenever he felt himself out at elbows; for the logic with which he was able to prove the connection between his erudition and a woollen-draper's shop, was, like the ignorance of those who are to be saved, invincible. Whenever his father considered a display of the son's powers in controversy to be *capital,* Denis, who knew the *mollia tempora fandi,* applied to him for a hat. Whenever he drew a heretic, as a person who will be found hereafter without the wedding garment, and clinched the argument with half a dozen quotations from syntax or Greek gram-

mar, he uniformly came down upon the father for a coat, the cloth of which was fine in proportion to the web of logic he wove during the disputation. Whenever he seated himself in the chair of rhetoric, or gave an edifying homily on prayer, with such eloquence as rendered the father's admiration altogether inexpressible, he applied for a pair of small-clothes; and if, in the excursiveness of his vigorous imagination he travelled anywhere beyond the bounds of common sense, he was certain to secure a pair of shoes.

This, of course, did not escape the satirical observation of the neighbours, who commented upon the circumstance with that good humour which renders their mother-wit so pleasant and spicy. The scenes where many of these displays took place, varied according to the occurrence of those usual incidents which diversify country life. Sometimes old Denis's hearth was selected; at others, a neighbouring wakehouse, and not unfrequently the chapel-green, where, surrounded by a crowd of eager listeners, the young priest and his Latin would succeed in throwing the hedge-schoolmaster and his problems completely into the shade.

The father's pride, on these occasions, always prompted him to become the aggressor; but he only did this to draw out the talents of his son to more advantage. Never was man foiled with less regret than old Denis; nor did ever man more bitterly repent those little touches of vanity, which sometimes induced him, when an opportunity of prostrating Denny arrived, to show

what he *could* have done, by giving the son's argument an unexpected brainblow. These accidental defeats always brought the son more than he lost by them; for the father usually made him a peace-offering in the shape of pocket-money, books, or clothes. The great amusement of the peasantry around the chapel-green of a Sunday, was to hear the father and son engaged in argument: and so simple was the character of both, that their acquaintances declared they could know by the state of young Denis's coat, and the swaggering grasp with which old Denis held his staff, that an encounter was about to take place.

"Young O'Shaughnessy's gettin' bare," they would observe; "there'll be hard arguin' till he gets the clothes. He's puttin' in for a black coat now, he's so grave. Go on, Denny," they would say again: "more power an' a dacenter sleeve to your elbow. Stick to him!—very good! —that's a clincher!—you're gone beyond the skirts, Denny!—let him pocket that larnin'! Dinis, you're bate, body and slaves![45]—you're no match for the gorsoon, Dinis. Good agin, abouchal!—that's puttin' the collar on it!"— And so on, varying the phrase according to the whim of the moment.

Nothing gave the father greater pleasure than these observations, although the affected earnestness with which he encountered the son, and his pretended indignation at those who affirmed him to have been beaten, were highly amusing to the bystanders.

Such discussions were considered highly edify-

ing and instructive by them, and they were sometimes at a loss whether to give the palm of ingenuity and eloquence to the father or Denny. The reader, however, must not suppose that the contemptuous expressions scattered over Denny's rhetorical flourishes, when discussing these points with his father, implied want of reverence or affection—far from it. On the contrary, the father always liked him the better for them, inasmuch as they proved Denny's vast superiority over himself. They were, therefore, only the licenses and embellishments of discussion, tolerated and encouraged by him to whom they were applied.

Denny at length shot up to the stature of a young man, probably about eighteen; and during the two last years of his school studies, he presented a considerable, if not a decidedly marked change in his character and external appearance. His pride became more haughty, and the consciousness of his learning, and of the influence annexed to the profession for which he was intended, put itself forth with less discussion but more energy. His manners and attitude became constrained; the expression of his face began to darken, and to mould itself into a stiff, gloomy formality, that was strongly calculated to conceal the natural traits of his character. His dress, too, had undergone a great improvement; for instead of wearing shop blue or brown, he wore good black broad-cloth, had a watch in his fob, a respectable hat, and finer linen.

This change, now necessary in consequence of his semiclerical character, influenced him through every relation of life. His nearest friends, whilst their pride in him increased, fell off to a more respectable distance; and his deportment, so far from being that of the good-humoured Bobadil of polemics and pedantry upon all known and unknown subjects, became silent and solemn, chequered only during the moments of family conviviality by an excessive flow of that pleasant and still incomprehensible learning, for the possession of which he had so honestly earned himself a character. Much of his pedantry was now lopped off, it is true, because the pride of his station prevented him from entering into discussions with the people. It cost him, however, some trouble to overcome his early tendencies; nor, after all, can it be affirmed that he altogether succeeded in eradicating them. Many a grave shrug, and solemn wink, and formal nod, had he to answer for, when his foot touched the debatable land of controversy. Though contrary to the keeping and dignity of his position in life, yet did honest Denny then get desperately significant, and his face amazingly argumentative. Many a pretender has he fairly annihilated by a single smile of contempt that contained more logic than a long argument from another man. In fact, the whole host of rhetorical figures seemed breaking out of his face. By a solitary glance of his eye he could look a man into a dilemma, and practice a *sorites,* or a home-made syllogism, by the various shiftings of his

countenance, as clearly as if he had risen to the full flight of his former bombast. He had, in short, a *primâ facie* disposition to controversy; his nose was set upon his face in a kind of firm defiance against infidels, heretics, and excommunicated persons; and when it curled with contempt of another, or with pride in the power that slumbered in itself, it seemed to give the face from which it projected, and the world at large, the assurance of a controversialist. Nor did his negative talents rest here: a twist of his mouth to the right or left ear, was nicely shaded away into a negative or affirmative, according as he intended it should be taken; and when he used his pocket-handkerchief, he was certain, though without uttering a syllable, to silence his opponent, so contemptuously did his intonations rout the arguments brought against him. The significance and force of all these was heightened by the mystery in which they were wrapped; for whenever unbending decorum constrained him to decline the challenges of the ignorant, with whom discussion would now be degradation, what could he do to soothe his vanity, except, as the poet says, with folded arms and a shaking of the head to exclaim—"*Well, well, we know;* or, *we could, an if we would;* or, *if we list to speak;* or, *there be an if they might;*" which left the imaginations of his hearers at liberty to conceive more fully of those powers which his modesty declined exhibiting. For some time before he got absolutely and finally into black, even his father gave

up his accustomed argument in despair. The son had become an adept in all the intricacies and obscurities of Latin, and literally overwhelmed the old man with small inundations of that language, which though, like all inundations, rather muddy, yet were they quite sufficient to sweep the worthy veteran before them.

Young Denis O'Shaughnessy was now pretty nearly finished at school, that is to say, almost fit for Maynooth; his studies, though higher, were less assiduous; his leisure was consequently greater; and it is well known, that a person of his character is never asked to work, except it be his own pleasure to labour a day or two, by way of amusement. He might now be seen walking of a warm day along the shady sides of the hedges with a book in his hand, or stretched listlessly upon the grass, at *study;* or sauntering about among the neighbouring workmen, with his fore-finger between the leaves of his book, a monument of learning and industry.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Denis, who was an Irishman of eighteen, handsome and well made, could be altogether insensible to female beauty, and the seductive charms of the sex. During his easy saunterings—or, as the Scotch say, "daunerings"—along the roads and about the green hedges, it often happened that he met a neighbour's daughter, and Denis, who, as a young gentleman of breeding, was bound to be courteous, could not do less than accost her with becoming urbanity.

"Good mornin', Miss Norah," we will suppose him to say, when meeting a good-looking, arch girl of his acquaintance.

"Good morrow, Mr. O'Shaughnessy. I hope you're well, Sir."

"Indeed I am, at present, in superlatively ecclesiastical health, Miss Norah. I hope all *your* family are well?"

"All very well, I thank you, Sir, barrin' myself."

"An' pray what's the matther wid you, Miss Norah? I hope" (with an exceeding grave but complacent smile) "you're not affected wid the amorous passion of love?"

"Oh, that 'ud be tellin', Mr. O'Shaughnessy! But supposin' I am, what ought I to do?"

"That's really a profound question, Miss Norah. But though I cannot tell you what to do, I can tell you what I think."

"An' what is that, Sir?"

"Why, Miss Norah, that he who is so beatified as to secure you in the matrimonial paction—*compactum* it is in the larned languages—in other words—to condescend to your capacity—he who is married to you will be a happy man. There is a juvenility about your eyes, and an efflorescence of amaranthine odoriferousness about your cheeks and breath, that are enough to communicate the centrifugal motion to any brain adorned with the slightest modicum of sentiment."

"He who marries me will be a happy man!" she exclaimed, repeating these expressions, prob-

ably because they were the only words she understood. "I hope so, Misther O'Shaughnessy. But, sure enough, who'd expect to hear sich soft talk from the makins of a priest! Very well, Sir! Upon my word I'll be tellin' Father Finnerty that you do be spakin' up to the girls!—Now!!"

"No, no, Miss Norah; you wouldn't do that merely for my sayin' that you're the handsomest girl in the parish. Father Finnerty himself might say as much, for it would be nothing but veracity—nothing but truth, Miss Norah."

"Ay! but he wouldn't be pattin' me on the cheek! Be asy, Mr. O'Shaughnessy; there's Darby Brady lookin' at you, an' he'll be tellin'!"

"Where?" said Denis, starting.

The girl replied only by an arch laugh.

"Upon my classicality, Miss Norah, you're a rogue; there's nobody lookin', you seraphim!"

"Then there's a pair of us rogues, Misther Dinis."

"No, no, Miss Norah; I was only feeling your cheek as a philosophical experiment. Philosophers often do it, in order to make out an hypothesis."

"Misther Dinis, if I'm not marrid till you're a priest, won't you say the words for me for nothing?"

"So long as you ask it wid such a brilliant smile, Miss Norah, do you think that any educated young man, who has read about beauty an' sentimentality in books, could refuse you? But you know, Miss Norah, that the clergyman

who marries a couple has always the right of kissing the bride. Now I wouldn't claim my right *then;* but it might be possible by a present compromise to—to——. What would you think, for instance, to give me that *now?*"

"To give you what?"

"Why the —— indeed it's but a slight recompense, the—k—the salutation—the kiss. You know what tasting the head means?"

"Faix, Misther Dinis, you're a great rogue. Who'd think it indeed? Sure enough, they say smooth wather runs deep! Why one 'ud suppose butther wouldn't melt in your mouth to look at you; an' yet you want to be toyin' wid the girls! Indeed an' faix, it's a great shame for the likes o' you, that's bint on Maynooth, to be thinkin' of coortin' at all. But wait! Upon my word, I'll have a fine story agin you, plase goodness!"

This latter threat the mischievous girl threw out with a grave face, in order to bring Denis into a more ridiculous dilemma; for she saw clearly that he laboured under a heavy struggle between timidity and gallantry. The *ruse* succeeded. Denis immediately changed his tone, and composed his face into a grave admonitory aspect, nearly equal to a homily on prudence and good conduct.

"Miss Norah," said he, "perhaps I acted wrong in carrying my trial of your disposition too far. It's a thing, however, which we who are intended for the church are ordered to do, that we may be able to make out what are called in this very book you see wid me, *cases of con-*

science. But the task is now over, Miss Norah; and, in requital for your extrame good nature, I am bound to administer to you a slight lecture on decorum.

"In the first place, attend your duties regularly. I will soon be goin' to Maynooth; an' as you are one of the girls for whom I have the greatest regard, I will expect on my return to hear a good account of you. It is possible that you will be introduced in my absence to the honours of matrimony; but even so, I know that peace, an' taciturnity, an' submission will be your most signal qualifications. You will then be in a situation equal to that of the Roman matron. As for us, Miss Norah, we are subject to the dilapidations of occasional elevation. The ambrosia of sentiment lies in our path. We care not for the terrestrialities of life, when separated from the great principle of the poet—

'Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.'

That's Hebrew, Miss Norah!"

"They say you know a power of larnin', Misther Dinis."

"Yes, I know the seven languages; but what is all that compared to the cardinal virtues? This world is a mere bird of passage, Miss Norah; and it behoves us to be ever on the wing for futurity and premeditation. Now will you remember the excellent moral advice I have given you?"

"Indeed I will, sir," replied the roguish minx, tripping away, "particularly that you promised

to marry me for nothin' if I'd give you a kiss!"

"Give up everything like levity, Miss Norah. Attend your du"—

"You're a fool, Misther O'Shaughnessy! Why didn't you take the kiss, an' spare the king's English?"

On making this observation she redoubled her pace, and left Denis now perfectly sensible that he was a proper subject for her mirth. He turned about, and called after her—

"Had I known that you were only in jocosity, Miss Norah, upon my classicality, I'd have given you the k—."

He now perceived that she was beyond hearing, and that it was unnecessary to finish the sentence.

These accidental meetings between Denis and the pretty daughters of the neighbouring farmers, were, somehow, very frequent. Our hero, however, was always extremely judicious in tempering his gallantry and moral advice to his young female acquaintances. In the beginning of the conversation he was sly and complimentary, afterwards he became more insinuating, then more direct in his praises of their beauty; but as his timidity on the point of character was known, the mischief-loving girls uniformly ended with a threat of exposing him to the priest, to his friends, or to the neighbours, as the whim directed them. This brought him back to his morality again; he immediately commenced an exhortation touching their religious duties, thus hoping to cover, by a trait more becoming his

future destination, the little harmless *badinage* in which he had indulged.

The girls themselves frequently made him the topic of conversation, a proof that he was not altogether indifferent to them. In these little conclaves he came very well off. Among them all it was admitted, "that there was a rogue in his coat;" but this was by no means uttered in a tone of voice that betrayed any disrelish to him. On the contrary, they often said—and many of them with an involuntary sigh—that "he was too purty to be made a priest of;" others, that "it was a pity to make a priest of so fine a young man;" others, again, that "if he must be a priest, the colleens would be all flockin' to hear his sarmons." There was one, however, among them who never mentioned him either in praise or censure; but the rapid changes of her expressive countenance gave strong indications to an observing eye, that his name, person, and future prospects were capable of exciting a deep and intense interest in her heart.

At length he began to appear on horseback; and as he had hitherto been in the habit of taking that exercise bare-backed, now he was resolved to get into a saddle, and ride like a gentleman. Henceforth he might be seen mounted upon one of his father's horses, quite erect, and with but one spur, which was, in fact, the only spur, except the whiskey bottle, that had been in the family for three generations. This was used, he declared, for no other purpose in life

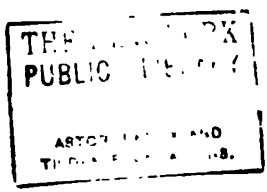
than that of "stimulating the animal to the true clerical trot."

From the moment he became a mounted man, he assumed an air of less equivocal command in the family; and not only to his own relations was this authority manifested, but to his more distant acquaintances, and, in short, to the whole parish. The people now began to touch their hats to him, which act of respect he returned as much in imitation of the parish priest as possible. They also began to ask him what o'clock it was, and Denis, with a peculiar condescension, balanced still with becoming dignity, stopped, pulled out his watch, and told the hour, after which he held it for a few seconds to his ear with an experienced air, then put it in a dignified manner in his fob, touched the horse with the solitary spur, put himself more erect, and proceeded with—as he himself used to say, when condemning the pride of the curate—"all the lordliness of the parochial priest."

The notions which the peasantry entertain of a priest's learning are as extravagant as they are amusing, and such, indeed, as would be too much for the pedantic vanity inseparable from a half-educated man to disclaim. The people are sufficiently reasonable, however, to admit gradations in the extent of knowledge acquired by their pastors; but some of the figures and illustrations which they use in estimating their comparative merits are highly ludicrous. I remember a young man, who, at the age of twenty-two, set about preparing himself for the church.

Denis Promoted to the Dignity of a Horse
Etching from an Original Drawing by Phiz

Denis Promoted to the Dignity of a Horse
Etching from an Original Drawing by Phiz


PUBLIC

He lived in the bosom of a mountain, whose rugged breast he cultivated with a strength proportioned to the difficulty of subduing it. He was a powerful young fellow, quiet and inoffensive in his manners, and possessed of great natural talents. It was upon a Monday morning, in the month of June, that the school-room door opened a foot and a half wider than usual, and a huge colossal figure stalked in, with a kind of bashful laugh upon his countenance, as if conscious of the disproportion betwixt his immense size and that of the other schoolboys. His figure, without a syllable of exaggeration, was precisely such as I am about to describe. His height six feet, his shoulders of an enormous breadth, his head red as fire; his body-coat made after the manner of his grandfather's—the skirts of it being near his heels—and the buttons behind little less than eighteen inches asunder. The pockets were cut so low, that when he stretched his arm to its full length, his fingers could not get further than the flaps; the breast of it was about nine inches longer than was necessary, so that when he buttoned it, he appeared all body. He wore no cravat, nor was his shirt collar either pinned or buttoned, but lay open as if to disclose an immense neck and chest scorched by the sun into a rich and healthy scarlet. His chin was covered with a *sole* of red dry bristles that appeared to have been clipped about a fortnight before; and as he wore neither shoe nor stocking, he exhibited a pair of legs to which Rob Roy's were drumsticks. They gave proof

of powerful strength, and the thick *fell* of bristly hair with which they were covered, argued an amazing hardihood of constitution and tremendous physical energy.

"Sure, Masther, I'm comin' to school to you!" were the first words he uttered.

Now there ran beneath the master's solemnity of manner, a broad but shallow under-current of humour which agreed but poorly with his pompous display of learning. On this occasion his struggle to retain the grave and overcome the ludicrous, was unavailing. The startling fact thus uncouthly announced by so grotesque a candidate for classical knowledge, occasioned him to receive the intelligence with more mirth than was consistent with good-breeding. His pupils, too, who were hitherto afraid to laugh aloud, on observing his countenance dilate into an expression of laughter which he could not conceal, made the roof of the house ring with their mirth.

"Silence, gintlemen!" said he, "*legite, perlegite, et relegite*—study, gintlemen, study—pluck the tree of knowledge, I say, while the fruit is in season. Denny O'Shaughnessy, what are you facetious for? *Quid rides, Dionysi?* And so, Pether—is Pether your pronomen—*quo nomine gowdes?* Silence, boys!—perhaps he was at Latin before, and we'll try him—*quo nomine gowdes, Pethre?*"

A stare of awkward perplexity was the only reply he could get from the colossus he addressed.

"And so you're fished up from the Streights [46] at last, Pether?"

"Sir, my name's not Pether. My father's name is Paddy Doorish, but my own is Franky. I was born in Lisnagh; but we lived double as long as I can mind in the Mountain Bar."

"And, Franky, what put Latin into your head?"

"There was no Latin put into my head; I'm comin' to you for that."

"And, you graceful sprig of juvenility, have you the conscience to think that I'd undhertake to fill what you carry on your showlders on the same terms that I'd take for replenishing the head of a rasonable youth? Would you be so unjust in all the principles of correct erudition as to expect that, my worthy Man-mountain?"

"I don't expect it," said Frank; "all that's in your head wouldn't fill a corner of mine, if you go accordin' to size; but I'll pay *you* for tachin' me as much as you know yourself, an' the more I larn the less pains you'll have wid me."

Franky, however, made an amazing progress —so very rapid, indeed, that in about three years from that day he found himself in Maynooth, and in three years more was an active curate, to whom that very teacher appeared as slavishly submissive as if he had never ridiculed his vulgarity or ungainly dimensions. Poor Frank, however, in consequence of the rapid progress he made, and of the very short interval which elapsed from the period of his commencing Latin until that of his ordination, was assigned by the

people the lowest grade in learning. The term used to designate the rank which they supposed him to hold, was both humorous and expressive.

"Franky," they would say, "is no *finished* priest in the larnin'; *he's but a scowdher.*"

Now a *scowdher* is an oaten cake laid upon a pair of tongs placed over the *greeshaugh,* or embers, that are spread out for the purpose of baking it. In a few minutes the side first laid down is scorched: it is then turned, and the other side is also scorched; so that it has the appearance of being baked, though it is actually quite raw within. It is a homely, but an exceedingly apt illustration, when applied to such men as Frank.

"Poor Frank," they would observe, "is but a *scowdher*—the sign of the tongs—No. 11, is upon him; so that it is asy known he never was laid to the *muddha arran,*[47]—that is to say, properly baked—or duly and thoroughly educated.

Denis, however, to resume more directly the thread of our narrative, on finding himself mounted, took an inveterate prejudice against walking. There was something, he thought, far more dignified in riding than in pacing slowly upon the earth, like a common man who had not the justification of Latin and Greek for becoming an equestrian. Besides this accomplishment, there were also many other habits to be broken off, and more genteel ones to be adopted in their place. These were all suggested by his rising pride; and, in sooth, they smacked strongly of that adroitness with which the Irish priest, and every priest, contrives to accomplish the purpose

of feeding well through the ostensible medium of a different motive.

He accordingly took his father aside one morning, after he had eaten a more meagre breakfast than usual, and, after licking his lips, addressed him in these words:—

"I think, father, that upon considerating the consequence to which I am now entitled, and the degree of respectability which, in my own person—*in propria persona*—I communicate to the vulgarians with whom I am connected—I call them vulgarians from no derogatory motive; but you will concede yourself, that they are ignorant of the larned languages, an' consequently, though dacent enough, still in reference to Latin an' Greek, but vulgarians. Well! *Quid multis?* —I say, that taking all these things into speculation, looking at them—*veluti in speculum*—it is neither dacent nor becoming that I should ate in the manner I have done, as vulgarly as themselves—that I should ate, I say, any longer without knife and fork. Neither, I announce, shall I in future drink my milk any longer, as I have, with all humility, done hitherto, out of a noggin; nor continue to disrobe my potatoes any longer without a becoming instrument. I must also have better viands to consume. You are not to be informed that I am in that situation of life, in which, from my education and other accomplishments, I must be estimated as duly qualified to ate beef and mutton instead of bacon, an' to have my *tay* breakfast instead of stirabout, which, in polite society, is designated *porridge*.

You know yourself, and must acknowledge, that I'm soon likely to confer distinction and pre-eminence upon the poor illiterate, but honest creatures, with whom I am associated in the bonds of blood-relationship. If I were a dunce, or a booby, or a leather-head, the case might be different; but you yourself are well acquainted with my talents at logic or conthroversy; an' I have sound rasons and good authority, which I could quote, if necessary, for proving that nothing increases the weight of the brain, and accelerates to gravity and solidity more than good feeding. Pay attention, therefore to my words, for I expect that they will be duly observed:—buy me a knife and fork; and when I get them, it's not to lay them past to rust, you consave. The beef and mutton must follow; and in future I'm resolved to have my *tay* breakfast. There are geese, and turkeys, and pullets enough about the yard, and I am bent on accomplishing myself in the art of carving them. I'm not the man now to be placed among the other riff-raff of the family over a basket of potatoes, wid a black clerical coat upon me, and a noggin of milk under my arm! I tell you the system must be changed: the schoolmaster is abroad, and I'll tolerate such vulgarity no longer. Now saddle the horse till I ride across the bog to Pether Rafferty's Station, where I'm to sarve mass: plase heaven, I'll soon be able to say one myself, and give you all a lift in spirituals—ehem!"

"Throth, Dinny, I b'lieve you're right, avick; and——"

"*Vick* me no longer, father—that's another thing I forgot. It's full time that I should be *sirred;* and if my own relations won't call me *Sir* instead of Dinny, it's hardly to be expected that strangers will do it. I wish to goodness you had never stimgatised me wid so vulgar an epithet as Dinny. The proper word is Dionysius; and, in future, I'll expect to be called Misther Dionysius."

"Sure, I or your mother needn't be *sirrin'* you, Dinny?"

"I haven't made up my mind as to whether I'll demand that proof of my respectability from you and my mother, or not; but on this I'm immovable, that instead of Dinny, you must, as I said, designate me Dionysius."

"Well, well, avourneen, I suppose only it's right you wouldn't be axin' us; but I'm sure your poor mother will never be able to get her tongue about Dionnisis, it's so long and larned a word."

"It *is* a larned word, no doubt; but she must persevere until she's able to masther it. I wouldn't for three tenpennies that the priest would hear one of you call me Dinny; it would degradate me very much in his estimation. At all events, if my mother cannot manage the orthography of Dionysius, let it be Denis, or anything but that signature of vulgarity, Dinny. Now, father, you won't neglect to revale what I've ordered to the family?"

"No, indeed, I will not, avick—I mane Dionnisis, avourneen—I'll tell them everything as you ordhered; but as to Dionnisis, I'm cock sure that

poor Mave will never be able to get her ould tongue about so newfangled a piece of larnin' as that is. Well, well, this knowledge bates the world!"

When the horse was saddled, and Dionysius on his way with all due pomp to the Station, old Denis broke the matter to his wife.

"Mave, achora," said he, "I have sthrange news to tell you: sure Dionnisis is goin' to make himself a gintleman."

"Sure what?"

"Dionnisis, our son Dionnisis, is goin' to make himself a gintleman; he'll ate no longer widout a knife and fork."

"Saints about us!" exclaimed Mave, rising and looking with alarm into her husband's face—"saints about us, Denis, what is't ails you? Sure there would be nothin' wrong wid you about the head, Denis? or may be it's a touch of a faver you've got, out riddling that corn bareheaded, yistherday? I remimber the time my aunt Bridget tuck the scarlet faver, she began to rave and spake foolish in the same way."

"Why, woman, if your aunt Bridget had a faver made up of all the colours in the rainbow, I tell you I'm spakin' sinse! Our son Dionnisis proved himself a gintleman out in the garden wid me about an hour ago."

"I suppose so, Denis," she replied, humouring him, for she was still doubly convinced that he laboured under some incipient malady, if not under actual insanity; "an' what son is *this*, Dinny? I've never heard of *him* before."

"Our son Denis, woman alive! You must know he's not to be called Dinny or Dinis any more, but Dionnisis; he's to begin atin' wid a knife an' fork to-morrow; we must get him beef and mutton, and a tay breakfast. He says it's not fair play in any one that's so deep read in the larnin' as he is, to ate like a vulgarian, or to peel his phaties wid his fingers, an' him knows so much Latin an' Greek; an' my sowl to happiness but he'll stick to the gintlemanly way of livin', so far as the beef, an' mutton, and tay is consarned."

"He will! An', Dinis O'Shaughnessy, who has a betther right to turn gintleman, nor the gorsoon that studied for that? Isn't it proud you ought to be that he has the spirit to think of sich things?"

"I'll engage, Mave, on that point you'll find him spirited enough; for my part, I don't begrudge him what he wants; but I heard the people say, that no man's a gintleman who's not *College-bred;* and you know he's not that yet."

"You forget that he has gentle blood in his veins, Denis. There was a day when my family, the Magennises, held their heads up; and Kolumkill says that the same time is to come back agin to all the ould families. Who knows if it's altogether from *himself* he's takin' to the beef an' mutton, but from *prophecy;* he knows what he's about, I'll warrant him. For our part, it's not right for us to cross him in it; it's for the good of the church, no doubt, an' we might lose more by a *blast* upon the corn or the cattle, than he'd

ate the other way. That's my dhrame out that I had last night about him. I thought we were all *gother* somewhere that I can't rightly remimber; but anyhow there was a great *sight* of people in it, an' high doins goin' an in the atin' way. I looked about me, an' seen ever so many priests dressed all like the Protestant clargy; our Dinis was at the head of them, wid a three-cocked hat, an' a wig upon him; he was cuttin' up beef an' mutton at the rate of a weddin', an' dhrinkin' wine in metherfuls.

"'Musha, Dinis,' says myself, 'what's all this for?'

"'Why,' says he, 'it's all for the good of the church an' the faithful. I'm now Archbishop of the county,' says he; 'the Protestants are all banished, an' we are in their place.'

"The sorra one o' myself all this time but thought he was a priest still; so says I, 'Dinny, you're a wantin' to anoint Paddy Diarmud, who's given over, an' if you don't make haste, you won't *overtake* him?'

"'He must wait then till mornin',' says Dinny; 'or if he chooses to die against my will, an' the will o' the church, let him take the quensequences. We're wealthy now.'

"I was so much frightened at the kind of voice that he spoke to me in, that I awoke; an' sure enough, the first thing I heard was the fizzin' o' bacon on the pan. I wondered who could be up so early, an' puttin' my head through the door, there was Dinny busy at it, wid an ould knife in

one hand, an' an iron skiver in the other, imitatin' a fork.

"'What are you doin' so early, Dinny?' says I.

"'I'm practisin',' says he.

"'What for?' says I.

"'Oh, I'm practisin',' says he, back again, 'go to bed; I'm practisin' for the church, an' the Station that's to be in Pether Rafferty's to-day.'

"Now, Dinny, between you an' me, that dhrame didn't come for nothin'. So give the gorsoon his way, an' if he chooses to be a gintleman, why let him; he'll be the more honour to thim that reared him."

"Thrue for you, indeed, Mave; he always had a high spirit ever since he was intinded for the *robes,* and would have his own way and will in whatever he took into his head, right or wrong, as cleverly as if he had the authority for it."

"An' so he ought, seein' he wasn't to be slavin' at the spade, like the rest o' the family. The ways o' them that have great larnin' as he has, isn't like other people's ways—they must be humoured, and have their own will, otherwise what 'ud they be betther than their neighbours?"

The other arrangements laid down by Denis, touching his determination not to be addressed so familiarly by his brothers and sisters, were next discussed in this conversation, and of course, the same prejudice in his favour was manifested by his indulgent parents. The whole code of his injunctions was subsequently disclosed to the

family in all its extent and rigour. Some of them heard it with surprise, and others with that kind of dogged indignation evinced by those who are in some degree prepared for the nature of the communication about to be laid before them. Altogether the circumstances in which it placed them were peculiar and embarrassing. The Irish peasant can seldom bear to have the tenderness of domestic affection tampered with, whether from pride, caprice, or any other motive not related to his prejudices. In this instance the strongest feelings of the O'Shaughnessys were brunted, as it were in hostile array against each other; and although the moral force on each side was nearly equal, still the painful revulsion produced by Denis's pride, as undervaluing their affection, and substituting the cold forms of artificial life for the warmth of honest hearts like theirs, was, in the first burst of natural fervour, strongly, and somewhat indignantly expressed.

Denis had been their pride, the privileged person among them—the individual whose talents were to throw lustre upon a nameless and unknown family; the future priest—the embryo preacher of eminence—the resistless controversialist—the holy father confessor—and perhaps, for with that vivacity of imagination peculiar to the Irish, they could scarcely limit his exaltation —perhaps the bishop of a whole diocese. Had not the Lord Primate himself been the son of as humble a man? "And who knows," said his youngest and fairest sister, who of all the family was most devoted to him, "but Dinny might yet

be a primate?" And as she spoke, the tear of affection, pride, and enthusiasm glistened in her eye. Denis, therefore, had been much, even in his youth, to their simple hearts, and far more to their hopes and expectations, than he was in all the pride of his petty polemics; but when he, before whose merits, both real and imaginary, every heart among them bowed as before the shrine of a tutelar saint, turned round, ere the destined eminence he aimed at was half attained, and laid upon their fervent affection the icy chain of pride and worldly etiquette—the act was felt keenly and unexpectedly as the acute spasm of some sudden malady.

The father and mother, however, both defended him with great warmth; and by placing his motives in that point of view which agreed best with their children's prejudices, they eventually succeeded in reconciling his brothers and sisters in some degree to the necessity of adopting the phraseology he proposed—that they might treat him with suitable respect in the eye of the world.

"It's proud of him we ought to be," said his father, "and delighted that he has sich a risin' spirit; an' sure the more respect is paid to him, the greater credit he will be to ourselves."

"But, sure he has no right," said his eldest brother, "to be settin' up for a gintleman till he's priested. I'm willin' enough to *Sir* him, only that it cuts me more than I'll say, to think that I must be callin' the boy that I'd spill the last dhrop of my blood for, afther the manner

of a sthranger; and besides," he added, "I'm not clear but the neighbours will be passin' remarks upon us, as they did when you and he used to be arguin'."

"I'd like to see them that 'ud turn it into a joke," said his father; "I would let them know that Dinis O'Shaughnessy's dog is neither to be made or meddled wid in a disrespectful manner, let alone his son. We are not widout friends and connections that 'ud take our quarrel upon them in his defince, if there was a needcessity for it; but there will not, for didn't my heart lep the other day to my throat wid delight, when I saw Larry Neil put his hand to his hat to him, comin' up the Esker upon the mare; and may I never do an ill turn, if he didn't answer the bow to Larry, as if he was the priest of the parish already. It's the wondher of the world how he picks up a jinteel thing any how, an' ever did, since he was the hoith o' that."

"Why," said the mother, "what a norration yez rise about thratin the boy as every one like him ought to be thrated. Wait till ye see him a parish priest, and then ye'll be comin' round him to get your daughters to keep house for him, and your sons edicated and made priests of; but now that the child takes a ginteel relish for beef and mutton, and wants to be respected, ye are mane an' low spirited enough to grumble about it."

"No, mother," said his youngest sister, bursting into tears, "I'd beg it for him, sooner nor he should want; but I can't bear to be callin' my

brother Dinny—*Sir*—like a stranger. It looks as if *I* didn't love him, or as if *he* was forgettin' us, or carin' less about us nor he used to do."

This, in fact, was the root and ground of the opposition which Denis's plan received at the hands of his relations; it repressed the cordial and affectionate intercourse which had hitherto subsisted between them; but the pride of life, and, what is more, the pride of an office which ought always to be associated with humility, had got into his heart; the vanity of learning, too, thin and shallow though it was, inflated him; and the effect of both was a gradual induration of feeling—an habitual sense of his own importance, and a notion of supreme contempt for all who were more ignorant than himself.

After the first impression of pain and mortification had passed away from the minds of his brothers and sisters, it was, however, unanimously admitted that he was right; and ere long, no other feeling than one of good-humour, mingled with drollery, could be perceived among them. They were clearly convinced, that he claimed no more from strangers than was due to him; but they certainly were not prepared to hear that he had brought the exaction of personal respect so completely and unexpectedly home to themselves as he had done. The thing, too, along with being unreasonable, was awkward and embarrassing in the extreme; for there is a kind of feeling among brothers and sisters, which, though it cannot be described, is very trying to their delicacy and shamefacedness under circumstances of a similar

nature. In humble life you will see a married woman who cannot call her husband after his Christian name; or a husband, who, from some extraordinary restraint, cannot address his wife, except in that distant manner which the principle I allude to dictates, and habit confirms.

Denis, however, had overcome this modesty, and felt not a whit too shamefaced to arrogate to his own learning and character, the most unhesitating manifestation of their deference and respect, and they soon scrupled not to pay it.

The night of that evening was pretty far advanced, when a neighbour's son, named Condy Callaghan, came to inform the family that Denis, when crossing the bog on his way home, had rode into a swamp, from which he found much difficulty in extricating himself, but added, "the mare is sunk to the saddle-skirts, and cannot get out widout men and ropes." In a short time a sufficient number of the neighbours were summoned together, and proceeded to the animal's relief. Denny's importance, as well as his black dress, was miserably tarnished; he stood, however, with as dignified an air as possible, and, in a bombastic style, proceeded to direct the men as to the best manner of relieving her.

"Asy, Dinny," said his brother, with a good-humoured but significant smile—"larning may be very good in its place; in the mane time, lave the business in our hands rather than in your own head—or if you have e'er a scrap of Greek or Latin that 'ud charm ould Sobersides out, where was the use of sendin' for help?"

"I say," replied Denis, highly offended, "I'll not tolerate vulgarity any longer; you must *larn* to address me in a more polite style. If the animal—that purblind quadruped—walked into the mire, by what logic can you produce an association between her blindness and my knowledge of Latin and Greek? But why do I degradate my own consequence by declaiming to you an eulogium upon logic? It's only throwing pearls before swine."

"I didn't mane to offind you," replied the warm-hearted brother; "I meant you no offince in what I said, so don't take it ill—we'll have Sobersides out in no time—and barrin' an' extra rubbin' down to both of you, neither will be the worse, I hope."

"As to what you hope or despair, Brian, it could produce no other impression on the subtilty of my fancy, than pity for the man who could compare me—considering the brilliancy of my career, and the extent of my future speculations—to a quadruped like Sobersides, by asserting that I, as well as she, ought to be *rubbed down!* And were it not that I confront the offince with your own ignorance, I would expose you before the townland in which we stand; ay, to the whole parish—but I spare you, out of respect to my own consequence."

"I ax your pardon," said the brother, "I won't offind you in the same way again. What I said, I said to you as I though a brother might—I ax your pardon!"

There was a slight agitation approaching to a

tremor in his brother's voice, that betokened sorrow for his own impropriety in too familiarly addressing Denis, and perhaps regret that so slight and inoffensive a jest should have been so harshly received in the presence of strangers, by a brother who had in reality been his idol. He reflected upon the conversation held on that morning in the family, touching Denny's prerogative in claiming a new and more deferential deportment from them all; and he could not help feeling that there was in it a violation of some natural principle long sacred to his heart. But the all-pervading and indefinite awe felt for that sacerdotal character into which his brother was about to enter, subdued all, and reconciled him to those inroads upon violated Nature, despite her own voice, loudly expressed as it was in his bosom.

When the family was once more assembled that night, Denis addressed them in a tone, which implied that the *odium theologicum* had not prevented the contrition expressed by his brother from altogether effacing from his mind the traces of his offence.

"Unworthy of respect," he proceeded, "as it appears by some of my relations I am held," and he glanced at his brother, "yet I beg permission to state, that our worthy parochial priest, or I should rather say, the Catholic Rector of this parish, is of a somewhat different habit of thought or contemplation. I dined with him to-day—ehem—dined with him upon an excellent joint of mutton—I say, father—the *mutton* was good—

and with his proud pertinacious curate, whom I do not at all relish; whether, as Homer says—I enumerate his scurrilous satire, or his derogatory insinuations. His parochial pastor and spiritual superior is a gentleman, or as Horace says, *homo factus ad unguem*—which is paraphrastically every inch a gentleman—or more literally a gentleman to the tops of his fingers—ehem—hem—down to the very nails—as it were.

"Well—having discussed that—*observatis observandis, quoad sacerdotem*—having passed my eulogium upon Father Finnerty—upon my word and credit though, punch is *prima facie* drink—and father, that brings me to remember an omission which I committed in my dialogue with you this morning. I forgot to say, that after my dinner, in the manner I expounded to you, it will be necessary to have a tumbler of punch—for as Father Finnerty says, there is nothing which so effectually promotes the organs of digestion. Now, my introduction of *this,* in the middle of my narrative, is what the hypercritics call a *Parenthesis,* which certainly betrays no superficial portion of literary perusal on my part, if you could at all but understand it as well as Father Finnerty, our worthy parochial incumbent does. As for the curate, should I ever come to authority in the Irish hierarchy, I shall be strongly disposed to discountenance him; if it were only for his general superciliousness of conduct. So there's another clause disposed of.

"Well—to proceed—I say I have intelligence regarding myself, that will be by no

means unsavoury to you all. Father Finnerty and I had, about an hour before dinner this day, a long and tedious conversation, the substance of which was my future celebrity in the church. He has a claim on the Bishop, which he stated to me will be exercised in my favour, although there are several candidates for it in this parish, not one of whom, however, is within forty-five degrees of being so well qualified for college as myself. Father, is there not a jar—an *amphora*—as that celebrated satirist Juvenile, has it—an *amphora*—in the chimly-brace, filled with liquor—get it, and let us inter animosity—I'll not be long a member of the domestic circle with you—so, upon the basis of the communication I have to make, let us, as I said, become sextons to animosity and care. 'Dionysius,' said Father Finnerty, addressing me, which shows, at all events, that I am not so unimportant as some of my friends would suppose—'*Dionysius,*' said he *inter nos*—'between you and me, I believe I have it in my power to send up a candidate to Maynooth. 'Tis true, I never make a promise—*nunquam facio votunt,* except in certain cases, or in other words, Dionysius, *exceptis excipiendis*—in which is the *essence,* as it were, of a proper vow.' In the mean time he proceeded—'With regard to your prospects in the church, I can only say in the first place, and I say it with much truth and sincerity—*that I'm badly off for a horse;* that, however, is, as I said, *inter nos—sub sigillo.* The old *garran* I have is fairly worn out—and, not that I say it,

your father has as pretty a colt as there is within the bounds—*intra terminos parochii mei,* within the two ends of my parish: *verbum sat*—which is I'm sure you are a sensible and discreet young man. Your father, Dionysius, is a parishioner whom I regard and esteem to the highest degree of comparison, and you will be pleased to report my eulogium to himself and to his dacent family—and proud may they be of having so brilliant a youth among them as you are—ehem!'

"Now, you may all think that this was plain conversation; but I had read too much for that. In fact, it was *logic*—complate, convincing logic, every word of it. So I responded to him in what is called in the books, the *argumentum ad crumenam;* although I question but it ought to be designated here the *argumentum ad bestiam.* Said I, 'Father Finnerty, the colt, my paternal property, which you are pleased to eulogise so highly, is a good one; it was designed for myself when I should come out on the mission; however, I will undertake to say, if you get me into Maynooth, that my father on my authority will *lend* you the colt to-morrow, and the day of his claiming it will be dependent upon the fulfilment of your promise or votum.'

"'*Signatum et sigillatum est,*'—said he, for indeed the best part of the discussion was conducted in Latin; 'and now,' he continued, 'my excellent Dionysius, nothing remains but that the colt be presented'——

——"'Lent,' I responded, correcting him, you

see, even although he was the priest—*'lent,'* said I; 'and your Reverence will be good enough to give the *votum* before one or two of my friends.'

He looked at me sharply, not expecting to find such deep logic in one he conjectured to be but a *tyro.*

"'You will be a useful man in the church,' he added, 'and you deserve to be pushed on at all events. In the mean time tell your father that I'll ride up and breakfast with him to-morrow, and he can have a friend or two to talk over the *compactum.*'

"So, father, there's the state of the question at present; the accomplishment of the condition is dependent upon yourself."

My readers may perceive that Denis, although a pedant, was not a fool. It has been said that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre;* but I think the truth of the sentiment contained in that saying is questionable. Denis, on the contrary, was nowhere so great a man as in his own chimney-corner, surrounded by his family. It was there he was learned, accomplished, profound; next to that he was great among those who, although not prejudiced in his favour by the bonds of affection, were too ignorant to discover those literary pranks which he played off, because he knew he could do so without detection. The basis, however, of his character was shrewd humour and good sense; and even at the stage of life which we have just described, it might have been evident to a close observer, that, when a proper knowledge of his own powers,

joined to a further acquaintance with the world, should enable him to cast off the boyish assumption of pedantry, a man of a keen ready intellect, and considerable penetration, would remain.

Many of my readers may be inclined to exclaim, that the character of Denny is not to be found in real life; but they are mistaken who think so. They are not to suppose that Denis O'Shaughnessy was the same person in his intercourse with intelligent men and scholars, that he appeared among the illiterate peasantry, or his own relations. Far from it. With the former, persons like him are awkward and bashful, or modest and unassuming, according to the bent of their natural disposition. With scholars Denis made few pretensions to superior knowledge; but on the contrary, took refuge, if he dreaded a scrutiny into his acquirements, in the humblest acknowledgment of his limited reading, and total unacquaintance with those very topics on which he was, under other circumstances, in the habit of expatiating so fluently. In fact, were I to detail some of the scenes of his exhibitions as they were actually displayed, *then* I have no doubt I might be charged with colouring too highly.

When Denis had finished the oration from the chimney-corner, delivered with suitable gesticulation while he stood drying himself at the fire after the catastrophe of the swamp, a silence of some minutes followed. The promise of the colt made to the priest with such an air of authority,

was a *finale* which the father did not expect, and by which he was not a little staggered.

"I could like it all very well," replied the father, "save an' except givin' away the coult that's worth five-an'-twenty guineas, if he's worth a *'crona-bawn*. To tell the blessed thruth, Dinis, if you had settled the business widout *that*, I'd be betther plased."

"Just exercise your contemplation upon it for a short period," replied Denis, "and you will perceive that I stipulated to *lend* him before witnesses; and if Father Finnerty does not matriculate me into Maynooth, then do you walk down some brilliant morning or other, and take your baste by the head, direct yourself home, hold the bridle as you proceed, and by the time you're at the rack, you'll find the horse at the manger. I have now stated the legality of the matter, and you may act as your own subtilty of perception shall dictate. I have laid down the law, do you consider the equity."

"Why," said the father, "if I thought he would get you into"——

"Correct, quite correct: the cardinal point there is the *if*. If he does, give him the horse; but if not, reclaim the quadruped without hesitation. I am not to be kept back, if profundity and erudition can substantiate a prospect. Still, father, the easiest way is the safest, and the shortest the most expeditious."

The embarrassing situation in which the other members of the family were placed, imposed upon them a profound silence, in reference to the sub-

ject of conversation. Yet, while Denny delivered the aforesaid harangue from the chimney-corner, every eye was fixed upon him with an expression of pride and admiration which escaped not his own notice. Their deportment towards him was affectionate and respectful; but none of them could so far or so easily violate old habits as to address him according to his own wishes; they therefore avoided addressing him at all.

The next morning Father Finnerty paid them his purposed visit, and, as he had promised, arrived in time for breakfast. A few of Denis's relations *were* assembled, and in their presence the arrangements respecting the colt and Denny's clerical prospects were privately concluded. So far everything was right; the time of Denny's departure for Maynooth was to be determined by the answer which Father Finnerty should receive from the bishop; for an examination must, of course, take place, which was to be conducted by the prelate, or by some other clergyman appointed for that purpose. This and the necessary preparation usual on such occasions, were the only impediments in the way of his departure for Maynooth, a place associated with so many dreams of that lowly ambition which the humble circumstances of the peasantry permit them to entertain.

The Irish people, I need scarcely observe, are a poor people; they are, also, very probably for the same reason, an imaginative people; at all events, they are excited by occurrences which

would not produce the same vivacity of emotion which they experience, upon any other people in the world. This, after all, is but natural; a long endurance of hunger will render the coarsest food delicious; and, on the contrary, when the appetite is glutted with the richest viands, it requires a dish whose flavour is proportionably high and spicy to touch the jaded palate. It is so with our moral enjoyments. In Ireland, a very simple accession to their hopes or comforts produces an extraordinary elevation of mind, and so completely unlocks the sluices of their feelings, that every consideration is lost in the elation of the moment. At least it was so in Denis O' Shaughnessy's family upon this occasion.

No sooner had Father Finnerty received the colt, and pledged himself that Denny should have the place in Maynooth that was then vacant, than a tumultuous expression of delight burst from his family and relations. Business was then thrown aside for the day; the house was scoured and set in order, as if it were for a festival; their best apparel was put on; every eye was bright, every heart throbbed with a delightful impulse, whilst kindness and hilarity beamed from their faces. In a short time they all separated themselves among their neighbours to communicate the agreeable tidings; and the latter, with an honest participation in their happiness, instantly laid aside their avocations and flocked to Denis O'Shaughnessy's, that they might congratulate him and his friends upon what was considered the completion of their hopes. When

the day was more advanced, several of Denny's brothers and sisters returned, and the house was nearly filled with their acquaintances and relations. Ere one o'clock had passed they were all assembled, except old Denis, of whom no person could give any intelligence. Talk, loud laughter, pure poteen, and good-humour, all circulated freely; the friendly neighbour unshaved, and with his Sunday coat thrown hastily over his work-day apparel, drank to Denny's health, and wished that he might "bate all Maynewth out of the face; an' sure there's no doubt of that, any how—doesn't myself remimber him puttin' the explanations to Pasthorini before he was the bulk o' my fist?" His brothers and sisters now adopted with enthusiasm the terms of respect which he had prescribed for them through his father; he was *Sirred* and *Misthered,* and all but *Reverenced,* with a glow of affectionate triumph which they strove not to conceal. He was also overwhelmed with compliments of all hues and complexions: one reminded him of the victory he obtained over a hedge-schoolmaster who came one Sunday a distance of fifteen miles to *sack* him in English Grammar on the chapel-green; but as the man was no classical scholar, "Sure," observed his neighbour, "I remember well that he couldn't get a word out of Misther Denis's head there but Latin; so that the poor crathur, afther travellin' fifteen long miles, had to go home agin, the show o' the world, widout undherstandin' a sintence of the larnin' that was put an him; an' so here's wishin' you health, Misther

Dinis, agra, an' no fear in life but you'll be the jewel at the prachin', Sir, plase Goodness!"

Another reminded him of "how often he proved Phaidrick Murray to be an ass, and showed him how he couldn't make out the differ atween black an' white."

"Sure, an' he did," said Phadrick, scratching his head, for he was one of the first at the house; "an' no wondher, wid his long-headed screwtations from the books. Throth, his own father was the best match, barrin' Father Lawdher that was broke of his bread, he ever met wid, till he got too many for him by the Latin an' Greek."

This allusion to old Denis occasioned his absence to be noticed.

"Can nobody tell where Denis More is?" said the wife; "my gracious, but it's quare he should be from about the place this day, any way. Brian, mavourneen, did you see him goin' any where?"

"No," said Brian, "but I see him comin' down there carryin' some aitables in a basket."

Brian had scarcely ended when his father entered, bearing beef and mutton, as aforesaid, both of which he deposited upon the kitchen table, with a jerk of generosity and pride, that seemed to say, as he looked significantly at Denny—and, in fact, as he did say afterwards—"Never spare, Dinny; ate like a gintleman; make yourself as bright an' ginteel as you can; you won't want for beef an' mutton!"

Old Denis now sat down, and, after wiping the perspiration from his forehead, took the glass

of poteen which the wife handed him: he held it between his finger and thumb for a moment, glanced around him upon the happy faces present, then laid it down again, fixed his eyes upon his son, and cast them once more upon the company. The affectionate father's heart was full; his breast heaved, and the large tears rolled slowly down his cheeks. By a strong effort, however, he mastered his emotion; and taking the glass again, he said in a broken voice:—

"Neighbours!—God bless yez!—God bless yez!—Dinny—Dinny—I"——

The last words he pronounced with difficulty; and drinking off his glass, set it down empty upon the table. He then rose up, and shook his neighbours by the hand—

"I am," said he, "a happy man, no doubt of it, an' we're all happy; an' it's proud any father might be to hear the account of his son, that I did of mine, as I was convoyin' Father Finnerty a piece o' the way home. 'Your son,' says he, when he took that bit of a coult out o' my hand, 'will be an honour to you all. I tell you,' says he, 'that he's nearly as good a scholar as myself, an' spakes Latin not far behind my own; an' as for a pracher,' says he, 'I can tell you that he'll be hard *farther* nor any man I know.' He tould me them words wid his own two lips. An' surely, neighbours," said he, relapsing into strong feeling, "you can't blame me for bein' both proud an' happy of sich a son."

My readers, from the knowledge already given them of Denny's character, are probably

disposed to think that his learning was thrown out on this occasion in longer words and more copious quotations than usual. This, however, was not the case; so far from that, he never displayed less pedantry, nor interspersed his conversation with fewer scraps of Latin. In fact, the proceedings of the day appeared to affect him with a tone of thought, decidedly at variance with the exuberance of joy experienced by the family. He was silent, moody, and evidently drawn by some secret reflection from the scene around him. He held a book in his hand, into which he looked from time to time, with the air of a man who balances some contingency in his mind. At length, when the conversation of those who were assembled became more loud and boisterous, he watched an opportunity of gliding out unperceived; having accomplished this, he looked cautiously about him, and finding himself not observed, he turned his steps to a glen which lay about half a mile below his father's house.

At the lowest skirt of this little valley, protected by a few spreading hawthorns, stood a small white farm-house, more immediately shaded by a close row of elder, or boor-tree, which hung over one of the gables, and covered the garden gate, together with a neat grassy seat, that was built between the gate and the gable. It was impervious to sun and rain: one of those pretty spots which present themselves on the road-side in the country, and strike the eye with a pleasing notion of comfort; especially when, during a summer

shower, the cocks and hens of the little yard are seen by the traveller who takes shelter under it, huddled up in silence, the white dust quite dry, whilst the heavy shower patters upon the leaves above, and upon the dark drenched road beside him.

Under the shade of this sat an interesting girl, aged about seventeen, named Susan Connor. She was slender, and not above the middle size; but certainly, in point of form and feature, such as might be called beautiful—handsome she unquestionably was; but be that as it may, with this rustic beauty the object of Denis's stolen visit was connected. She sat knitting under the shade of elder which we have described, a sweet picture of innocence and candour. Our hero's face, as he approached her, was certainly a fine study for any one who wished to embody the sad and the ludicrous. Desperate was the conflict between pedantry and feeling which he experienced. His manner appeared more pompous and affected than ever; yet was there blended with the flush of approaching triumph as a candidate, such woe-begone shades of distress flitting occasionally across his features, as rendered his countenance inscrutably enigmatical.

When the usual interchange of preliminary conversation had passed, Denis took his seat beside her on the grassy bench; and after looking in several directions, and giving half a dozen hems, he thus accosted her:—

"Susan, cream of my affections, I may venture to conjecture that the fact, or *factum*,

of my being the subject of a *fama clamosa* to-day, has not yet reached your ears?"

"Now, Denis, you are at your deep larning from the books again. Can't you keep your reading for them that undherstands it, an' not be spakin' so Englified to a simple girl like me?"

"There is logic in that same, however. Do you know, Susan, I have often thought that, provided always you had resaved proper instruction, you would have made a first-rate classical scholar."

"So you tould me, Denis, the Sunday evening we exchanged the promise. But sure when you get me, I can larn it. Won't you tache me, Denis?"

She turned her laughing eyes archly at him as she spoke, with a look of joy and affection: it was a look, indeed, that staggered for the moment every ecclesiastical resolution within him. He returned her glance, and ran over the features of her pure and beautiful countenance for some minutes; then, placing his open hand upon his eyes, he seemed buried in reflection. At length he addressed her:—

"Susan, I am thinking of that same Sunday evening on which we exchanged the hand-promise. I say, Susan,—*dimidium animæ meæ*—I am in the act of meditating upon it; and sorry am I to be compel—to be under the neces—to be reduced, I say—that is *redactus* in the larned langua——: in other words—or terms, indeed, is more elegant—in other terms, then, Susan, I fear that what I just now alluded to, touching the *fama clamosa* which is current about me this day,

will render that promise a rather premature one on both our parts. Some bachelors in my situation might be disposed to call it foolish, but I entertain a reverence—a veneration for the feelings of the feminine sex, that inclines me to use the mildest and most classical language in divulging the change that has taken place in my fortunes since I saw you last."

"What do you mane, Denis?" inquired Susan, suddenly ceasing to knit, and fixing her eyes upon him with a glance of alarm.

"To be plain, Susy, I find that Maynooth is my destination. It has been arranged between my father and Docthor Finnerty, that I must become a labourer in the vineyard; that is, that I must become a priest, and cultivate the grape. It's a sore revelation to make to an amorous maiden; but destiny will be triumphant:—

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

The poor girl suddenly laid down the work on which she had been engaged, her face became the colour of ashes, and the reply she was about to make died upon her lips. She again resumed her stocking, but almost instantly laid it down a second time, and appeared wholly unable either to believe or comprehend what he said.

"Denis," she at length asked, "did you say that all is to be over between us?"

"That was my insinuation," replied Denis. "The fact is, Susy, that destiny is adverse; clean against our union in the bonds of matrimonial ecstasy. But, Susy, my charmer, I told you be-

fore that you were not destitute of logic, and I hope you will bear this heavy visitation as becomes a philosopher."

"Bear it, Denis! How ought I to bear it, after your saying and swearing, too, that neither father, nor mother, nor priest, nor any body else would make you desart me?"

"But, Susan, my nightingale, perhaps you are not aware that there is an authority in existence to which father, mother, and all must knuckle down. That is the church, Susan. Reflect—*dulce decus meum*—that the power of the church is able to loose and unloose, to tie and untie, to forgive and to punish, to raise to the highest heaven, or to sink to the profoundest Tartarus. That power, Susan, thinks proper to claim your unworthy and enamoured swain as one of the brightest Colossuses of her future glory. The Irish hierarchy is plased to look on me as a luminary of almost superhuman brilliancy and coruscation: my talents she pronounces to be of the first magnitude; my eloquence classical and overwhelming, and my learning only adorned by that poor insignificant attribute denominated by philosophers unfathomability!—hem!—hem!"

"Denis," replied the innocent girl, "you sometimes speak that I can undherstand you; but you oftener spake in a way that I can hardly make out what you say. If it's a thing that my love for you, or the solemn promise that passed between us, would stand in your light, or prevint you from higher things as a priest, I am willing

to—to—to give you up, whatever I may suffer. But you know yourself, that you brought me on from time to time undher your promise, that nothing would ever lead you to lave me in sorrow an' disappointment. Still, I say, that—— But, Denis, is it thrue that you could lave *me* for *any thing?*"

The innocent confidence in his truth expressed by the simplicity of her last question, staggered the young candidate; that is to say, her words, her innocence, and her affection sank deeply into his heart.

"Susan," he replied, "to tell the blessed truth, I am fairly dilemma'd. My heart is in your favour; but—but—hem—you don't know the prospect that is open to me. You don't know the sin of keeping back such a—a—a—galaxy as I am from the church. I say, you don't know the *sin* of it. *That's* the difficulty. If it was a common case it would be nothing! but to keep back a person like me—a *rara avis in terris*—from the priesthood, is a sin that requires a great dale of interest with the Pope to have absolved."

"Heaven above forgive me!" exclaimed the artless girl. "In that case I wouldn't for the riches of the wide earth stand between you and God. But I didn't know that before, Denis; and if you had tould me, I think, sooner than get into sich a sin I'd struggle to keep down my love for you, even although my heart should break."

"Poor darling," said Denis, taking her passive

hand in his, "and would it go so hard with you? Break your heart! Do you love me so well as that, Susan?"

Susan's eyes turned on him for a moment, and the tears which his question drew forth gave it a full and a touching reply. She uttered not a word, but after a few deep sobs wiped her eyes, and endeavoured to compose her feelings.

Denis felt the influence of her emotions; he remained silent for a short time, during which, however, ambition drew in the background all those dimly splendid visions that associate themselves with the sacerdotal functions, in a country where the people place no bounds to the spiritual power of their pastors.

"Susan," said he, after a pause, "do you know the difference between a Christian and a hathen?"

"Between a Christian an' a hathen? Why aren't hathens all sinners?"

"Very right. Faith, Susan, you would have shone at the classics. You see, *dilecta cordis mei,* or, *cordi meo,* for either is good grammar—you see, Susan, the difference between a Christian and a hathen is this:—a Christian bears disappointments with fortitude—with what is denominated Christian fortitude; whereas, on the contrary, a hathen doesn't bear disappointments at all. Now, Susan, it would cut me to the heart to find that you would become a hathen on this touching and trying occasion."

"I'll pray to God, Denis. Isn't that the way to act under afflictions?"

"Decidedly. There is no other legitimate mode of quelling a heart-ache. And, Susan, when you go to supplication you are at liberty to mention my name—no, not yet; but if I were once consecrated you might. However, it is better to sink this; say nothing about me when you pray, for, to tell you truth, I believe you have as much influence above—*super astra*—as I have. There is one argument which I am anxious to press upon you. It is a very simple but a very respectable one after all. I am not all Ireland. You will find excellent good husbands even in this parish. There is, as the old proverb says, as good fish in the *say* as ever were caught. Do you catch one of them. For me, Susan, the vineyard claims me; I must, as I said, cultivate the grape. We must, consequently—hem!—we must—hem! hem!—consequently strive to forget —hem!—I say, to forget each other. It is a trial—I know—a desperate visitation, poor fawn, upon your feelings; but, as I said, destiny will be triumphant. What is decreed, is decreed—I must go to Maynooth."

Susan rose, and her eyes flashed with an indignant sense of the cold-blooded manner in which he advised her to select another husband. She was an illiterate girl, but the purity of her feeling supplied the delicacy which reading and a knowledge of more refined society would have given her.

"Is it from *your* lips, Denis," she said, "that I hear sich a mane and low-minded an advice? Or do you think that with my weak, and I now

see, foolish heart, settled upon you, I could turn round and fix my love upon the first that might axe me? Denis, you promised before God to be mine, and mine only; you often said and swore that you loved me above any human being; but I now see that you only intended to lead me into sin and disgrace, for indeed, and before God, I don't think—I don't—I don't—believe that you *ever* loved me."

A burst of grief, mingled with indignation and affliction, followed the words she had uttered. Denis felt himself called on for a vindication, and he was resolved to give it.

"Susan," he returned, "your imagination is erroneous. By all the classical authors that ever were written, you are antipodially opposed to facts. What harm is there, seeing that you and I can never be joined in wedlock—what harm is there, I say, in recommending you another husb——"

Susan would hear no more. She gathered up her stocking and ball of thread, placed them in her apron, went into her father's house, shut and bolted the door, and gave way to violent grief. All this occurred in a moment, and Denis found himself excluded.

He did not wish, however, to part from her in anger; so, after having attempted to look through the keyhole of the door, and applied his eye in vain to the window, he at length spoke.

"Is there anybody within but yourself, Susy?"

He received no reply.

"I say, Susy—*dilecta juventutis meæ*—touching the recommendation—now don't be crying—touching the recommendation of another husband, by all the classics that ever were mistranslated, I meant nothing but the purest of consolation. If I did, may I be reduced to primeval and aboriginal ignorance! But you know yourself, that they never prospered who prevented a *rara avis* like me from entering the church—from labouring in the vineyard, and cultivating the grape. Don't be hathenish; but act with a philosophy suitable to so dignified an occasion—Farewell! *Macte virtute,* and be firm. I swear again by all the class——"

The appearance of a neighbour caused him to cut short his oath. Seeing that the man approached the house, he drew off, and returned home, more seriously affected by Susan's agitation than he was willing to admit even to himself.

This triumph over his affection was, in fact, only the conquest of one passion over another. His attachment to Susan Connor was certainly sincere, and ere the prospects of his entering Maynooth were unexpectedly brought near him, by the interference of Father Finnerty, his secret purpose all along had been to enter with her into the state of matrimony, rather than into the church. Ambition, however, is beyond all comparison the most powerful principle of human conduct, and so Denny found it. Although his unceremonious abandonment of Susan appeared heartless and cruel, yet it was not effected on his part without profound sorrow and re-

morse. The two principles, when they began to struggle in his heart for supremacy, resembled the rival destinies of Cæsar and Mark Anthony. Love declined in the presence of ambition; and this, in proportion as all the circumstances calculated to work upon the strong imagination of a young man naturally fond of power, began to assume an appearance of reality. To be in the course of a few years a *bonâ fide* priest; to possess unlimited sway over the fears and principles of the people; to be endowed with spiritual gifts to he knew not what extent; and to enjoy himself as he had an opportunity of seeing Father Finnerty and his curate do, in the full swing of convivial pleasure, upon the ample hospitality of those who, in addition to this, were ready to kiss the latchet of his shoes—were, it must be admitted, no inconsiderable motives in influencing the conduct of a person reared in an humble condition of life. The claims of poor Susan, her modesty, her attachment, and her beauty—were all insufficient to prevail against such a host of opposing motives; and the consequence, though bitter, and subversive of her happiness, was a final determination on the part of Denny, to acquaint her, with a kind of ex-officio formality, that all intercourse upon the subject of their mutual attachment must cease between them. Notwithstanding his boasted knowledge, however, he was ignorant of sentiment, and accordingly confined himself, as I have intimated, to a double species of argument; that is to say, first, the danger and sin of opposing the wishes of the

church which had claimed him, as he said, to labour in the vineyard; and secondly, the undoubted fact, that there were plenty of good husbands besides himself in the world, from some one of which, he informed her, he had no doubt, she could be accommodated.

In the meantime, her image, meek, and fair, and uncomplaining, would from time to time glide into his imagination; and the melody of her voice send its music once more to his vacillating heart. He usually paused then, and almost considered himself under the influence of a dream; but ambition, with its train of shadowy honours, would immediately present itself, and Susan was again forgotten.

When he rejoined the company, to whom he had given the slip, he found them all gone, except about six or eight whom his father had compelled to stop for dinner. His mind was now much lighter than it had been before his interview with Susan, nor were his spirits at all depressed by perceiving that a new knife and fork lay glittering upon the dresser for his own particular use.

"Why, thin, where have you been all this time," said the father, "an' we wantin' to know whether you'd like the mutton to be boiled or roasted?"

"I was soliloquising in the glen below," replied Denny, once more resuming his pedantry, "meditating upon the transparency of all human events; but as for the beef and mutton, I advise you to boil the beef, and roast the mutton, or

vice versâ, to boil the mutton, and roast the beef. But I persave my mother has anticipated me, and boiled them both with that flitch of bacon that's playing the vagrant in the big pot there. *Tria juncta in uno,* as Horace says in the Epodes, when expatiating upon the Roman Emperors—ehem!"

"Misther Denis," said one of those present, "maybe you'd tell us upon the watch, what the hour is, if you plase, Sir; myself never can know right at all, except by the shadow of the sun from the corner of our own gavel."

"Why," replied Denis, pulling it out with much pomp of manner, "it's just half-past two to a quarter of a minute, and a few seconds."

"Why thin what a quare thing entirely a watch is," the other continued; "now what makes you hould it to your ear, Misther Denis, if you plase?"

"The efficient cause of that, Larry, is, that the drum of the ear, you persave—the drum of the ear—is enabled to catch the intonations produced by the machinery of its internal operations—otherwise the fact of applying it to the ear would be unnecessary—altogether unnecessary."

"Dear me! see what it is to have the knowledge, any way! But isn't it quare how it moves of itself like a livin' crathur? How is that, Misther Denis?"

"Why, Larry,—ehem—you see the motions of it are—that is—the works or operations, are all continually going; and sure it is from that explanation that we say a watch *goes* well.

That's more than you ever knew before, Larry."

"Indeed it surely is, Sir, an' is much oblaged to you, Misther Denis; sure if I ever come to wear a watch in my fob, I'll know something about it, anyhow."

For the remainder of that day Denis was as learned and consequential as ever; his friends, when their hearts were opened by his father's hospitality, all promised him substantial aid in money, and in presents of such articles as they supposed might be serviceable to him in Maynooth. Denny received their proffers of support with suitable dignity and gratitude. A scene of bustle and preparation now commenced among them, nor was Denny himself the least engaged; for it somehow happened, that notwithstanding his profound erudition, he felt it necessary to read night and day in order to pass with more *éclat* the examination which he had to stand before the bishop ere his appointment to Maynooth. This ordeal was to occur upon a day fixed for the purpose, in the ensuing month; and indeed Denis occupied as much of the intervening period in study as his circumstances would permit. His situation was, at this crisis, certainly peculiar. Every person related to him in the slightest degree contrived to revive their relationship; his former schoolfellows, on hearing that he was actually destined to be of the church, renewed their acquaintance with him, and those who had been servants to his father, took the liberty of speaking to him upon the strength of that fact. No child, to the remotest shade of affinity,

was born, for which he did not stand godfather; nieces and nephews thickened about him, all with remarkable talents, and many of them, particularly of the nieces, said to be exceedingly genteel—very thrifty for their ages, and likely to make excellent housekeepers. A strong likeness to himself was also pointed out in the features of his nephews, one of whom had his born nose—another his eyes—and a third again had his brave high-flown way with him. In short, he began to feel some of the inconveniences of greatness; and, like it, to be surrounded by cringing servility and meanness. When he went to chapel he was beset, and followed from place to place, by a retinue of friends who were all anxious to secure to themselves the most conspicuous marks of his notice. It was the same thing in fair or market; they contended with each other who should do him most honour, or afford to him and his father's immediate family the most costly treat, accompanied by the grossest expressions of flattery. Every male infant born among them was called Dionysius; and every female one Susan, after his favourite sister. All this, to a lad like Denis, already remarkable for his vanity, was very trying; or rather, it absolutely turned his brain, and made him probably as finished a specimen of pride, self-conceit, and domineering arrogance, mingled with a kind of lurking humorous contempt for his cringing relations, as could be displayed in the person of some shallow but knavish prime minister, surrounded by his selfish sycophants, whom he encourages and despises.

At home he was idolised—overwhelmed with respect and deference. The slightest intimation of his wish was a command to them; the beef, and fowl, and mutton, were at hand in all the variety of culinary skill, and not a soul in the house durst lay a hand upon his knife and fork but himself. In the morning, when the family were to be seen around the kitchen table at their plain but substantial breakfast, Denis was lording it in solitary greatness over an excellent breakfast of tea and eggs in another room.

It was now, too, that the king's English, as well as the mutton, was carved and hacked to some purpose; epithets prodigiously long and foreign to the purpose were pressed into his conversation, for no other reason than because those to whom he spoke could not understand them; but the principal portion of his time was devoted to study. The bishop, he had heard, was a sound scholar, and exceedingly scrupulous in recommending any to Maynooth, except such as were well versed in the preparatory course. Independently of this, he was anxious, he said, to distinguish himself in his examination, and, if possible, to sustain as high a character with the bishop and his fellow-students, as he did among the peasantry of his own neighbourhood.

At length the day approached. The bishop's residence was not distant more than a few hours' ride, and he would have sufficient time to arrive there, pass his examination, and return in time for dinner. On the eve of his departure, old Denis invited Father Finnerty, his curate, and

about a dozen relations and friends, to dine with him the next day; when—Denis having surmounted the last obstacle to the accomplishment of his hopes—their hearts could open without a single reflection to check the exuberance of their pride, hospitality, and happiness.

I have often said to my friends, and I now repeat it in print, that after all, there is no people bound up so strongly to each other by the ties of domestic life, as the Irish. On the night which preceded this joyous and important day, a spirit of silent but tender affection dwelt in every heart of the O'Shaughnessys. The great point of interest was Denis. He himself was serious, and evidently laboured under that strong anxiety so natural to a youth in his circumstances. A Roman Catholic bishop, too, is a personage looked upon by the people with a kind of feeling that embodies in it awe, reverence, and fear. Though, in this country, an humble man possessing neither the rank in society, outward splendour, nor the gorgeous profusion of wealth and pomp which characterise a prelate of the Established Church; yet it is unquestionable that the gloomy dread, and sense of formidable power with which they impress the minds of the submissive peasantry, immeasurably surpass the more legitimate influence which any Protestant dignitary could exercise over those who stand, with respect to him, in a more rational and independent position.

It was not surprising that Denis, who practised upon ignorant people that petty despotism

for which he was so remarkable, should now, on coming in contact with great spiritual authority, adopt his own principles, and relapse from the proud pedant into the cowardly slave. True it is that he presented a most melancholy specimen of independence in a crisis where moral courage was so necessary: but his dread of the coming day was judiciously locked up in his own bosom. His silence and apprehension were imputed to the workings of a mind learnedly engaged in arranging the vast stores of knowledge with which it was so abundantly stocked; his moody picture of the bishop's brow; his reflection that he was going before so sacred a person, as a candidate for the church, with his heart yet redolent of earthly affection for Susan Connor; his apprehension that the bishop's spiritual scent might sagaciously smell it out, were all put down by the family to the credit of uncommon learning, which, as his mother observed truly, "often makes men do quare things." His embarrassments, however, in as much as they were ascribed by them to wrong causes, endeared him more to their hearts than ever. Because he spoke little, neither the usual noise nor bustle of a large family disturbed the silence of the house: every word was uttered that evening in a low tone, at once expressive of tenderness and respect. The family supper was tea, in compliment to Denis; and they all partook of it with him. Nothing humbles the mind, and gives the natural feelings their full play, so well as a struggle in life, or the appearance of its approach.

"Denis," said the father, "the time will come when we won't have you at all among us; but, thank goodness, you'll be in a betther place."

Denis heard him not, and consequently made no reply.

"They say Maynewth's a tryin' place, too," he continued, "an' I'd be sorry to see him pulled down to an atomy, like some of the scarecrows that come out of it. I hope you'll bear it bether."

"Do you speak to me?" said Denis, awaking out of a reverie.

"I do, *Sir,*" replied the father; and as he uttered the words the son perceived that his eyes were fixed upon him with an expression of affectionate sorrow and pride.

The youth was then in a serious mood, free from the dominion of that learned *mania* under which he had so frequently signalised himself: the sorrow of his father, and a consciousness of the deep affection and unceasing kindness which he had ever experienced from him, joined to a recollection of their former friendly disputes and companionship, touched Denny to the quick. But the humility with which he applied to him the epithet *Sir,* touched him most. What! thought he—ought my affectionate father to be thrown to such a distance from a son, who owes everything to his love and goodness! The thought of his stooping so humbly before him smote the boy's heart, and the tears glistened in his eyes.

"Father," said he, "you have been kind and

good to me, beyond my deserts; surely then I cannot bear to hear you address me in that manner, as if we were both strangers. Nor while I am with you, shall any of you so address me. Remember that I am still *your* son and their brother."

The natural affection displayed in this speech soon melted the whole family into tears—not excepting Denis himself, who felt that grief which we experience when about to be separated for the first time from those we love.

"Come over, avourneen," said his mother, drying her eyes with the corner of her check apron: "come over, acushla machree, an' sit beside me; sure although we're sorry for you, Denis, it's proud our hearts are of you, an' good right we have, a suilish! Come over, an' let me be near you as long as I can, any way."

Denis placed himself beside her, and the proud mother drew his head over upon her bosom, and bedewed his face with a gush of tears.

"They say," she observed, "that it's sinful to shed tears when there's no occasion for grief; but I hope it's no sin to cry when one's heart is full of somethin' that brings them to one's eyes, whether they will or not."

"Mave," said the father, "*I'll* miss him more nor any of you: but sure he'll often send letters to us from Maynewth, to tell us how he's gettin' on; an' we'll be proud enough, never fear."

"You'll miss me, Denis," said his favourite sister, who was also called Susan; "for you'll find no one in Maynewth that will keep your

linen so white as I did: but never fear, I'll be always knittin' you stockins; an' every year I'll make you half-a-dozen shirts, an' you'll think them more natural nor other shirts, when you know they came from your own home—from them that you love! Won't you, Denis?"

"I will, Susy; and I will love the shirts for the sake of the hands that made them."

"And I won't allow Susy Connor to help me as she used to do: they'll be all Alley's sewin' and mine."

"The poor colleen—listen to her!" exclaimed the affectionate father: "indeed you will, Susy; ay, and hem his cravats, that we'll send him ready made an' all."

"Yes," replied Denis, "but as to Susy Connor —hem—why, upon considera—he—hem—upon second thoughts, I don't see why you should prevent her from helping you; she's a neighbour's daughter, and a well-wisher, of whose prosperity in life I'd always wish to hear."

"The poor girl's very bad in her health, for the last three weeks," observed his other sister, Alley: "she has lost her appetite, an' is cast down entirely in her spirits. You ought to go an' see her, Denis, before you set out for the college, if it was only on her dacent father's account. When I was tellin' her yisterday that you wor to get the bishop's letter for Maynewth to-morrow, she was in so poor a state of health that she nearly fainted. I had to give her a drink of wather, and sprinkle her face with it. Well, she's a purty

crathur an' a good girl, an' was always that, dear knows!"

"Denis achree," said his mother, somewhat alarmed, "are you any way unwell? Why your heart's batin' like a new catched chicken! Are you sick, acushla; or are you used to this?"

"It won't signify," replied Denis, gently raising himself from his mother's arms, "I will sit up, mother; it's but a sudden stroke or two of *tremor cordis*, produced probably by having my mind too much upon one object."

"I think," said his father, "he will be the better of a little drop of the poteen made into punch, an' for that matter we can all take a sup of it; as there's no one here but ourselves, we will have it snug an' comfortable."

Nothing resembles an April day more than the general disposition of the Irish people. When old Denis's proposal for the punch was made, the gloom which hung over the family—originating, as it did, more in joy than in sorrow—soon began to disappear. Their countenances gradually brightened, by and by mirth stole out, and ere the punch had accomplished its first round, laughter, and jest, and good-humour—each, in consequence of the occasion, more buoyant and vivacious than usual, were in full play. Denis himself, when animated by the unexcised liquor, threw off his dejection, and ere the night was half spent, found himself in the highest region of pedantry.

"I would not," said he, "turn my back upon

any other candidate in the province, in point of preparatory excellence and ardency of imagination. I say, sitting here beside you, my worthy and logical father, I would not retrograde from any candidate for the honours of the Catholic Church in the province—in the kingdom—in Europe; and it is not improbable but I might progradiate another step, and say Christendom at large. And now what's a candidate? Father, you have some apprehension in you, and are a passable second-hand controversialist—what's a candidate? Will you tell me?"

"I give it up, Denis; but you'll tell us."

"Yes, I will tell you. Candidate signifies a man dressed in fustian; it comes from *candidus*, which is partly Greek, partly Latin, and partly Hebrew. It was the learned designation for Irish linen, too, which in the time of the Romans was in great request at Rome; but it was changed to signify fustian, because it was found that everything a man promised on becoming a candidate for any office, turned out to be only fustian when he got it."

"Denis, avourneen," said his mother, "the greatest comfort myself has is to be thinkin' that when you're a priest, you can be sayin' masses for my poor sinful sowl."

"Yes, there is undoubtedly comfort in that reflection; and depend upon it, my dear mother, that I'll be sure to *clinch* your masses in the surest mode. I'll not fly over them like Camilla across a field of potato oats, without discommoding a single walk, as too many of my worthy

brethren—I mane as too many of those whose worthy brother I will soon be—do in this present year of grace. I'm no fool at the Latin, but, as I'm an unworthy candidate for Maynooth, I cannot even understand every fifteenth word they say when reading mass, independently of the utter scorn with which they treat those two scholastic old worthies, called Syntax and Prosody."

"Denis," said the father, "nothing would give me greater delight than to be present at your first mass, an' your first sarmon; and next to that would I like to be stumpin' about wid a dacent staff in my hand, maybe wid a bit of silver on the head of it, takin' care of your place when you'd have a parish."

"At all events, if you're not with me, father, I'll keep you comfortable wherever you'll be, whether in this world or the other; for, plase goodness, I'll have some influence in both.—When I get a parish, however, it is not improbable that I may have occasion to see company; the neighbouring gentlemen will be apt to relish my society, particularly those who are addicted to conviviality; and our object will be to render ourselves as populous as possible; now, whether in that case it would be compatible—but never fear, father, whilst I have the means, you or one of the family shall never want."

"Will you let the people be far behind in their dues, Denis?" inquired Brian.

"No, no—leave that point to my management. Depend upon it, I'll have them like mice before

me—ready to run into the first augerhole they meet. I'll collect lots of oats, and get as much yarn every year as would clothe three regiments of militia, or for that matther, of dragoons. I'll appoint my stations, too, in the snuggest farmers' houses in the parish, just as Father Finnerty, our worthy parochial priest, ingeniously contrives to do. And, to revert secondarily to the collection of the oats, I'll talk liberally to the Protestant Boddaghs; give the Presbyterians a learned homily upon civil and religious freedom; make hard hits with them at that INCUBUS, the Established Church; and, never fear, but I shall fill bag after bag with good corn from many of both creeds."

"That," said Brian, "will be givin' them the bag to hould in airnest."

"No, Brian, but it will be makin' them fill the bag when I hold it, which will be better still."

"But," said Susan, "who'll keep house for you? You know that a priest can't live widout a housekeeper."

"That, Susy," replied Denis, "is, and will be the most difficult point on which to accomplish anything like a satisfactory determination. I have nieces, enough, however. There's Peter Finnegan's eldest daughter, Mary, and Hugh Tracy's Ailsey—(to whom he added about a dozen and a half more)—together with several yet to be endowed with existence, all of whom will be brisk candidates for the situation."

"I don't think," replied Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, "that you'll ever get any one who'd be more com-

fortable about you nor your own ould mother. What do you think of takin' myself, Denis?"

"Ay, but consider the accomplishments in the culinary art—*in re vel in arte culinaria*—which will be necessary for my housekeeper to know. How would you, for instance, dress a dinner for the bishop if he happened to pay me a visit, as you may be certain he will? How would you make pies and puddings, and disport your fancy through all the varieties of roast and boil? How would you dress a fowl that it would stand upon a dish as if it was going to dance a hornpipe? How would you amalgamate the different *genera* of wine with boiling fluid and crystallized saccharine matter? How would you dispose of the various dishes upon the table according to high life and mathematics? Wouldn't you be too old to bathe my feet when I'd be unwell? Wouldn't you be too old to bring me my whey in the morning as soon as I'd awake, perhaps with a severe head-ache, after the plenary indulgence of a clerical compotation? Wouldn't you be too old to sit up till the middle of the nocturnal hour, awaiting my arrival home? Wouldn't you be——"

"Hut, tut, that's enough, Denny, I'd never do at all. No, no, but I'll sit a clane dacent ould woman in the corner upon a chair that you'll get made for me. There I'll be wid my pipe and tobacco, smokin' at my aise, chattin' to the sarvints, and sometimes discoorsin' the neighbours that'll come to inquire for you, when they'll be sittin' in the kitchen waitin' till you get through your

office. Jist let me have that, Dinny achora, and I'll be as happy as the day's long."

"And I on the other side," said his father, naturally enough struck with the happy simplicity of the picture which his wife drew, "on the other side, Mave, a snug, dacent ould man, chattin' to you across the fire, proud to see the bishop an' the gintlemen about him. An' I wouldn't ax to be taken into the parlour at all, except, maybe, when there would be nobody there but yourself, Denis; an' that your mother an' I would go into the parlour to get a glass of punch, or if it could be spared, a little taste of wine for novelty."

"And so you shall both of you—you, father, at one side of the hob, and my mother here at the other, the king and queen of my culinarian dominions. But practise taciturnity a little—I'm visited by the muse, and must indulge in a strain of vocal melody—hem—'tis a few lines of my own composure, the offspring of a moment of inspiration by the nine female Heliconians; but before I incipiate, here's to my own celebrity tomorrow, and afterwards all your healths!"

He then proceeded to sing in his best style a song composed, as he said, by himself, but which, as the composition was rather an eccentric one, we decline giving.

"Denis," said his brother, "you'll have great sport at the Stations."

"Yes, Brian, most inimitable specimen of fraternity, I do look into the futurity of a station with great complacency. Hem—in the morning I rise up in imagination, and after reading part

of my office, I and my curate—*ego et coadjutor meus*—or if I get a large parish, perhaps I and my two curates—*ego et coadjutores mei*—order our horses, and of a fine calm summer morning we mount them as gracefully as three throopers. The sun is up, and of coorse the moon is down, and the glitter of the light, the sparkling of the dew, the canticles of the birds, and the melodious cawing of the crows in Squire Grimshaw's rookery——"

"Why, Denis, is it *this* parish you'll have?"

"Silence, silence, till I complate my rural ideas —in some gentleman's rookery at all events; the thrush here, the blackbird there, the corn-craik chanting its varied note in another place, and so on. In the meantime we reverend sentimentalists advance, gazing with odoriferous admiration upon the prospect about us, and expatiating in the purest of Latin upon the beauties of unsophisticated nature. When we meet the peasants going out to their work, they put their hands to their hats for us; but as I am known to be the parochial priest, it is to me the salutation is directed, which I return with the air of a man who thinks nothing of such things; but, on the contrary, knows them to be his due. The poor creatures of curates, you must know, don't presume to speak of themselves, but simply answer whenever I condescend to propose conversation, for I'll keep them down, never fear. In this edifying style we proceed—I a few steps in advance, and they at a respectful distance behind me, the heads of their horses just to my saddle skirts—

my clerical boots as brilliant as the countenance of Phœbus, when decked with rosy smiles, theirs more subordinately polished, for there should be gradations in all things, and humility is the first of virtues in a Christian curate. My bunch of goold sales stands out proudly from my anterior rotundity, for by this time, plase God, I'll be getting frolicsome and corpulent; they with only a poor bit of ribbon, and a single two-penny kay, stained with verdigrace. In the meantime, we come within sight of the wealthy farmer's house, wherein we are to hold the edifying solemnity of a station. There is a joyful appearance of study and bustle about the premises; the peasantry are flocking towards it, dressed in their best clothes; the proprietors of the mansion itself are running out to try if we are in appearance, and the very smoke disports itself hilariously in the air, and bounds up as if it was striving to catch the first glimpse of the clargy. When we approach, the good man—*pater-familias*—comes out to meet us, and the good woman—*mater-familias*—comes curtseying from the door to give us the *kead millia failtha*. No sooner do we persave ourselves noticed, than out comes the Breviary, and in a moment we are at our morning devotions. I being the rector, am particularly grave and dignified. I do not speak much, but am rather sharp, and order the curates, whom I treat however with great respect before the people, instantly to work. This impresses those who are present with awe and reverence for us all, especially for Father O'Shaughnessy *himself*—

(that's me.)—I then take a short turn or two across the floor, silently perusing my office, after which I lay it aside and relax into a little conversation with the people of the house, to show that I can conciliate by love as readily as I can impress them with fear; for, you see, *divide et impera* is as aptly applied to the passions as to maxims of state policy—ehem. I then go to my tribunal, and first hear the man and woman and family of the house, and afther them the other penitents according as they can come to me.

"Thus we go on absolving in great style, till it is time for the matutinal meal—vulgarly called breakfast; when the whiskey, eggs, toast, and tea as strong as Hercules, with ham, fowl, beef-steaks, or mutton-chops, all pour in upon us in the full tide of hospitality. Helter-skelter, cut and thrust, right and left, we work away, till the appetite reposes itself upon the cushion of repletion: and off we go once more, full and warm, to the delicate employment of adjudicating upon sin and transgression, until dinner comes, when, having despatched *as many as possible*—for the quicker we get through them the better—we set about despatching what is always worth a shipload of such riff-raff—videlicet, a good and extensive dinner. Oh, ye pagan gods of eating and drinking, Bacchus and——let me see who the presiding deity of good feeding was in the Olympian synod—as I'm an unworthy candidate I forget that topic of learning; but no matter, *non constat.* Oh, ye pagan professors of ating and drinking, Bacchus, Epicurus, and St. Heli-

ogabalus, Anthony of Padua, and Paul the Hermit, who poached for his own venison, St. Tuck, and St. Tak'em, St. Drinkem, and St. Eatem, with all ye other reverend worthies, who bore the blushing honours of the table thick upon your noses, come and inspire your unworthy candidate, while he essays to chant the praises of a Station dinner!

"Then, then, does the priest appropriate to himself his due share of enjoyment. Then does he, like Elias, throw his garment of inspiration upon his coadjutors. Then is the goose cut up, and the farmer's distilled Latin is found to be purer and more edifying than the distillation of Maynooth.

'Drink deep, or taste not *that* Pierian spring,
A little learning *here's* a dangerous thing.'

And so it is, as far as this inspiring language is concerned. A station dinner is the very pinnacle of a priest's happiness. There is the fun and frolic; then does the lemon-juice of mirth and humour come out of their reverences, like secret writing, as soon as they get properly warm. The song and the joke, the laugh and the leer, the shaking of hands, the making of matches, and the projection of weddings,—och, I must conclude, or my brisk fancy will dissolve in the deluding vision! Here's to my celebrity to-morrow, and may the Bishop catch a Tarthar in your son, my excellent and logical father!—as I tell you among ourselves he will do. Mark me, I say it, but it's *inter nos,* it won't go further; but

should he trouble me with profundity, may be I'll make a *ludibrium* of him."

"But you forget the weddings and christenings, Denis; you'll have great sport at them too."

"I can't remember three things at a time, Brian: but you are mistaken, however, I had them snug in one corner of my cranium. The weddings and the christenings! do you think I'll have nothing to do in them, you *stultus*, you?"

"But, Denis, is there any harm in the priests' enjoying themselves, and they so holy as we know they are?" inquired his mother.

"Not the least in life; considering what severe fasting, and great praying they have; besides it's necessary for them to take something to put the sins of the people out of their heads, and that's one reason why they are often jolly at Stations."

"My goodness, what light Denis can throw upon anything!"

"Not without deep study, mother; but let us have another portion of punch each, afther which I'll read a Latin *De Profundis*, and we'll go to bed. I must be up early to-morrow; and, Brian, you'll please to have the black mare saddled and my spur brightened as jinteely as you can, for I must go in as much state and grandeur as possible." Accordingly, in due time, after hearing the *De Profundis*, which Denis read in as sonorous a tone, and as pompous a manner, as he could assume, they went to bed for the night, to dream of future dignities for their relative.

When Denis appeared the next morning, it was evident that the spirit of prophecy in which

he had contemplated the enjoyments annexed to his ideal station on the preceding night, had departed from him. He was pale and anxious, as in the early part of the previous evening. At breakfast, his very appetite treacherously abandoned him, despite the buttered toast and eggs which his mother forced upon him with such tender assiduity, in order, she said, to make him stout against the Bishop. Her solicitations, however, were vain; after attempting to eat to no purpose, he arose and began to prepare himself for his journey. This, indeed, was a work of considerable importance, for, as they had no looking-glass, he was obliged to dress himself over a tub of water, in which, since truth must be told, he saw a very cowardly visage. In due time, however, he was ready to proceed upon his journey, apparelled in a new suit of black that sat stiffly and awkwardly upon him, crumpled in a manner that enabled any person, at a glance, to perceive that it was worn for the first time.

When he was setting out, his father approached him with a small jug of holy water in his hand, "Denis," said he, "I think you won't be the worse of a sprinkle of this;" and he accordingly was about to shake it with a little brush over his person, when Denis arrested his hand.

"Easy, father," he replied, "you don't remember that my new clothes are on. I'll just take a little with my fingers, for you know one drop is as good as a thousand."

"I know that," said the father, "but on the other hand you know it's not *lucky* to refuse it."

"I didn't refuse it," rejoined Denis, "I surely took a *quantum suff.* of it with my own hand."

"It was very near a refusal," said the father, in a disappointed and somewhat sorrowful tone; "but it can't be helped now. I'm only sorry you put it and *quantum suff.* in connexion at all. *Quantum suff.* is what Father Finnerty says, when he will take no more punch; and it doesn't argue respect in you to make as little of a jug of holy wather as he does of a jug of punch."

"I'm sorry for it too," replied Denis, who was every whit as superstitious as his father; "and to atone for my error, I desire you will sprinkle me all over with it—clothes and all."

The father complied with this, and Denis was setting out, when his mother exclaimed, "Blessed be them above us, Denis More! Look at the boy's legs! There's luck! Why one of his stockins has the wrong side out, and it's upon the right leg too! Well, this will be a fortunate day for you, Denis, any way; the same thing never happened myself, but something good followed it."

This produced a slight conflict between Denis's personal vanity and superstition; but on this occasion superstition prevailed: he even felt his spirits considerably elevated by the incident, mounted the mare, and after jerking himself once or twice in the saddle, to be certain that all was right, he touched her with the spur, and set out to be examined by the Bishop, exclaiming as

he went, "Let his lordship take care that I don't make a *ludibrium* of him."

The family at that moment all came to the door, where they stood looking after, and admiring him, until he turned a corner of the road, and left their sight.

Many were the speculations entered into during his absence, as to the fact, whether or not he would put down the bishop in the course of the examination; some of them holding that he could do so if he wished; but others of them denying that it was possible for him, inasmuch as he had never received holy orders.

The day passed, but not in the usual way, in Denis More O'Shaughnessy's. The females of the family were busily engaged in preparing for the dinner, to which Father Finnerty, his curate, and several of their nearest and wealthiest friends had been invited; and the men in clearing out the stables and other offices for the horses of the guests. Pride and satisfaction were visible on every face, and that disposition to cordiality and to the oblivion of everything unpleasant to the mind, marked, in a prominent manner, their conduct and conversation. Old Denis went, and voluntarily spoke to a neighbour, with whom he had not exchanged a word, except in anger, for some time. He found him at work in the field, and advancing with open hand and heart, he begged his pardon for any offence he might have given him.

"My son," said he, "is goin' to Maynooth; and as he is a boy that we have a good right to be

proud of, and as our friends are comin' to ate their dinner wid us to-day, and as—as my heart is too full to bear ill will against any livin' sowl, let alone a man that I know to be sound at the heart, in spite of all that has come between us—I say, Darby, I forgive you, and I expect pardon for my share of the offence. There's the hand of an honest man—let us be as neighbours ought to be, and not divided into parties and factions against one another, as we have been too long. Take your dinner wid us to-day, and let us hear no more about ill-will and unkindness."

"Denis," said his friend, "it ill becomes you to spake first. 'Tis I that ought to do that, and to do it long ago too; but you see, somehow, so long as it was to be decided by blows between the families, I'd never give in. Not but that *I* might do so, but my sons, Denis, wouldn't hear of it. Throth I'm glad of this, and so will they too; for only for the honour and glory of houldin' out, we might be all friends through other long ago. And I'll tell you what, we couldn't do better, the two factions of us, nor join and thrash them Haigneys that always put between us."

"No, Darby, I tell you, I bear no ill-will, no bad thoughts agin any born Christian this day, and I won't hear of that. Come to us about five o'clock: we're to have Father Finnerty, and Father Molony, his curate: all friends, man, all friends; and Denny, God guard him this day, will be home, afther passin' the Bishop, about four o'clock."

"I always thought that gorsoon would come to

somethin'. Why it was wondherful how he used to discoorse upon the chapel-green, yourself and himself: but he soon left you behind. And how he sealed up poor ould Dixon, the parish clark's mouth, at Barny Boccagh's wake. God rest his soul! It was talkin' about the Protestant church they wor. 'Why,' said Misther Denis, 'you ould termagant, can you tell me who first discovered your church?' The dotin' ould crathur began of hummin' and hawin', and advisin' the boy to have more sense. 'Come,' said he, 'you ould canticle, can you answer? But for fear you can't, I'll answer for you. It was the divil discovered it, one fine mornin' that he went out to get an appetite, bein' in delicate health.' Why, Denis, you'd tie all that wor present wid a rotten sthraw."

"Darby, I ax your pardon over agin for what came between us; and I see now betther than I did, that the fault of it was more mine nor yours. You'll be down surely about five o'clock?"

"I must go and take this beard off o' me, and clane myself; and I may as well do that now: but I'll be down, never fear."

"In throth the boy was always bright!—ha, ha, ha!—and he sobered Dixon?"

"Had him like a judge in no time."

"Oh, he could do it—he could do that, at all times. God be wid you, Darby, till I see you in the evenin'."

"*Bannaght lhath,* Denis, an' I'm proud we're as we ought to be."

About four o'clock, the expected guests began

to assemble at Denis's; and about the same hour one might perceive Susan O'Shaughnessy running out to a stile a little above the house, where she stood for a few minutes, with her hand shading her eyes, looking long and intensely towards the direction from which she expected her brother to return. Hitherto, however, he could not be discovered in the distance, although scarcely five minutes elapsed during the intervals of her appearance at the stile to watch him. Some horsemen she did notice; but after straining her eyes eagerly and anxiously, she was enabled only to report, with a dejected air, that they were their own friends coming from a distant part of the parish, to be present at the dinner. At length, after a long and eager look, she ran in with an exclamation of delight, saying—

"Thank goodness, he's comin' at last; I see somebody dressed in black ridin' down the upper end of Tim Marly's *boreen,* an' I'm sure an' certain it must be Denis, from his dress!"

"I'll warrant it is, my colleen," replied her father; "he said he'd be here before the dinner would be ready, an' it's widin a good hour of that. I'll thry myself."

He and his daughter once more went out; but, alas! only to experience a fresh disappointment. Instead of Denis, it was Father Finnerty who, it appeared, felt as anxious to be in time for dinner, as the young candidate himself could have done. He was advancing at a brisk trot, *not* upon the colt which had been presented to him, but upon his old nag, which seemed to feel as

eager to get at Denis's oats, as its owner did to taste his mutton.

"I see, Susy, we'll have a day of it, plase goodness," observed Denis to the girl: "here's Father Finnerty, and I wouldn't for more nor I'll mention that he had staid away; and I hope the *cowjuther* will come as well as himself. Do you go in, aroon, and tell them he's comin', and I'll go and meet him."

Most of Denis's friends were now assembled, dressed in their best apparel, and raised to the highest pitch of good humour; for no man who knows the relish with which Irishmen enter into convivial enjoyments, can be ignorant of the remarkable flow of spirits which the prospect of an abundant and hospitable dinner produces among them.

Father Finnerty was one of those priests who constitute a numerous species in Ireland; regular, but loose and careless in the observances of his church, he could not be taxed with any positive neglect of pastoral duty. He held his stations at stated times and places, with great exactness, but when the severer duties annexed to them were performed, he relaxed into the boon companion, sang his song, told his story, laughed his laugh, and occasionally danced his dance, the very *beau idéal* of a rough, shrewd, humorous divine, who, amidst the hilarity of convivial mirth, kept an eye to his own interest, and sweetened the severity with which he exacted his "dues" by a manner at once jocose and familiar. If a wealthy farmer had a child to christen, his

reverence declined baptizing it in the chapel, but as a proof of his marked respect for its parents, he and his curate did them the honour of performing the ceremony at their own house. If a marriage was to be solemnized, provided the parties were wealthy, he adopted the same course, and manifested the same flattering marks of his particular esteem for the parties, by attending at their residence; or if they preferred the pleasure of a journey to his own house, he and his curate accompanied them home from the same motives. This condescension, whilst it raised the pride of the parties, secured a good dinner and a pleasant evening's entertainment for the priests, enhanced their humility exceedingly, for the more they enjoyed themselves, the more highly did their friends consider themselves honoured. This mode of life might, one would suppose, lessen their importance and that personal respect which is entertained for the priests by the people; but it is not so—the priests can, the moment such scenes are ended, pass, with the greatest aptitude of habit, into the hard gloomy character of men who are replete with profound knowledge, exalted piety, and extraordinary power. The sullen frown, the angry glance, or the mysterious allusion to the omnipotent authority of the church, as vested in their persons, joined to some unintelligible dogma, laid down as their authority, are always sufficient to check anything derogatory towards them, which is apt to originate in the unguarded moments of conviviality.

"Plase your Reverence, I'll put him up my-

self," said Denis to Father Finnerty, as he took his horse by the bridle, and led him towards the stable, "and how is *my* cowlt doin' wid you, Sir?"

"Troublesome, Denis; he was in a bad state when I got him, and he'll cost me nearly his price before I have him thoroughly broke."

"He was pretty well broke wid me, I know," replied Denis, "and I'm afear'd you've given him into the hands of some one that knows little about horses. Mave," he shouted, passing the kitchen door, "here's Father Finnerty—go in Docthor, and put big Brian Buie out o' the corner; for goodness' sake *Exkimnicate* him from the hob—an' sure you have power to do that any way."

The priest laughed, but immediately assuming a grave face, as he entered, exclaimed—

"Brian Buie, in the name of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid's Elements—in the name of the cube and square roots—of Algebra, Mathematics, Fluxions, and the doctrine of all essential spirits that admit of proof—in the name of Nebuchadanezar the divine, who invented the convenient scheme of taking a cold collation under a hedge—by the power of that profound branch of learning, the Greek Digamma—by the authority of true Latin, *primo,* of Beotian Greek, *secundo,* and of Arabian Hebrew, *tertio;* which is, when united by the skill of profound erudition, *primo, secundo, tertio;* or, being reversed by the logic of illustration, *tertio, secundo, primo. Commando te in nomine botteli potheeni boni*

drinkandi his ædibus, hac nocte, inter amicos excellentissimi amici mei, Dionisii O'Shaughnessy, quem beknavavi ex excellentissimo colto ejus, causa pedantissimi filii ejus, designati ecclesiæ, patri, sed nequaquam deo, nec naturæ, nec ingenio; —commando te inquam, Bernarde Buie, surgere, stare, ambulare, et decedere e cornero isto vel hobbo, quo nunc sedes! Yes, I command thee, Brian Buie, who sit upon the hob of my worthy and most excellent friend and parishioner, Denis O'Shaughnessy, to rise, to stand up before your spiritual superior, to walk down from it, and to tremble as if you were about to sink into the earth to the neck, but no further;—before the fulminations of him who can wield the thunder of that mighty Salmoneus, his holiness the Pope, successor to St. Peter, who left the servant of the Centurion earless,—I command and objurgate thee, sinner as thou art, to vacate your seat on the hob for the man of sanctity, whose legitimate possession it is, otherwise I shall send you like that worthy archbishop, the aforesaid Nebuchadanezar, to live upon leeks for seven years in the renowned kingdom of Wales, where the leeks may be seen to this day! Presto!"

These words, pronounced with a grave face, in a loud, rapid, and sonorous tone of voice, startled the good people of the house, who sat mute and astonished at such an exordium from the worthy pastor; but no sooner had he uttered Brian Buie's name, giving him, at the same time, a fierce and authoritative look, than the latter started to his feet, and stepped down in a kind of alarm to-

wards the door. The priest immediately placed his hand upon his shoulder in a mysterious manner, exclaiming—

"Don't be alarmed, Brian, I have taken the force of the *anathema* off you; your power to sit, or stand, or go where you please, is returned again. I wanted your seat, and Denis desired me to excommunicate you out of it, which I did, and you accordingly left it without your own knowledge, consent, or power; I transferred you to where you stand, and you had no more strength to resist me, than if you were an infant not three hours in the world!"

"I ax God's pardon, an' your Reverence's," said Brian, in a tremour, "if I have given offince. Now, bless my soul! what's this? As sure as I stand before you, neighbours, I know neither act nor part of how I was brought from the hob at all—neither act nor part! Did any of yez see me lavin' it; or how did I come here—can ye tell me?"

"Paddy," said one of his friends, "did you see him?"

"The sorra one o' me seen him," replied Paddy: "I was lookin' at his Reverence, sthrivin' to know what he was sayin'."

"Pether, did you?" another inquired.

"Me! I never seen a stim of him till he was standin' alone on the flure! Sure, when he didn't see or find himself goin', how could another see him?"

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed Mave; "one ought to think well what they say, when they

spake of the clargy, for they don't know what it may bring down upon them, sooner or later!"

"Our Denis will be able to do that yet," said Susan to her elder sister.

"To be sure he will, *girsha,* as soon as he's ordained—every bit as well as Father Finnerty," replied Mary.

The young enthusiast's countenance brightened as her sister spoke: her dark eye became for a minute or two fixed upon vacancy, during which it flashed several times; until, as the images of her brother's future glory passed before her imagination, she became wrapt—her lip quivered—her cheek flushed into a deeper colour, and the tears burst in gushes from her eyes.

The mother, who was now engaged in welcoming Father Finnerty—a duty which the priest's comic miracle prevented her from performing sooner—did not perceive her daughter's agitation, nor, in fact, did any one present understand its cause. Whilst the priest was taking Brian Buie's seat, she went once more to watch the return of Denis; and while she stood upon the stile, her father, after having put up the horse, entered the house, "to keep his Reverence company."

"An' pray, Docthor," he inquired, "where is Father Molony, that he's not wid you? I hope he won't disappoint us; he's a mighty pleasant gintleman of an evenin', an', barrin' your Reverence, I don't know a man tells a better story."

"He entreated permission from me this morning," replied Father Finnerty, "and that

was leave to pay a visit to the Bishop; for what purpose I know not, unless to put in a word in season for the first parish that becomes vacant."

"Throth, an' he well desarves a parish," replied Denis; "an' although we'd be loath to part wid him, still we'd be proud to hear of his promotion."

"He'll meet Denis there," observed Susan, who had returned from the stile: "he'll be apt to be present at his trial wid the Bishop; an' maybe he'll be home along wid him. I'll go an' thry if I can see them agin;" and she flew out once more to watch their return.

"Now, Father Finnerty," said an uncle of Denis's, "you can give a good guess at what a dacent parish ought to be worth to a parish priest?"

"Mrs. O'Shaughnessy," said the priest, "is that fat brown goose suspended before the fire, of your own rearing?"

"Indeed it is, plase your Reverence; but as far as good male an' phaties could go for the last month, it got the benefit of them."

"And pray, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, have you many of the same kidney? I only ask for information, as I said to Peery Hacket's wife, the last day I held the Station in Peery's. There was just such another goose hanging before the fire; but, you must know, the cream of the joke was, that I had been after coming from the confessional, as hungry as a man could conveniently wish himself; and seeing the brown fat goose before the fire, just as that is, why my teeth,

Mave, began to get lachrymose. Upon my Priesthood, it was such a goose as a priest's corpse might get up on its elbow to look at, and exclaim, '*avourneen machree,* it's a thousand pities that I'm not living, to have a cut at you!'—ha, ha, ha! God be good to old Friar Hennessy, I have that joke from him.

"'Well, Mrs. Hacket,' says I, as I was airing my fingers at the fire, 'I dare say you haven't another goose like this about the house? Now tell me, like an honest woman, have you any of the same kidney?—I only ask for information.'

"Mrs. Hacket, however, told me she believed there might be a *few* of the same kind straggling about the place, but said nothing further upon it, until the Saturday following, when her son brings me down a pair of the fattest geese I ever cut up for my Sunday's dinner. Now, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, wasn't that doing the thing *dacent?*"

"Well, well, Docthor," said Denis, "that was all right; let Mave alone, an' maybe she'll be apt to find out a pair that will match Mrs. Hacket's. Not that I say it, but she doesn't like to be outdone in anything."

"Docthor, I was wishin' to know, Sir," continued the uncle of the absent *candidate,* "what the value of a good parish might be."

"I think, Mave, there's a discrepancy between the goose and tne shoulder of mutton. The fact is, that if it be a disputation between them, as to which will be roasted first, I pronounce that the goose will have it. It's now, let me see, half past

four o'clock, and, in my opinion, it will take a full half hour to bring up the mutton. So Mave, if you'll be guided by your priest, advance the mutton towards the fire about two inches, and keep the little *girsha* basting steadily, and then you'll be sure to have it rich and juicy."

"Docthor, wid submission, I was wantin' to know what a good parish might be ——"

"Mike Lawdher, if I don't mistake, you ought to have good grazing down in your meadows at Ballinard. What will you be charging for a month or two's grass for this colt I've bought from my dacent friend, Denis O'Shaughnessy, here? And, Mike, be rasonable upon a poor man, for we're all poor, being only tolerated by the state we live under, and ought not, of coorse, to be hard upon one another."

"An' what did he cost you, Docthor?" replied Mike, answering one question by another; "what did you get for him, Denis?" he continued, referring for information to Denis, to whom, on reflection, he thought it more decorous to put the question.

Denis, however, felt the peculiar delicacy of his situation, and looked at the priest, whilst the latter, under a momentary embarrassment, looked significantly at Denis. His Reverence, however, was seldom at a loss.

"What would *you* take him to be worth, Mike?" he asked; "remember he's but badly trained, and I'm sure it will cost me both money and trouble to make anything dacent out of him."

"If you got him somewhere between five and twenty and thirty guineas, I would say you have good value for your money, plase your Reverence. What do *you* say, Denis—am I near it?"

"Why, Mike, you know as much about a horse as you do about the Pentateuch or Paralipomenon. Five and twenty guineas, indeed! I hope you won't set your grass as you would sell your horses."

"Why, thin, if your Reverence *ped* ready money for him, I maintain he was as well worth twenty guineas as a thief's worth the gallows; an' you know, Sir, I'd be long sorry to differ wid you. Am I near it now, Docthor?"

"Denis got for the horse more than that," said his Reverence, "and he may speak for himself."

"Thrue for you, Sir," replied Denis; "I surely got above twenty guineas for him, an' I'm well satisfied wid the bargain."

"You hear that now, Mike—you hear what he says."

"There's no goin' beyant it," returned Mike; "the proof o' the puddin' is in the atin', as we'll soon know, Mave—eh, Docthor?"

"I never knew Mave to make a bad one," said the priest, "except upon the day Friar Hennessy dined with me here—my curate was sick, and I had to call in the Friar to assist me at confession; however, to do Mave justice, it was not *her* fault, for the Friar drowned the pudding, which was originally a good one, with a deluge of strong whisky.

"'It's too gross,' said the facetious Friar, in his loud strong voice—'it's too gross, Docthor Finnerty, so let us *spiritualise* it, that it may be Christian atin', fit for pious men to digest,' and then he came out with his thundering laugh—oigh, oigh, oigh, oigh! but he had consequently the most of the pudding to himself, an' indeed brought the better half of it home in his saddle-bags."

"Faix, an' he did," said Mave, "an' a fat goose that he coaxed Mary to kill for him unknownst to us all, in the coorse o' the day."

"How long is he dead, Docthor?" said Denis; "God rest him any way, he's happy!"

"He died in the hot summer, now nine years about June last; and talking about him, reminds me of a trick he put on me about two years before his death. He and I had not been on good terms for long enough before that time; but as the curate I had was then sickly, and as I wouldn't be allowed two, I found that it might be convenient to call in the Friar occasionally, a regulation he did not at all relish, for he said he could make far more by *questing* and poaching about among the old women of the parish, with whom he was a great favourite, in consequence of the Latin hymns he used to sing for them, and the great cures he used to perform—a species of devotion which neither I nor my curate had time to practise. So, in order to renew my intimacy, I sent him a bag of oatmeal and a couple of flitches of bacon, both of which he readily accepted, and came down to me on the following

day to borrow three guineas. After attempting to evade him—for, in fact, I had not the money *to spare*—he at length succeeded in getting them from me, on the condition that he was to give my curate's horse and mine a month's grass, by way of compensation, for I knew that to expect payment from him was next to going for piety to a parson.

"'I will,' said he, 'give your horses the run of my best field'—for he held a comfortable bit of ground; 'but,' he added, 'as you have been always cutting at me about my principle, I must insist, if it was only to convince you of my generosity, that you'll lave the choosing of the month to myself.'

"As I really wanted an assistant at the time, in consequence of my curate's illness, he had me bound, in some degree, to his own will. I accordingly gave him the money; but from that till the day of his death, he never sent for our horses, except when there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, at which time he was certain to despatch a messenger for him, 'with Father Hennessy's compliments, and he requested Doctor Finnerty to send the horses to Father Hennessy's field, to ate their month's grass.'"

"But is it true, Docthor, that his face was shinin' after his death?"

"True enough, and to my own knowledge, long *before* that event."

"Dear me," exclaimed Mave, "he was a holy man afther all!"

"Undoubtedly he was," said the priest; "there are spots in the sun, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy—we are not all immaculate. There never was one sent into this world without less or more sin upon them. Even the saints themselves had venial touches about them, but nothing to signify."

"Docthor," said the uncle, pertinaciously adhering to the original question, "you have an opportunity of knowin' what a good parish might be worth to a smart, active priest? For the sake of a son of mine that I've some notion of ——"

"By the by, I wonder Denis is not here before now," exclaimed his Reverence, lending a deaf ear to Mike O'Shaughnessy's interrogatory.

Old Denis's favourite topic had been started, and he accordingly launched out upon it with all the delight and ardour of a fond father.

"Now, Docthor dear, before us all—an' sure you know as well as I do, that we're all friends together—what's your downright opinion of Denis? Is he as bright as you tould me the other mornin' he was?"

"Really, Denis O'Shaughnessy," replied his Reverence, "it's not pleasant to me to be pressed so often to eulogise a young gintleman of whose talents I have so frequently expressed my opinion. Is not once sufficient for *me* to say what I've said concerning him? But, as we *are* all present, I now say and declare, that my opinion of Denis O'Shaughnessy, jun., is decidedly *peculiar*—decidedly.—Come, girshah, keep basting the mutton, and never heed my boots—turn it about and baste the back of it better."

"God be thanked," exclaimed the delighted father, "sure it's a comfort to hear *that*, any how —afther all the pains and throuble we've taken wid him, to know it's not lost. Why, that boy was so smart, Docthor, that, may I never sin, when he went first to the Latin, but—an' this is no lie, for I have it from his own lips—when he'd look upon his task two or three times over night, he'd waken wid every word of it, pat off the book, the next mornin'. And how do you think he got it? Why, the crathur, you see, used to dhrame that he was readin' it off, and so he used to get it that way in his sleep!"

At this moment Darby Moran, Denis's old foe, entered, and his reception was cordial, and, if the truth were known, almost magnanimous on the part of Denis.

"Darby Moran," said he, "not a man, barrin' his Reverence here, in the parish we sit in, that I'm prouder to see on my flure—give me your hand, man alive, and Mave and all of ye welcome him. Everything of what you know is buried between us, and you're bound to welcome him, if it was only in regard of the handsome way he spoke of our son this day—here's my own chair, Darby, and sit down."

"Throth," said Darby, after shaking hands with the priest and greeting the rest of the company, "the same boy no one could spake ill of; and, although we and his people were not upon the best footin', still the sarra one o' me but always gave *him* his due."

"Indeed, I believe you, Darby," said his

father; "but are you comfortable? draw your chair nearer the fire—the evenin's gettin' cowld."

"I'm very well, Denis, I thank you;—nearer the fire! Faix, except you want to have me roasted along wid that shoulder of mutton and goose, I think I can't go much nearer it."

"I'm sorry, you warn't in sooner, Darby, till you'd hear what Docthor Finnerty here—God spare him long among us—said of Denis a while ago. Docthor, if it wouldn't be makin' too free, maybe you'd oblage me wid repatin' it over again?"

"I can never have any hesitation," replied the priest, "in repeating anything to his advantage—I stated, Darby, that young Misther O'Shaughnessy was a youth of whom my opinion was decidedly *peculiar*—keep basting, child, you're forgetting the goose now; did you never see a priest's boots before?"

"An' nobody has a better right to know nor yourself, wherever larnin' and education's consarned," said the father.

"Why, it's not long since I examined him myself; I say it sitting here, and I believe every one that hears me is present; and during the course of the examination I was really astonished. The translations, and derivations, and conjugations, and ratiocinations, and variations, and investigations that he gave, were all the most remarkably original I ever heard. He would not be contented with the common sense of a passage; but he'd keep hunting, and hawking, and fishing about for something that was out of the ordinary

course of reading, that I was truly struck with his eccentric turn of genius."

"You think he'll pass the Bishop with great credit, Docthor?"

"I'll tell you what I think, Denis—which is going further than I went yet—I think that if *he* were the Bishop, and the *Bishop* the candidate for Maynooth, that his lordship would have but a poor chance of passing. There's the pinnacle of my eulogium upon him; and now, to give my opinion on another important subject; I pronounce both the goose and mutton done to a turn. As it appears that Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has every other portion of the dinner ready, I move that we commence operations as soon as possible."

"But Denis, Docthor? it would be a pleasure to me to have him, poor fellow, wid *all* his throuble over, and his mind at ase; maybe if we wait a weeshy while longer, Docthor, that he'll come, and you know Father Molony too is to come yet, and some more of our friends."

"If the examination was a long one, I tell you that Misther O'Shaughnessy may not be here this hour to come; and you may be sure, the Bishop, meeting such a bright boy, wouldn't make it a short one. As for Father Molony, he'll be here time enough, so I move again that we attack the citadel."

"Well, well, never say it again—the sarra one o' me will keep it back, myself bein' as ripe as any of you, barrin' his Reverence, that we're not to take the foreway of in anything. Ha! ha! ha!"

Whilst Mave and her daughters were engaged

in laying dinner, and in making all the other arrangements necessary for their comfort, the priest took Denis aside, and thus addressed him:—

"Denis, I need scarcely remark, that this meeting of our friends is upon no common occasion; that it's neither a wedding, nor a Station, nor a christening, but a gathering of relations for a more honourable purpose than any of them, excepting the Station, which you know is a *religious rite.* I just mention this privately, lest you might not be properly on your guard, and to prevent any appearance of maneness; or—in short, I hope you have abundance of everything; I hope you have, and that not for your own sake, so much as for that of your son. Remember your boy, and what he's designed for, and don't let the dinner or its concomitants be discreditable to *him;* for, in fact, it's his dinner, observe, and not yours."

"I'm thankful, I'm deeply thankful, an' for ever oblaged to your Reverence for your kindness; although widout at all makin' little of it, it wasn't wanted here; never fear, Docthor, there'll be lashings and lavins."

"Well, but make that clear, Denis; here now are near two dozen of us, and you say there are more to come, and all the provision I see for them is a shoulder of mutton, a goose, and something in that large pot on the fire, which I suppose is hung beef."

"Thrue for you, Sir, but you don't know that we've got a tarin' fire down in the barn, where

there's two geese more and two shouldhers of mutton to help what you seen—not to mintion a great big puddin', an' lots of other things. Sure you might notice Mave and the girls runnin' in an' out to attind the cookin' of it."

"Enough, Denis, that's sufficient; and now, between you and me, I say your son will be the load-star of Maynooth, which out-tops anything I said of him yet."

"There's a whole keg of whiskey, Docthor."

"I see nothing to prevent him from being a Bishop; indeed, it's almost certain, for he can't be kept back."

"I only hope your Reverence will be livin' when he praches his first sermon. I have the dam of the coult still, an' a wink's as good as a nod, please your Reverence."

"A strong letter in his favour to the President of Maynooth will do him no harm," said the priest.

They then joined their other friends, and in a few minutes an excellent dinner, plain and abundant, was spread out upon the table. It consisted of the usual materials which constitute an Irish feast in the house of a wealthy farmer, whose pride it is to compel every guest to eat so long as he can swallow a morsel. There were geese and fowl of all kinds—shoulders of mutton, laughing-potatoes, carrots, parsnips, and cabbage, together with an immense pudding, boiled in a clean sheet, and ingeniously kept together with long straws [48] drawn through it in all directions. A lord or duke might be senseless enough

to look upon such a substantial yeoman-like meal with a sneer; but with all their wealth and elegance, perhaps they might envy the health and appetite of those who partook of it. When Father Finnerty had given a short grace, and the operations of the table were commenced, Denis looked round him with a disappointed air, and exclaimed,

"Father Finnerty, there's only one thing, indeed I may say two, a wantin' to complate our happiness—I mean Denis and Father Molony! What on earth does your Reverence think can keep them?"

To this he received not a syllable of reply, nor did he consider it necessary to urge the question any further at present. Father Finnerty's powers of conversation seemed to have abandoned him; for although there were some few expressions loosely dropped, yet the worthy priest maintained an obstinate silence.

At length, in due time, he began to let fall an occasional remark, impeded considerably by hiccups, and an odd *Deo Gratias,* or *Laus Deo,* uttered in that indecisive manner which indicates the position of a man who debates within himself, whether he ought to rest satisfied or not.

At this moment the trampling of a horse was heard approaching the door, and immediately every one of Denis's family ran out to ascertain whether it was the young candidate. Loud and clamorous was their joy on finding that they were not mistaken; he was alone, and, on arriving at the door, dismounted slowly, and received their

welcomes and congratulations with a philosophy which perplexed them not a little. The scene of confusion which followed his entrance into the house could scarcely be conceived: every hand was thrust out to welcome him, and every tongue loud in wishing him joy and happiness. The chairs and stools were overturned as they stood in the way of those who wished to approach him; plates fell in the bustle, and wooden trenchers trundled along the ground; the dogs, on mingling with the crowd that surrounded him, were kicked angrily from among them by those who had not yet got shaking hands with Denis. Father Finnerty, during this commotion, kept his seat in the most dignified manner; but the moment it had subsided, he stretched out his hand to Denis, exclaiming,

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy, I congratulate you upon the event of this auspicious day! I wish you joy and happiness!"

"So do we all, over and over agin!" they exclaimed; "a proud gintleman he may be this night!"

"I thank you, Father Finnerty," said Denis, "and I thank you all!"

"Denis avourneen," said his mother, "sit down an' ate a hearty dinner; you must be both tired and hungry, so sit down, avick, and when you're done you can tell us all."

"*Bonum concilium, mi chare Dionysi*—the advice is good, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, and I myself will, in honour of this day, although I have already dined, just take another slice;" and as he

spoke he helped himself. "Anything to honour a friend," he continued; "but, by the by, before I commence, I will try your own prescription, Denis—a whetter of this poteen at intervals. Hoch, that's glorious stuff—pure as any one of the cardinal virtues, and strong as fortitude, which is the champion of them all."

Denis, during these pleasant observations of the priest, sat silent, with a countenance pale and apparently dejected. When his mother had filled his plate, he gently put it away from him; but poured out a little spirits and water, which he drank.

"I cannot eat a morsel," said he; "mother, don't press me, it's impossible. We are all assembled here—friends, neighbours, and relations —I'll not disguise the fact—but the truth is, I have been badly treated this day; I have been, in the most barefaced manner, rejected by the Bishop, and a nephew of Father Molony's elected in my place."

The effect which this disclosure produced upon the company present, especially upon his own family, utterly defies description. His father hastily laid down his glass, and his eyes opened to the utmost stretch of their lids; his mother let a plate fall which she was in the act of handing to one of her daughters, who was about to help a poor beggar at the door; all convivial enjoyment was suspended; the priest laid down his knife and fork, and fixed his large eyes upon Denis, with his mouth full; his young sister, Susan, flew over to his side, and looked intensely

into his countenance for an explanation of what he meant, for she had not properly understood him.

"Rejected!" exclaimed the priest—"rejected! Young man, I am your spiritual superior, and I command you, on this occasion, to practise no jocularity whatsoever—I lay it upon you as a religious duty to be serious and candid, to speak truth, and inform us at once whether what you have advanced be true or not?"

"I wish," said Denis, "that it was only jocularity on my part; but I solemnly assure you all that it is not. The Bishop told me that I suffered myself to be misled as to my qualifications for entrance; he says it will take a year and a half's hard study to enable me to matriculate with a good grace. I told him that your Reverence examined me, and said I was well prepared; and he said to me in reply, that your Reverence was very little of a judge as to my fitness."

"Very well," said the priest, "I thank his lordship; 'tis true, I deserved that from *him;* but it can't be helped. I see, at all events, how the land lies. Denis O'Shaughnessy, I pronounce you to be, in the first place, an extremely stultified and indiscreet young man; and, in the next place, as badly treated, and as oppressed a candidate for Maynooth as ever entered it. I pronounce you, in the face of the world, right well prepared for it; but I see now who is the spy of the diocese—oh, oh, thank you, Misther Molony—I now remimber, that he is related to his lordship through the beggarly clan of the M——'s. But wait a

little; if I have failed here, thank Heaven I have interest in the next diocese, the Bishop of which is my cousin, and we will yet have a tug for it."

The mother and sisters of Denis were now drowned in tears; and the grief of his sister Susan was absolutely hysterical. Old Denis's brow became pale and sorrowful, his eye sunk, and his hand trembled. His friends all partook of this serious disappointment, and sat in silence and embarrassment around the table. Young Denis's distress was truly intense: he could not eat a morsel; his voice was tremulous with vexation; and, indeed, altogether the aspect of those present betokened the occurrence of some grievous affliction.

"Well," said Brian, Denis's elder brother, "I only say this, that it's a good story for him to tell that he *is* a Bishop, otherwise I'd think no more of puttin' a bullet through him from behind a hedge, than I would of shootin' a cur dog."

"Don't say that, Brian," said his mother; "bad as it is, he's one of our clargy, so don't spake disrespectful of him; sure a year is not much to wait, an' the next time you go before him it won't be in his power to keep you back. As for Father Molony, we wish him well, but undher the roof of this house, except at a Station, or something else of the kind, he will never sit, barrin' I thought he was either dhry or hungry, that I wouldn't bring evil upon my substance by refusin' him."

"And that was his lordship's character of me?" inquired the priest once more with chagrin.

"If that was not, perhaps you will find it in

this letter," replied Denis, handing him a written communication from the Bishop. Father Finnerty hastily broke open the seal, and read silently as follows:—

"*To the Rev. Father Finnerty, peace, and benediction.*

"REV. SIR,

"I feel deep indignation at hearing the disclosure made to me this day by the bearer, touching your negotiation with him and his family, concerning a horse, as the value paid by them to you for procuring the use of my influence in his favour; and I cannot sufficiently reprobate such a transaction, nor find terms strong enough in which to condemn the parties concerned in it. Sir, I repeat it, that such juggling is more reprehensible on your part than on theirs, and that it is doubly disrespectful to me, to suppose that I could be influenced by any thing but merit in the candidates. I desire you will wait upon me to-morrow, when I hope you may be able to place the transaction in such a light as will raise you once more to the estimation in which I have always held you. There are three other candidates, one of whom is a relation of your excellent curate's; but I have as yet made *no* decision, so that the appointment is still open. In the mean time, I command you to send back the horse to his proper owner, as soon after the receipt of this as possible, for O'Shaughnessy must not be shackled by any such stipulations. I have now to ask your Christian forgiveness for having, under the influence of temporary anger, spoken of you before this lad with disrespect. I hereby make restitution, and beg that you will forgive me, and remember me by name in your prayers, as I shall also name you in mine.

"I am, &c.

"+ JAMES M."

When Father Finnerty read this letter, his countenance gradually assumed an expression of the most irresistible humour; nothing could be

more truly comic than the significant look he directed at each individual of the O'Shaughnessys, not omitting even the little boy who had basted the goose, whom he patted on the head with that mechanical abstraction resulting from the occurrence of something highly agreeable. The cast of his features was now the more ludicrous, when contrasted with the rueful visage he presented on hearing the manner in which his character had been delineated by the Bishop. At length he laid himself back in his chair, and putting his hands to his sides, fairly laughed out loudly for near five minutes.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "Dionysius, Dionysius, but you are the simple and unsophisticated youth! Oh, you *bocaun* of the wide earth, to come home with a long face upon you, telling us that you were rejected, and you *not* rejected."

"Not rejected!—not rejecet!—not rejecksetl —not raxjaxet!" they all exclaimed, attempting to pronounce the word as well as they could.

"For the sake of heaven above us, Docthor, don't keep us in doubt one minute longer," said old Denis.

"Follow me," said the priest, becoming instantly grave, "follow me, Dionysius; follow me Denis More, and Brian, all follow—follow *me*. *I* have news for you! My friends, we'll be back instantly."

They accordingly passed into another room, where they remained in close conference for about a quarter of an hour, after which they re-entered in the highest spirits.

"Come," said Denis, "Pether, go over, abouchal, to Andy Bradagh's for Larry Cassidy the piper—fly like a swallow, Pether, an' don't come without him. Mave, achora, all's right. Susy, you darlin', dhry your eyes, avourneen, all's right. Nabours, friends—fill, fill—I say all's right still. My son's not disgraced, nor he won't be disgraced whilst I have a house over my head, or a beast in my stable. Docthor, reverend Docthor, drink; may I never sin, but you must get merry, an' dance a '*cut-along*' wid myself, when the music comes, and you must thrip the 'priest in his boots' wid Susy here afther. Excuse me, nabours—Docthor, you won't blame me, there's both joy and sorrow in these tears. I have had a good family of childhre, an' a faithful wife; an' Mave, achora, although time has laid his mark upon you, as well as upon myself, and the locks are grey that wor once as black as a raven: yet, Mave, I seen the day, an' there's many livin' to prove it—ay, Mave, I seen the day when you wor worth lookin' at—the wild rose of Lisbuie she was called, Docthor. Well, Mave, I hope that my eyes may be closed by the hands I loved an' love so well—an' that's your own, agrah machree, an' Denis's."

"Whisht, Denis asthore," said Mave, wiping her eyes, "I hope I'll never see that day. Afther seein' Denis here, what we all hope him to be, the next thing I wish is, that I may never live to see my husband taken away from me, acushla; no, I hope God will take me to himself before *that* comes."

There is something touching in the burst of pathetic affection which springs strongly from the heart of a worthy couple, when, seated among their own family, the feelings of the husband and the father, the wife and the mother, overpower them. In this case, the feeling is always deep in proportion to the strength and purity of domestic affection; still it is checked by the melancholy satisfaction, that our place is to be filled by those who are dear to us.

"But now," said the priest, "that the scent lies still warm, let me ask you, Dionysius, how the Bishop came to understand the *compactum?*"

"I really cannot undertake to say," replied Denis; "but if any man has an eye like a *basilcus* he has. On finding, Sir, that there was some defect in my responsive powers, he looked keenly at me, closing his piercing eyes a little, and inquired upon what ground I had presented myself as a candidate. I would have sunk the *compactum* altogether, but for the eye. I suspended and hesitated a little, and at length told him that there was an understanding—a—a—kind of—in short, he squeezed the whole secret out o' me gradationally. You know the result!"

"Ah, Dionysius, you are yet an unfledged bird; but it matters little. All will be rectified soon."

"Arrah, Dinis," inquired his mother, "was it only takin' a rise out of us you wor all the time? Throth myself's not the betther of the fright you put me into."

"No," replied Denis, "the Bishop treated me

harshly I thought: he said I was not properly fit. 'You might pass,' said he, 'upon a particular occasion, or under peculiar circumstances; but it will take at least a year and a half's study, to enable you to enter Maynooth *as I would wish you.* You may go home again,' said he; 'at present I have dismissed the subject.'

"After this, on meeting Father Molony, he told me that his cousin had passed, and that he would be soon sent up to Maynooth: so I concluded all hope was over with me; but I didn't then know what the letter to Father Finnerty contained. I now see that I may succeed still."

"You may and *shall,* Denis; but no thanks to Father Molony for that: however, I shall keep my eye upon the same curate, never fear. Well, let that pass, and now for harmony, conviviality, and friendship. Gentlemen, fill your glasses—I mean your respective vessels. Come, Denis More, let that porringer of yours be a brimmer. Ned Hanratty, charge your noggin. Darby, although your mug wants an ear, it can hold *the full* of it. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, that old family cruiskeen ought to be with your husband: but no matther—*non constat—Eh? Dionysi? Intelligisne?*"

"*Intelligo, domine.*"

"Here then is health, success, and prosperity to Mr. Dionysius O'Shaughnessy, jun.! May he soon be on the Retreat in the vivacious walls of that learned and sprightly seminary, Maynooth![49] On the Retreat, I say, getting fat upon half a meal a day for the first week, fasting

tightly against the grain, praying sincerely for a set-in at the king's mutton, and repenting thoroughly of his penitence!"

"Well, Docthor, that is a toast. Denis, have you nothing to say to that? Won't you stand up an' thank his Reverence, any how?"

"I am really too much oppressed with relaxation," said Denis, "to return thanks in that florid style which would become my pretensions. I cannot, however, but thank Father Finnerty for his ingenious and learned toast, which does equal honour to his *head* and heart, and I might superadd, to his *intellects* also; for in drinking toasts, my friends, I always elaborate a distinction between strength of head and strength of intellect. I now thank you all for having in so liberal a manner drunk my health; and in grateful return, I request you will once more fill your utensils, and learnedly drink—long life and a mitre to the Reverend Father Finnerty, of the Society of St. Dominick, Doctor of Divinity and Parochial Priest of this excellent parish!—*Propino tibi salutem, Doctor doctissime, reverendissime, et sanctissime; nec non omnibus amicis hic congregatis!*"

The priest's eye, during this speech, twinkled with humour; he saw clearly that Denis thoroughly understood the raillery of his toast, and that the compliment was well repaid. On this subject he did not wish, however, to proceed further, and his object now was, that the evening should pass off as agreeably as possible.

Next morning Father Finnerty paid Denis a

timely visit, having first, as he had been directed, sent home the colt a little after day-break. They then took an early breakfast, and after about half an hour's further deliberation, the priest, old Denis, and his son—the last mounted upon the redoubtable colt—proceeded to the Bishop's residence. His lordship had nearly finished breakfast, which he took in his study; but as he was engaged with his brother, the barrister, who slept at his house the night before, in order to attend a public meeting on that day, he could not be seen for some time after they arrived. At length they were admitted. The Right Reverend Doctor was still seated at the breakfast table, dressed in a morning gown of fine black stuff, such as the brothers of the Franciscan order of monks usually wear, to which order he belonged. He wore black silk stockings, gold knee-buckles to his small-clothes, a rich ruby ring upon his finger, and a small gold cross, set with brilliants, about his neck. This last was not usually visible; but as he had not yet dressed for the day, it hung over his vest. He sat, or rather lolled back in a stuffed easy chair, one leg thrown indolently over the other. Though not an old man, he wore powder, which gave him an air of greater reverence; and as his features were sharp and intelligent, his eye small but keen, and his manner altogether impressive and gentlemanly, if not dignified, it was not surprising that Father Finnerty's two companions felt awed and embarrassed before him. Nor was the priest himself

wholly free from that humbling sensation which one naturally feels when in the presence of a superior mind in a superior station of life.

"Good morning to your lordship!" said the priest, "I am exceedingly happy to see you look so well. Counsellor, your most obedient; I hope, Sir, you are in good health!"

To this both gentlemen replied in the usual common-place terms.

"Docthor," continued the priest, "this is a worthy dacent parishioner of mine, Denis O'Shaughnessy; and this is his son who has the honour to be already known to your lordship."

"Sit down, O'Shaughnessy," said the bishop, "take a seat, young man."

"I humbly thank your lordship," replied Denis the elder, taking a chair as he spoke, and laying his hat beside him on the carpet.

The son, who trembled at the moment from head to foot, did not sit as he was asked, but the father, after giving him a pluck, said in a whisper, "Can't you sit when his lordship bids you." He then took a seat, but appeared scarcely to know whether he sat or stood.

"By the by, Doctor, you have improved this place mightily," continued Father Finnerty, "since I had the pleasure of being here last. I thought I saw a green-house peeping over the garden-wall."

"Yes," replied the Bishop, "I am just beginning to make a collection of shrubs and flowers upon a small scale. I believe you are aware that

tending and rearing flowers, Mr. Finnerty, is a favourite amusement with me."

"I believe I have a good right to know as much, Dr. M——," replied Mr. Finnerty. "If I don't mistake, I sent you some specimens for your garden that were not contemptible. And if I don't mistake again, I shall be able to send your lordship a shrub that would take the pearl off a man's eye only to look at it. And what's more, it's quite a new comer; not two years in the country."

"Pray how is it called, Mr. Finnerty?"

"Upon my credit, Doctor, with great respect, I will tell you nothing more about it at present. If you wish to see it, or to know its name, or to get a slip of it, you must first come and eat a dinner with me. And, Counsellor, if you, too, could appear on your own behalf, so much the better."

"I fear I cannot, Mr. Finnerty, but I dare say my brother will do himself the pleasure of dining with you."

"It cannot be for at least six weeks, Mr. Finnerty," said the Bishop. "You forget that the confirmations begin in ten days; but I shall have the pleasure of dining with you when I come to confirm in your parish."

"Phoo! Why, Doctor, that's a matter of course. Couldn't your lordship make it convenient to come during the week, and bring the Counsellor here with you? Don't say no, Counsellor; I'll have no demurring."

"Mr. Finnerty," said the Bishop, "it is impossible at present. My brother goes to Dublin to-morrow, and I must go on the following day to attend the consecration of a chapel in the metropolis."

"Then upon my credit, your lordship will get neither the name nor description of my *Fucia,* until you earn it by eating a dinner, and drinking a glass of claret with the Rev. Father Finnerty. Are those hard terms, Counsellor?—Ha! ha! ha! I'm not the man to be put off a thing, I assure you."

"Mr. Finnerty," said the Bishop, smiling at, but not noticing the worthy priest's blunder about the Fucia, "if possible, I shall dine with you soon; but at present it is out of my power to appoint a day."

"Well, well, Doctor, make your own time of it; and now for the purport of our journey. Denis O'Shaughnessy here, my lord, is a warm respectable parishioner of mine—a man indeed for whom I have a great regard. He is reported to have inherited from his worthy father, two horns filled with guineas. His grandmother, as he could well inform your lordship, was born with a *lucky caul* upon her, which caul is still in the family. Isn't it so, Denis?"

"My lord, in dignity, it's thruth," replied Denis, "and from the time it came into the family they always thruv, thanks be to goodness!"

The lawyer sat eyeing the priest and Denis alternately, evidently puzzled to comprehend

what such a remarkable introduction could lead to.

The Bishop seemed not to be surprised, for his features betrayed no change whatsoever.

"Having, therefore, had the necessary means of educating a son for the church, he has accordingly prepared this young man with much anxiety and expense for Maynooth."

"Plase your lordship," said Denis, "Docthor Finnerty is clothin' it betther than I could do. My heart is fixed upon seein' him what we all expect him to be, your lordship."

"Mr. Finnerty," observed the Bishop, "you seem to be intimately acquainted with O'Shaughnessy's circumstances; you appear to take a warm interest in the family, particularly in the success of his son."

"Undoubtedly, my lord; I am particularly anxious for his success."

"You received my letter yesterday?"

"I am here to-day, my lord, in consequence of having received it. But, by the by, there was, under favour, a slight misconception on the part of your——"

"What misconception, Sir?"

"Why, my lord—Counsellor, this is a—a—kind of charge his lordship is bringing against me, under a slight misconception. My lord, the fact is, that I didn't see what ecclesiastical right I had to prevent Denis here from disposing of his own property to——"

"I expect an apology from you, Mr. Finnerty,

but neither a defence nor a justification. An attempt at either will not advance the interests of your young friend, believe me."

"Then I have only to say that the wish expressed in your lordship's letter has been complied with. But wait awhile, my lord," continued the priest, good-humouredly, "I shall soon turn the tables on yourself."

"How is that, pray?"

"Why, my lord, the horse is in your stable, and Denis declares he will not take him out of it."

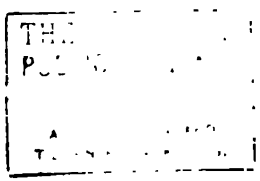
"I have not the slightest objection to that," replied the Bishop, "upon the express condition that his son shall never enter Maynooth."

"For my part," observed Mr. Finnerty, "I leave the matter now between your lordship and O'Shaughnessy himself. You may act as you please, Doctor, and so may he."

"Mr. Finnerty, if I could suppose for a moment that the suggestion of thus influencing me originated with *you,* I would instantly deprive you of your parish, and make you assistant to your excellent curate, for whom I entertain a sincere regard. I have already expressed my opinion of the transaction alluded to in my letter. You have frequently offended me, Mr. Finnerty, by presuming too far upon my good temper, and by relying probably upon your own jocular disposition. Take care, Sir, that you don't break down in some of your best jokes. I fear that under the guise of humour, you frequently avail yourself of the weakness, or ignorance, or simplicity, of your parishioners. I hope, Mr. Fin-

Eagle's Nest, Killarney
Reproduced from an Original Photograph

Eagle's Nest, Killarney
Reproduced from an Original Photograph



nerty, that while *you* laugh at the jest, *they* don't pay for it."

The priest here caught the Counsellor's eye, and gave him a dry wink, not unperceived, however, by the Bishop, who could scarcely repress a smile.

"You should have known me better, Mr. Finnerty, than to suppose that any motive could influence me in deciding upon the claims of candidates for Maynooth, besides their own moral character and literary acquirements. So long as I live, this, and this alone, shall be the rule of my conduct, touching persons in the circumstances of young O'Shaughnessy."

"My gracious lord," said Denis, "don't be angry wid Mr. Finnerty. I'll bear it all, for it was my fau't. The horse is mine, and say what you will, out of your stable I'll never bring him. I think, wid great sibmission, a man may do what he pleases wid his own."

"Certainly," said the Bishop! "my consent to permit your son to go to Maynooth is my own. Now this consent I will not give if you press that mode of argument upon me."

"My Reverend Lord, as heaven's above me, I'd give all I'm worth to see the boy in Maynooth. If he doesn't go afther all our hopes, I'd break my heart." He was so deeply affected that the large tears rolled down his cheeks as he spoke.

"Will your Lordship *buy* the horse?" he added; "I don't want him, and you, maybe, do?"

"I do *not* want him," said the Bishop, "and

if I did, I would not, under the present circumstances, purchase him from you."

"Then my boy won't get in, your lordship. And you'll neither buy the horse, nor take him as a present. My curse upon him for a horse! The first thing I'll do when I get home will be to put a bullet through him, for he has been an unlucky thief to us. Is my son aquil to the others that came to pass your lordship?" asked Denis.

"There is none of them properly qualified," said the Bishop. "If there be any superiority among them your son has it. He is not without natural talent, Mr. Finnerty; his translations are strong and fluent, but ridiculously pedantic. That, however, is perhaps less his fault than the fault of those who instructed him."

"Are you anxious to dispose of the horse?" said the Counsellor.

"A single day, sir, he'll never pass in my stable," said Denis; "he has been an unlucky baste to me an' mine, an' to all that had anything to do wid him."

"Pray what age is he?"

"Risin' four, sir; 'deed I believe he's four all out, an' a purty devil's clip he is, as you'd wish to see."

"Come," said the Counsellor, rising, "let us have a look at him. Mr. Finnerty, you're an excellent judge; will you favour me with your opinion?"

The priest and he, accompanied by the two O'Shaughnessys, passed out to the stable yard,

where their horses stood. As they went, Father Finnerty whispered to O'Shaughnessy:—

"Now, Denis, is your time. Strike while the iron is hot. Don't take a penny!—don't take a fraction! Get into a passion, and swear you'll shoot him unless he accepts him as a present. If he does, all's right; he can twine the Bishop round his finger."

"I see, Sir," said Denis; "I see! Let me alone for managin' him."

The barrister was already engaged in examining the horse's mouth, as is usual, when the priest accosted him with—

"You are transgressing etiquette in this instance, Counsellor. You know the proverb—never look a gift horse in the mouth."

"How, Mr. Finnerty?—a gift horse!"

"His Reverence is right!" exclaimed Denis: "the sorra penny ever will cross my pocket for the same horse. You must take him as he stands, sir, barrin' the bridle an' saddle, that's not my own."

"He will take no money," said the priest.

"Nonsense, my dear sir! Why not take a fair price for him?"

"Divil the penny will cross my pocket for him, the unlucky thief!" replied the shrewd farmer.

"Then in that case the negotiation is ended," replied the barrister. "I certainly will not accept him as a present. Why should I? What claim have I on Mr. O'Shaughnessy?"

"I don't want you to take him," said Denis;

"I want nobody to take him: but I know the dogs of the parish'll be pickin' his bones afore night. You may as well have him, Sir, as not."

"Is the man serious, Mr. Finnerty?"

"I never saw a man in my life having a more serious appearance, I assure you," said the priest.

"By Jove it's a queer business," replied the other: "a most extraordinary affair as I ever witnessed! Why, it would be madness to destroy such a fine animal as that! The horse is an excellent one! However, I shall certainly *not* accept him, until I ascertain whether I can prevail upon the Bishop to elect his son to this vacancy. If I can make the man no return for him, I shall let him go to the dogs."

"Go up and set to work," said the priest; "but remember that *tace* is Latin for a candle. Keep his lordship in the dark, otherwise this scion is ousted."

"True," said the other. "In the mean time bring them into the parlour, until I try what can be done."

"Take the Bishop upon the father's affection for him," said the priest.

"You are right. I am glad you mentioned it."

"The poor man will break his heart," said the priest.

"He will," responded the Counsellor, smiling.

"So will the mother, too," said the priest, with an arch look.

"And the whole family," replied the Counsellor.

"Go up instantly," said the priest; "you have often got a worse fee."

"And, perhaps, with less prospect of success," said the other. "Gentlemen, have the goodness to walk into the parlour for a few minutes, while I endeavour to soften my brother a little, if I can, upon this untoward business."

When the priest and his two friends entered the parlour, which was elegantly furnished, they stood for a moment to survey it. Old Denis, however, was too much engaged in the subject which lay nearest his heart to take pleasure in anything else; at least until he should hear the priest's opinion upon the posture of affairs.

"What does your Reverence think?" said Denis.

"Behave yourself," replied the pastor. "None of your nonsense! You know what I think as well as I do myself."

"But will Dionnisis pass?—Will he go to Maynooth?"

"Will you go to your dinner to-day, or to your bed to-night?"

"God be praised! Well, Docthor, wait till we see him off, then I'll be spakin' to you!"

"No," said the priest; "but wait till you take a toss upon this sofa, and then you will get a taste of ecclesiastical luxury."

"Ay," said Denis, "but would it be right o' me to sit in it? Maybe it's consecrated."

"Faith, you may swear that; but it is to the ease and comfort of his lordship! Come, man, sit down, till you see how you'll sink in it."

"Oh, murdher!" exclaimed Denis, "where am I at all? Docthor dear, am I in sight? Do you see the crown o' my head, good or bad? Oh, may I never sin, but that's great state!—Well, to be sure!"

"Ay," said the priest, "see what it is to be a bishop in any church! The moment a man becomes a bishop, he fastens tooth and nail upon luxury, as if a mitre was a dispensation for enjoying the world that they have sworn to renounce. Dionysius, look about you! Isn't this worth studying for?"

"Yes," replied the hitherto silent candidate, "if it was perusal on the part of his lordship that got it."

"Upon my credit, a shrewd observation! Ah, Dionysius, merit is overlooked in every church, and in every profession; or perhaps—hem!—ehem!—perhaps some of your reverend friends might be higher up! I mean nobody; but if sound learning, and wit, and humour, together with several other virtues which I decline enumerating, could secure a mitre, why mitres might be on other brows."

"This is surely great state," observed the candidate; "and if it be a thing that I matriculate"—

"And yet," said the priest, interrupting him, "this same bishop—who is, no doubt, a worthy man, but who has no natural ear for a jest—was once upon a time the priest of an indifferent good parish, like myself; ay, and a poor, cowardly, culprit-looking candidate, ready to sink

into the earth before his bishop, like you."

"Me cowardly!" said the candidate: "I decline the insinuation altogether. It was nothing but veneration and respect, which you know we should entertain for all our spiritual superiors."

"That's truth decidedly; though, at the same time, your nerves were certainly rather entangled, like a ravelled hank. But no matter, man; we have all felt the same in our time. Did you observe how I managed the bishop?"

"I can't say I did," replied the candidate, who felt hurt at the imputation of cowardice, before his father; "but I saw, Sir, that the bishop managed you."

"Pray for a longer vision, Dionysius. I tell you that no other priest in the diocese could have got both you and me out of the dilemma in which we stood but myself. He has taken to the study of weeds and plants in his old days; and I, who have a natural taste for botany, know it is his weak side. I tell you, he would give the right of filling a vacancy in Maynooth any day in the year, for a rare plant or flower. So much for your knowledge of human nature. You'll grant I managed the Counsellor?"

"Between my father and you, Sir, things look well. We have not, however, got a certificate of success yet."

"*Patientia fit levior ferendo!*—Have patience, man. Wait till we see the Counsellor!"

He had scarcely uttered the last words when that gentleman entered.

"Well, Counsellor," said the priest, "is it a hit?"

"Pray what is your Christian name, Mr. O'Shaughnessy?" inquired the lawyer of young Denis.

"My Christian name, Sir," replied Denis, "is Di-o-ny-si-us O'Shaughnessy. That, Sir, is the name by which I am always appellated."

"That's quite sufficient," said the other. "I shall be with you again in a few minutes."

"But won't you give us a hint, my good Sir, as to how the land lies?" said the priest, as the lawyer left the room.

"Presently, Mr. Finnerty, presently."

"*Intelligisne, Dionisi?*"

"*Vix, Domine. Quid sentis?*"

"*Quid sentis!* No, but it was good fortune sent us. Don't you persave, Dionysius, and you, Denis—don't you know, I say, that this letter of admission couldn't be written except the Bishop knew his name in full? Unlucky! Faith if ever a horse was lucky this is he."

"I declare, Docthor," said the father, "I can neither sit nor stand, nor think of any one thing for a minute, I'm so much on the fidgets to know what the Bishop 'ill say."

"I also," said Dionysius, "am in a state of evaporation and uncertainty touching the same point. However, this I can affirm with veracity, that if I am rejected, my mind is made up to pursue an antithetical course of life altogether. If he rejects me now, he will never reject me again."

"Musha, how—Denny—Dionnisis, avick? What do you mane?" said the father.

"I will give," said the son, "what is designated a loose translation of my meaning to Mr. Finnerty here, if I find that I am excluded on this occasion."

"And if you *do* succeed," said the priest, "I would advise you to hire a loose translator during the remainder of your residence among us; for upon my veracity, Dionysius, the king's English will perform hard duty until you enter Maynooth. Not a word under six feet will be brought into the ranks—grenadiers every one of them, not to mention the thumpers you will coin."

"Come, Docthor Finnerty," said our candidate, pulling up a little, "if the base Latin which you put into circulation were compared with my English thumpers, it would be found that of the two, I am more legitimate and etymological."

"I shall be happy to dispute that point with you another time," said the priest, "when we can —Silence, here comes the Counsellor."

"Mr. O'Shaughnessy," said the lawyer, addressing the candidate, "allow me to congratulate you on your success! Your business is accomplished. The Bishop is just finishing a letter for you to the President of Maynooth. I assure you, I feel great pleasure at your success."

"Accept my thanks, Sir," said Denis, whose eye was instantly lit up with delight—"accept my most obsequious thanks to the very furthest extent of my gratitude."

The Barrister then shook hands with old Denis. "O'Shaughnessy," said he, "I am very happy that I have had it in my power to serve you and your son."

"Counsellor," said Denis, seizing his hand in both his—"Counsellor, ahagur machree—Counsellor, oh, what—what—can I say! Is he—is it possible—is it thruth that my boy is to go to Maynewth this time? Oh, if you knew, *but* knew, the heavy, dead weight you tuck off o' my heart! Our son not cast aside—not disgraced!—for what else would the people think it? The horse!—a poor bit of a coult—a poor unsignified animal! To the devil wid him! What is he compared to the joy an' delight of this minute? Take him, Sir; take him—an' if he was worth his weight in goold, I vow to Heaven above me, I'd not think him too good. Too good!—no, nor half good enough for you. God remimber this to you! an' he will, too. Little you know the happiness you have given us, Counsellor! Little you know it. But no matther! An' you, too, Father Finnerty, helped to bring this about. But sure you were ever an' always our friend! Well, no matther—no matther! God will reward you both."

"My brother wishes to see Mr. Finnerty and your son," said the barrister; "I think they had better go up to him. He is anxious to get a slip of your shrub, Mr. Finnerty."

"Ah, I thought so," said the priest—"I thought as much."

The Bishop, on their re-appearance, presented Denis with the long wished-for letter. He then gave him a suitable exhortation with reference to the serious and responsible duties for which he was about to prepare himself. After concluding his admonition, he addressed Father Finnerty as follows:

"Now Mr. Finnerty, this matter has ended in a manner satisfactory, not only to your young friend, but to yourself. You must promise me that there shall be no more horse-dealing. I do not think jockeying of that description either creditable or just. I am unwilling to use harsher language, but I could not conscientiously let it pass without reproof. In the next place, will you let me have a slip of that flowering shrub you boast of?"

"Doctor," said the priest, "is it possible you ask it of me? Why, I think your lordship ought to know that it's your own, as is every plant and flower in my garden that you fancy. Do you dine at home to-morrow, my Lord?"

"I do," said the Bishop.

"Well, then, I shall come up with a slip or two of it, and dine with you. I know the situation in which it grows best; and knowing this, I will put it down with my own hands. But I protest, my lord, against your allowing me to be traced in the business of the shrub at all, otherwise I shall have the whole county on my back."

"Be under no apprehension of that, Mr. Finnerty. I shall be happy if you dine with

me; but bring it with you. How did you come to get it so early after its appearance in this country?"

"I got it from head quarters, Doctor—from one of the best botanists in the three kingdoms; certainly from the best Irish botanist living—my friend, Mr. Mackay, of the College Botanic Gardens. My lord, I wish you good morning; but before I go, accept my thanks for your kindness to my young friend. I assure you he will be a useful man; for he is even now no indifferent casuist."

"And I, my lord," said Denis, "return you my most grateful—hem—my most grateful—and—most supercilious thanks for the favour—the stupendous favour you have conferred upon me."

"God bless you, my dear child," returned the bishop; "but if you be advised by me, speak more intelligibly. Use plain words, and discard all difficult and pedantic expressions. God bless you! Farewell!"

On coming down, they found old Denis in the stable-yard in rather a ridiculous kind of harness. The saddle that had been on the colt was strapped about him with the bridle, for both had been borrowed from a neighbour.

"Dionnisis an' I must both ride the same horse," said he, "an' as we have two saddles, I must carry one of them."

An altercation then ensued as to which should ride foremost. The son, now in high glee, insisted on the father's taking the seat of honour;

but the father would not hear of this. The lad was, in his opinion, at least semi-clerical, and to ride behind would be a degradation to so learned a youth. They mounted at length, the son foremost, and the father on the crupper, the saddle strapped about him, with the stirrups dangling by the horse's flanks. Father Finnerty, who accompanied them, could not, however, on turning from the bishop's grounds into the highway, get a word out of them. The truth is, both their hearts were full; both were, therefore, silent, and thought every minute an hour until they reached home.

This was but natural. A man may conceal calamity or distress even from his dearest friends; for who is there who wishes to be thrust back from his acknowledged position in life? Or who, when he is thrust back, will not veil his misfortunes or his errors with the guise of indifference or simulation? In good fortune we act differently. It is a step advanced; an elevation gained; there is nothing to fear, or to be ashamed of, and we are as strongly prompted by vanity to proclaim it to the world, as we are by pride to ascribe its occurrence to our own talents or virtues. There are other and purer motives for this. The affections will not be still; they seek the hearts to which they tend; and having found them, the mutual interchange of *good* takes place. Father Finnerty—whose heart, though a kind one, had, probably, been too long out of practice to remember the influence and working of the domestic affections—could not compre-

hend the singular conduct of the two O'Shaughnessys.

"What the devil is the matter with you?" he inquired. "Have you lost the use of your speech?"

"Push an, avourneen," said the father to Denis—"push an; lay the spur to him. Isn't *your* spur on the right foot?"

"Most certainly," said Denis, now as pedantic as ever—"most certainly it is. You are not to be informed that our family spur is a right-foot spur."

"Well, then, Pether Gallagher's spur that I have an is a left-foot spur, for it's an my left foot."

"You are a bright pair," said the priest, somewhat nettled at their neglect of him—"you are a bright pair, and deeply learned in spurs. Can't you ride asier?"

"Never heed him," said the father in a whisper; "do you give the mare the *right* spur, an' I'll give her the *left*. Push an! That's it."

They accordingly dashed forward, Denis plying one heel, and the father another, until the priest found himself gradually falling behind. In vain *he* plied *both* spurs; in vain he whipped, and wriggled on the saddle, and pressed forward his hack. Being a priest's horse, the animal had been accustomed for the last twelve years to a certain jog-trot-pace, beyond which it neither would nor could go. On

finding all his efforts to overtake them unsuccessful, he at last shouted after them.

"Do you call that gratitude, my worthy friends? To lave me creeping over the ups and downs of this villanous road without company?"

"Lay an, aroon," said the father. "Let us get home. Oh, how your poor mother will die wid joy, an' Susy, an' Nanny, an' Brian, an' Michael, an' Dick, an' Lanty, an' all o' them. Glory be to Heaven! what a meetin' we'll have! An' the nabours, too! Push an, avick machree."

"My curse upon you, Friar Henessy!" exclaimed the priest, in a soliloquy, "it was you who first taught this four-footed snail to go like a thief to the gallows. I wish to Heaven you had palmed him on some one else, for many a dinner I have lost by him in my time. Is that your gratitude, gentlemen? Do I deserve this?"

"What is he sayin'?" said the father.

"He is declaiming about gratitude," replied Denis.

"Lay an' her," said the father. "Poor Mave!"

"Such conduct does you credit," shouted the priest. "It's just the way of the world. You have got what you wanted out of me, an' now you throw me off. However, go on."

"What's that?" said the father again.

"He is desiring us to go on," replied the son.

"Then, in the name o' Goodness, do so, avourneen. Susy will die downright."

"Where am I do dine to-day?" shouted the priest, in a louder voice. "I say, where am I to come in for my dinner, for I'm not expected at home, and my curate dines out?"

"I can't hear him," said the father.

"He says the curate dines out; an' he wants to know if he's to dine with us."

"Throth, an' he won't; not that we begrudge it to him; but for this day the sarra one we'll have but our own relations. Push an. An' Brian, too, poor fellow, that was always so proud of you!"

They had now reached the top of an ascent on the road, whilst the priest toiled up after them. In a few minutes they began to descend, and consequently were out of his sight.

No description of mine could give an adequate perception to the reader of what was felt by the family on hearing that the object of Denis's hopes, and their own proud ambition, was at length accomplished. The Bishop's letter was looked at, turned in every direction, and the seal inspected with a kind of wonderful curiosity, such as a superstitious person would manifest on seeing or touching some sacred relic. The period appointed for his departure now depended upon the despatch with which they could equip him for college. But until this event should arrive, his friends lost no opportunity of having him among them. Various were the treats he got in fair and market. Proud were his relations when paying him the respect which he felt right sincere pleasure in receiving. The

medium between dignity and humility which he hit off in these scenes, was worthy of being recorded; but, to do him justice, his forte lay in humility. He certainly condescended with a grace, and made them feel the honour done them by his vouchsafing to associate with such poor creatures, as if he were one of themselves. To do *them also* justice, they appeared to feel his condescension; and, as a natural consequence, were ready to lick the very dust under his feet, considering him, as they did, a priest in everything but ordination.

Denis, besides his intercourse with humble relatives, was now asked to dine with the neighbouring clergymen, and frequently made one at their parties. In the beginning, his high opinion and awe of the clerical character, kept him remarkably dull and sheepish. Many an excellent joke was cracked at his expense; and often did he ask himself what Phadrick Murray, his father's family, or his acquaintances in general, would say, if they saw his learning and his logic so villanously degraded. In proportion, however, as conviviality developed among his reverend friends many defects, opinions, and failings, which he never suspected them to possess, so did he begin to gather courage and facility of expression. By degrees he proceeded modestly from the mild and timid effort at wit, to the steadier nerve of moderate confidence; another step brought him to the indifference of a man who can bear an unsuccessful attempt at pleasantry, without being discomposed; the third

and last stage advanced him to downright assurance, which having reached, he stopped at nothing. From this forward he began to retort upon his clerical companions, who found that the sheepish youth whom they had often made ridiculous, possessed skill, when properly excited, to foil them at their own weapons. He observed many things in their convivial meetings. The holy man, whom his flock looked upon as a being of the highest sanctity, when lit up into fun and frolic, Denis learned to estimate at his just value. He thought, besides, that a person resolved to go to heaven, had as good a chance of being saved by the direct mercy of God, as through the ministration of men, whose only spiritual advantage over himself consisted in the mere fact of being in orders. To be sure, he saw the usual exceptions among them that are to be found among every other class; but he drew his conclusions from the general rule. All this, however, failed in removing that fundamental principle of honest superstition in which he had been trained. The clergymen whom he saw were only a few of those who constituted the great body of the church; but when the long and sanctified calendar of saints and miracles opened upon him, there still remained enough to throw a dim and solemn charm of shadowy pomp around the visions of a mind naturally imaginative.

Messengers were once more sent abroad, to inform their friends of his triumph, who, on ascertaining that his journey was fixed for an early

day, lost no time in pouring in, each with some gift suited to their circumstances. Some of these were certainly original, the appropriateness having been in every case determined by the wealth or poverty, ignorance or knowledge, of those who offered them. Some poor relation, for instance, brought him a shirt or two of materials so coarse, that to wear it in a college would be out of the question; others offered him a pair of brogues, much too vulgar for the society he was about to enter; others, again, would present him with books—for it is not at all uncommon to find in many illiterate Irish families half-a-dozen old volumes of whose contents they are ignorant, lying in a dusty corner, where they are kept till some young scion shall be sufficiently instructed to peruse them. The names of these were singular enough. One presented him with "The Necessity of Penance;" another with "Laugh and be Fat;" a third with the "Key of Paradise;" a fourth with "Hell Open;" a fifth handed him a copy of the "Irish Rogues and Rapparees;" a sixth gave him "Butler's Lives of Saints;" a seventh "The Necessity of Fasting;" an eighth "The Epicure's *Vade Mecum.*" The list ran on very ludicrously. Among them were the "Garden of Love and Royal Flower of Fidelity;" "An Essay on the Virtue of Celibacy;" and another "On the Increase of Population in Ireland." To these we may add "The Devil upon Two Sticks," and "The Life of St. Anthony."

"Take these, Misther Denis," said the worthy

souls; "they're of no use to us at all at all; but they'll sarve you, of coorse, where you're goin', bekase when you want books in the college you can use them."

Honest Phadrick Murray, in lieu of a more valuable present, brought him his wife's largest and best shawl as a pocket handkerchief.

"Katty, sir, sent you this," said Phadrick, "as a pocket handkerchy; an' be gorra, Misther Denis, if you begin at this corner, an' take it out o' the face, it'll last you six months at a time, any how."

Another neighbour came with a *cool* of rendered lard, hoping it might be serviceable.

"Norah, sir," said the honest friend who brought it, "sent you a crock of her own lard. When you're makin' colcanon, sir, or *sthilk*,[50] in the college, if you slip in a lump of this, it'll save you the price of butther. The grace 'ill be useful to you, whether or not; an' they say there's a scarcity of it in the college."

A third brought him an oak sapling to keep in his hand about the purlieus of the establishment.

"We know," said he, "that you're given to arguin' an' to that thing you call logic, Misther Denis. Now, Sir, if you're ever hard set in an argument or the like o' that, or if any o' the shthudjeents 'ud be throublesome or imperant, why give them a touch o' this—a lick of it, do you see; jist this a way. First come wid a back sthroke upon the left ear, if they want to be properly convinced; an' thin agin' afore they have time to recover, come down wid a visitation upon

the kidney. My life for yours, they'll soon let you alone. Nothin' puzzles one in an argument more than it does."

"Ay," said Denis, "that is what they call in the books the *argumentum baculinum*. I accept your present, Roger; but I flatter myself I shall be a match for any of the collegians without having recourse to the *argumentum baculinum*."

A poor old widow, who was distantly related to them, came upwards of four miles with two or three score of eggs, together with a cock and hen; the eggs for his own use, and the latter for breeding in Maynooth.

"Avourneen, Misther O' Shaughnessy," said she, in broken English, "when you ate out all the eggs, maybe you could get a sonsy little corner about the collegian that you're goin' to larn to be a priest in, an' put them both into it;" —pointing at the same time to the cock and hen —"an' whishper," she continued, in a low friendly voice, "if you could get a weeshy wisp o' sthraw, an' slip it undher your own bed, it would make a nest for them, an' they'd lay an egg for your breakfast all days in the year. But, achora, don't let them be widout a nest egg; an' whishper—maybe you'd breed a clackin' out o' them, that you might sell. Sure they'd help to buy duds of cloes for you; or you might make presents of the crathurs to the blessed an' holy collegian himself. Wouldn't it be good to have him an your side?—He'd help to make a gintleman of you, any way. Faix, sure he does it for many, they say. An' whishper—the breed,

avourneen, is good; an' I'm not afeard to say that there never was sich a chicken in the whole collegian, as the ould cock himself. He's the darlin' all out, an' can crow so stoutly, that it bates the world. Sure his comb's a beauty to look at, the darlin'; an' only it's to yourself, an' in regard of the blessed place he's goin' to, I wouldn't part wid him to nobody whatsomever, at all, good or bad."

The most original gift of all was a purse, formed of a small bladder, ingeniously covered with silk. It was given to him by his uncle, as a remembrance of him, in the first place; and secondly, for a more special purpose.

"This will sarve you, Sir," said his uncle, "an' I'll tell you how: if you want to smuggle in a sup of good whisky—as of coorse you will, plase goodness—why this houlds exactly a pint, an' is the very thing for it. The sorra one among them will ever think of searchin' your purse, at least for whisky. Put it in your pocket, Misther Dionnisis; an' I'd take it as a great kindness, if you'd write me a scrape or two of the pen, mentionin' what a good parish 'ud be worth: you'll soon be able to tell me, for I've some notion myself of puttin' Barny to the Latin."

Denis was perfectly aware of the honest warmth of heart with which these simple tokens of esteem were presented to him; and young as he was, his knowledge of their habits and prejudices prevented him from disappointing them by a refusal. He consequently accepted everything

offered him, appropriated to himself whatever was suitable to his wants, converted the remainder into pocket-money; and, of course, kept his conscience void of *offence* towards them all; a state of Christian virtue which his refusal of any one gift would have rendered difficult.

On the day before his departure, the friends and relations of the family assembled to hold their farewell meeting. The same spirit which marked all their rustic *symposia* presided in this; if we except a feeling of sorrow natural to his family on being separated from one they loved so affectionately. Denis, who was never deficient in warmth of feeling, could not be insensible to the love and pride with which his family had always looked upon him. Ambition, as he approached it, lost much of its fictitious glitter. A sense of sorrow, if not of remorse, for the fastidious and overbearing spirit he had manifested to them, pressed upon his heart. Pride, in fact, was expelled; nature resumed her empire over him; he looked upon the last two months of his life as a man would be apt to do, who had been all that time under the dominion of a feverish dream. We do not say, however that either ambition or superstition was thoroughly expelled from his mind; for it is hard at all times to root them out of the system of man: but they ceased to govern him altogether. A passion, too, as obstinate as either of them, was determined to dispute their power. The domestic affections softened his heart; but love,

which ambition left for dead, was only stunned; it rose again, and finding a favourable position, set its seal to his feelings.

Denis himself, some days before that appointed for his departure, became perfectly conscious that his affections were strongly fixed upon Susan Connor. The nature of their last interview filled him with shame; nay more, it inspired him with pity for the fair artless girl whom he had so unfeelingly insulted. The manner in which he had won her young affections; the many tender interviews that had passed between them; the sacred promises of unchangeable love they had made to each other, all crowded to his imagination with a power which reduced his spiritual ambition and ecclesiastical pride, at least to the possession only of a divided empire. He had, therefore, with his book in his hand as usual, taken many solitary walks for the preceding few days, with the expectation of meeting Susan. He heard that for the last month or six weeks, she had looked ill, been in low spirits, and lost her health. The cause of this change, though a secret to the world, was known to him. He knew, indeed, that an interview between them was indispensable; but had it not been so, we question whether he would have been able to leave home without seeing her.

His evening strolls, however, up until the day before his setting out for college, were fruitless. Susan, who heretofore had been in the habit of walking in the evenings among the green dells

around her father's house, was ever since their last meeting almost invisible. In the mean time, as the day before that of his leaving the neighbourhood *had* arrived, and as an interview with her was, in a religious point of view, essentially necessary, he took his book in the course of the evening, and by a path slightly circuitous, descended the valley that ran between his father's house and hers. With solemn strides he perambulated it in every direction—north, south, east, and west; not a natural bower in the glen was unexplored; not a green quiet nook unsearched; not a shady tree unexamined; but all to no purpose. Yet, although he failed in meeting herself, a thousand objects brought her to to his heart. Every dell, natural bower, and shady tree, presented him with a history of their past affections. Here was the spot where, with beating heart and crimson cheek, she had first breathed out in broken music the acknowledgment of her love; there had another stolen meeting, a thousand times the sweeter for being stolen, taken place. Every spot, in fact, was dear to him, and every object associated itself with delightful emotions that kindled new life in a spirit from which their parent affections had not yet passed away.

Denis now sought the only other place where he had any likelihood of meeting her: this was at the well below her father's house. He walked down along the banks of the little stream that ran past it, until he reached a thorn bush that grew within a few yards of the spring. Under

this he sat, anxiously hoping that Susan might come to fill her evening pail, as he knew she was wont to do. A thick flowery branch of the hawthorn, for it was the latter end of May, hung down from the trunk, and served as a screen through which he could observe her should she appear, without being visible himself.

It was now the hour of twilight; the evening was warm and balmy; the whitethorn under which he sat, and the profusion of wild-flowers that spangled the bosom of the green glen, breathed their fragrance around him, and steeped the emotions and remembrances which crowded thickly on him in deep and exquisite tenderness. Up in the air he heard the quavering hum of the snipe, as it rose and fell in undulating motion, and the creak of the rail in many directions around him. From an adjoining meadow in the distance, the merry voices of the village children came upon his ear, as they gathered the wild honey which dropped like dew from the soft clouds upon the long grassy stalks, and meadow-sweet, on whose leaves it lay like amber. He remembered when he and Susan, on meeting there for a similar purpose, felt the first mysterious pleasure in being together, and the unaccountable melancholy produced by separation and absence.

At length he heard a footstep; but he could not persuade himself that the slow and lingering tread of the person approaching him was that of Susan, so much did it differ from the buoyant and elastic step with which she used to trip along.

On looking through the branches, however, he perceived her coming towards him, carrying the pitcher as usual in her hand. The blood was already careering at full speed through his veins, and the palpitations of his heart were loud enough to be heard by the ear.

Oh, beauty, beauty! *teterrima causa belli,* thou dost play the devil with the hearts of men! Who is there who doth not wish to look upon thee, from the saint to the sinner?—None. For thee worlds have been lost; nations swept off the earth; thrones overturned; and cities laid in ashes! Adam, David, Marc Antony, Abelard, and Denis O'Shaughnessy, exhibit histories of thy power never to be forgotten, but the greatest of these is Denis O'Shaughnessy.

Susan was about the middle size; her tresses, like those of the daughters of her country, were a fair brown, and abundant. Her features were not such, we admit, as mark regular and scientific perfection, and perhaps much of their power was owing to their not being altogether symmetrical. Her great charm consisted in a spirit of youthful innocence so guileless, that the very light of purity and truth seemed to break in radiance from her countenance. Her form was round, light, and flexible. When she smiled, her face seemed to lose the character of its mortality—so seraphic and full of an indescribable spell were its lineaments; that is, the spell was felt by its thrilling influence upon the beholder, rather than by any extraordinary perception of her external beauty. The general expression of

her countenance, however, was that of melancholy. No person could look upon her white forehead and dark flashing eyes, without perceiving that she was full of tenderness and enthusiasm; but let the light of cheerfulness fall upon her face, and you wished never to see it beam with any other spirit. In her met those extremes of character peculiar to her country. Her laughing lips expanded with the playful delicacy of mirth, or breathed forth, with untaught melody and deep pathos, her national songs of sorrow.

A little before she made her appearance, the moon had risen and softened with her dewy light the calm secluded scene around them. Denis, too, had an opportunity of seeing the lovely girl more distinctly. Her dress was simple but becoming. Her hair, except the side ringlets that fell to heighten the beauty of her neck, was bound up with a comb which Denis himself had presented to her. She wore a white dimity bedgown, that sat close to her well-formed person, descended below her knee, and opened before; the sleeves of it did not reach the elbow, but displayed an arm that could not be surpassed for whiteness and beauty. The bedgown was frilled about the shoulder, which it covered, leaving the neck only, and the upper part of her snowy bosom, visible. A dark ribbon, tied about her waist, threw her figure into exquisite outline, and gave her that simple elegance which at once bespeaks the harmony of due proportion.

On reaching the well she filled her vessel, and

placed it on a small mound beside her; then sitting down, she mused for some time, and turning her eyes towards Denis's father's, sighed deeply.

"It's the least," said the humbled girl, "that I may look towards the house that the only one I ever loved, or ever will love, lives in. Little I thought when I loved him that I was standin' between him an' God. Loved him! I wish I could say it was *past*. I wish I could; for I am afeard that till my weak heart breaks it will love him still. God pity me! It would be well for me I had never seen him! But why he should go to Maynooth without givin' me back my promise, I cannot tell."

Denis rose and approached her. Susan, on seeing him, started, and her lover could perceive that she hastily wiped the tears from her eyes. A single glance, however, convinced her that it was he; and such was the guileless simplicity of her heart, joined to the force of habit, that her face beamed with one of her wonted smiles at his appearance. This soon passed away, and her features again resumed an expression of deep melancholy.

Our hero now forgot his learning; his polysyllables were laid aside, and his pedantry utterly abandoned. His pride, too, was gone, and the petty pomp of artificial character flung aside like an unnecessary garment which only oppresses the wearer.

"Susan," said he, "I am sorry to see you look so pale and unhappy. I deeply regret it; and I could not permit this day to pass, without seeing

and speaking to you. If I go to-morrow, Susan, may I now ask in what light will you remember me?"

"I'll remember you without anger, Denis; with sorrow will I remember you, but not, as I said, in anger; though God knows, and you know, the only token you lave me to remember you by is a broken heart."

"Susan," said Denis, "it was an unhappy attachment, as circumstances have turned out; and I wish for both our sakes we had never loved one another. For some time past my heart has been torn different ways, and, to tell you the truth, I acknowledge that within the last three or four months I have been little less than a villain to you."

"You speak harshly of yourself, Denis; I hope, more so than you deserve."

"No, Susy. With my heart fixed upon other hopes, I continued to draw your affections closer and closer to me."

"Well, that was wrong, Denis; but you loved me long before that time, an' it's not so asy a thing to draw away the heart from what we love; that is, to draw it away *for ever,* Denis, even although greater things may rise up before us."

As she pronounced the last words, her voice, which she evidently strove to keep firm, became unsteady.

"That's true, Susan, I know it; but I will never forgive myself for acting a double part to you and to the world. There is not a pang you suffer but ought to fall as a curse upon my head,

for leading you into greater confidence, at a time when I was not seriously resolved to fulfil my vows to you."

"Denis," said the unsuspecting girl, "you're imposin' on yourself—you never could do so bad, so treacherous an act as that. No, you never could, Denis; an', above all the world, to a heart that loved and trusted you as mine did. I won't believe it, even from your own lips. You surely loved me, Denis, and in that case you *couldn't* be desateful to me."

"I did love you; but I never loved you half so well as I ought, Susy; and I never was worthy of you. Susy, I tell you—I tell you—my heart is breaking for your sake. It would have been well for both of us we had never seen, or known, or loved each other; for I know by my own heart what you must suffer."

"Denis, don't be cast down on my account; before I ever thought of you, when I was runnin' about the glens here, a lonely little orphan, I was often sorry, without knowin' why. Sometimes I used to wonder at it, and search my mind to find out what occasioned it: but I never could. I suppose it was because I saw other girls, like myself, havin' their little brothers an' sisters to play with; or because I had no mother's voice to call me night or mornin', or her bosom to lay my head on, if I was sick or tired. I suppose it was this. Many a time, Denis, even then, I knew what sorrow was, and I often thought that, come what would to others, there was sorrow before *me*. I now find I was right; but for

all that, Denis, it's betther that we should give up one another in time, than be unhappy by my bein' the means of turnin' you from the ways and duties of God."

The simple and touching picture which she drew of her orphan childhood, together with the tone of resignation and sorrow which ran through all she said, affected Denis deeply.

"Susan," he replied, "I am much changed of late. The prospect before me is a dark one—a mysterious one. It is not many months since my head was dizzy with the gloomy splendour which the pomps and ceremonies of the Church—soon, I trust, to be restored in this country to all her pride and power—presented to my imagination. But I have mingled with those on whom before this—that is, during my boyhood—I looked with awe, as on men who held vested in themselves some mysterious and spiritual power. I have mingled with them, Susan, and I find them neither better nor worse than those who still look upon them as I once did."

"Well, but, Denis, how does that bear upon your views?"

"It does, Susan. I said I have found them neither better nor worse than their fellow-creatures; but I believe they are not so happy. I think I could perceive a gloom, even in their mirth, that told of some particular thought or care that haunted them like a spirit. Some of them, and not a few, in the moments of undisguised feeling, dissuaded me against ever entering the Church."

"I am sure they're happy," said Susan. "Some time ago, accordin' to your own words, you thought the same; but something has turned your heart from the good it was fixed upon. You're in a dangerous time, Denis; and it's not to be wondhered at, if the temptations of the devil should thry you *now,* in hopes to turn you from the service of God. This is a warnin' to me, too, Denis. May Heaven above forbid that *I* should be made the means of temptin' you from the duty that's before you!"

"No, Susan dear, it's not temptation, but the fear of temptation, that prevails with me."

"But, Denis, surely if you think yourself not worthy to enther that blessed state, you have time enough to avoid it."

"Ay, but, Susy, there is the difficulty. I am now so placed that I can hardly go back. First, the disgrace of refusing to enter the Church would lie upon me as if I had committed a crime. Again, I would break my father's and my mother's heart: and rather than do that, I could almost submit to be miserable for life. And finally, I could not live in the family, nor bear the indignation of my brothers and other relations. You know, Susan, as well as I do, the character attached to those who put their friends to the expense of educating them for the Church, who raise their hopes and their ambition, and afterwards disappoint them."

"I know it."

"This, Susan, dear, prevails with me. Besides, the Church now is likely to rise from her

ruins. I believe that if a priest did his duty, he might possibly possess miraculous power. There is great pomp and splendour in her ceremonies, a sense of high and boundless authority in her pastors; there is rank in her orders sufficient even for ambition. Then the deference, the awe, and the humility with which they are approached by the people—ah! Susan, there is much still in the character of a priest for the human heart to covet. The power of saying mass, of forgiving sin, of relieving the departed spirits of the faithful in another world, and of mingling in our holy sacrifices with the glorious worship of the cherubims, or angels, in heaven—all this is the privilege of a priest, and what earthly rank can be compared to it?"

"None at all, Denis—none at all. Oh, think this way still, and let no earthly temptation—no—don't let—even me—what am *I?*—a poor humble girl—oh! no, let nothing keep you back from this."

The tears burst from her eyes, however, as she spoke.

"But, Denis," she added, "there is one thing that turns my brain. I fear that, even *afther* your ordination, I couldn't look upon you as I would upon another man. Oh, my heart would break if one improper thought of it was fixed upon you *then.*"

"Susy, hear me. I could give up all, but you. I could bear to disappoint father, mother, and all; but the thought of giving you up for ever is terrible. I have been latterly in a kind of dream.

I have been among friends and relatives until my brain was turned; but now I am restored to myself, and I find I cannot part with you. I would gladly do it; but I cannot. Oh, no, Susan, dear, my love for you was dimmed by other passions; but it was not extinguished. It now burns stronger and purer in my heart than ever. It does—it does. And, Susan, I always loved you."

Susan paused for some time, and unconsciously plucked a wild flower which grew beside her: she surveyed it a moment, and exclaimed:—

"Do you see this flower, Denis? it's a faded primrose. I'm like that flower in one sense; *I'm* faded; my heart's broke."

"No, my beloved Susan, don't say so; you're only low-spirited. Why should your heart be broke, and you in the very bloom of youth and beauty?"

"Do you remember our last meetin', Denis? Oh, how could you be so cruel then as to bid me think of marryin' another, as if I had loved you for anything but yourself? I'm but a simple girl, Denis, and know but little of the world; but if I was to live a thousand years, you would always see the sorrow that your words made me feel visible upon my countenance. I'm not angry with you, Denis; but I'm telling you the truth."

"Susan, my darling, this is either weakness of mind or ill health. I will see you as beautiful and happy as ever. For my part, I now tell you, that no power on earth can separate us!

Yes, my beloved Susan, I will see you as happy and happier than I have ever seen you. That will be when you are my own young and guileless wife."

"Ah, no, Denis! My mind is made up: I can never be your wife. Do you think that I would bring the anger of God upon myself, by temptin' you back from the holy office you're entering into? Think of it yourself, Denis. Your feelings are melted now by our discoorse, and, maybe, because I'm near you; but when time passes, you'll be glad that in the moment of weakness you didn't give way to them. I know it's natural for you to love me now. You're lavin' me—you're lavin' the place where I am—the little river and the glen where we so often met, and where we often spent many a happy hour together. That has an effect upon you; for why should I deny it?—you see it—it is hard—very hard—even upon myself."

She neither sobbed nor cried so as to be heard, but the tears gushed down her cheeks in torrents.

"Susan," said Denis, in an unsteady voice, "you speak in vain. Every word you say tells me that I cannot live without you; and I will not."

"Don't say that, Denis. Suppose we should be married, think of what I would suffer if I saw you in poverty or distress, brought on because you married *me!* Why, my heart would sink entirely under it. Then your friends would never give me a warm heart. *Me!* they would never give *yourself* a warm heart; and I would

rather be dead than see you brought to shame, or ill-treatment, or poverty, on my account. Pray to God, Denis, to grant you grace to overcome whatever you feel for me. *I* have prayed both for you and myself. Oh, pray to him, Denis, sincerely, that he may enable you to forget that such a girl—such an unhappy girl—as Susan Connor ever lived!"

Poor Denis was so much overcome that he could not restrain his tears. He gazed upon the melancholy countenance of the fair girl, in a delirium of love and admiration; but in a few minutes he replied:—

"Susan, your words are lost: I am determined. Oh! great heavens, what a treasure was I near losing! Susan, hear me: I will bear all that this world can inflict; I will bear shame, ill-treatment, anger, scorn, and every harsh word that may be uttered against me; I will renounce church, spiritual power, rank, honour; I will give up father and family—all—all that this world could flatter me with: yes, I will renounce each and all for your sake! Do not dissuade me; my mind is fixed, and no power on earth can change it."

"Yes, Denis," she replied calmly, "there is a power, and a weak power, too, that will change it; for *I* will change it. Don't think, Denis, that in arguin' with you, against the feelin's of my own heart, I am doin' it without sufferin'. Oh, no, indeed! You know, Denis, I am a lonely girl; that I have neither brother, nor sister, nor mother to direct me. Sufferin'!—Oh, I wish

you knew it! Denis, you must forget me. I'm hopeless now: my heart, as I said, is broke, and I'm strivin' to fix it upon a happier world! Oh! if I had a mother or a sister, that I could, when my breast is likely to burst, throw myself in their arms, and cry and confess all I feel! But I'm alone, and must bear all my own sorrows. Oh, Denis! I'm not without knowin' how hard the task is that I have set to myself. Is it nothing to give up all that the heart is fixed upon? Is it nothing to walk about this glen, and the green fields, to have one's eyes upon them, and to remember what happiness one has had in them, knowin', at the same time, that it's all blasted? Oh, is it nothing to look upon the green earth itself, and all its beauty—to hear the happy songs and the joyful voices of all that are about us—the birds singing sweetly, the music of the river flowin'—to see the sun shinin', and to hear the rustlin' of the trees in the warm winds of summer—to see and hear all this, and to feel that a young heart is brakin', or already broken within us—that we are goin' to lave it all—all we loved—and to go down into the clay under us? Oh, Denis, this is hard;—bitter is it to me, I confess it; for something tells me it will be my fate soon!"

"But, Susan"——

"Hear me out. I have now repated what I know I must suffer—what I know I must lose. This is my lot, and I must bear it. Now, Denis, will you grant your own Susan one request?"

"If it was that my life should save yours, I would grant it."

"It's the last and only one I will ever ask of you. My health has been ill, Denis; my strength is gone, and I feel I am gettin' worse every day: now when you hear that I am—that I am—*gone,* —will you offer up the first mass you say for my pace and rest in another world? I say the *first,* for you know there's more virtue in a first mass than in any other. Your Susan will be then in the dust, and you may feel sorrow, but not love for her."

"Never, Susan! For God's sake, forbear! You will drive me distracted. As I hope to meet judgment, I think I never loved you till now; and by the same oath, I will not change my purpose in making you mine."

"Then you *do* love me still, Denis? And you would give up *all* for your Susan? Answer me truly, for the ear of God is open to our words and thoughts."

"Then, before God, I love you too strongly for words to express; and I would and will give up all for your sake!"

Susan turned her eyes upon vacancy; and Denis observed that a sudden and wild light broke from them, which alarmed him exceedingly. She put her open hand upon her forehead, as if she felt pain, and remained glancing fearfully around her for a few minutes; her countenance, which became instantly like a sheet of paper, lost all its intelligence, except, perhaps,

what might be gleaned from a smile of the most ghastly and desolating misery.

"Gracious heaven! Susan, dear, what's the matter? Oh, my God! your face is like marble! Dearest Susan, speak to me!—Oh, speak to me, or I will go distracted!"

She looked upon him long and steadily; but he perceived with delight that her consciousness was gradually returning. At length she drew a deep sigh, and requested him to listen.

"Denis," said she, "you must now be a man. We can never be married. I AM PROMISED TO ANOTHER!"

"Promised to another! Your brain is turned, Susy. Collect yourself, dearest, and think of what you say."

"I know what I say—I know it too well! What did I say? Why—why," she added, with an unsettled look, "that I'm promised to another! It is true—true as God's in heaven. Oh, Denis! why did you lave me so long without seein' me? I said my heart was broke, and you will soon know that it has bitter, bitter rason to be so. See here."

She had, during her reply, taken from her bosom a small piece of brown cloth, of a square shape, marked with the letters I. M. I. the initials of the names of Jesus Mary, and Joseph. She kissed it fervently as she spoke, and desired Denis to look upon it and hear her.

"When you saw me last," she continued, "I left you in anger, because I thought you no longer loved me. Many a scaldin' tear I shed

that nobody witnessed; many a wringin' my heart felt since that time. I got low, and, as I said, my health left me. I began to think of what I ought to do; and bein' so much alone, my thoughts were never off it. At last I remembered the Virgin Mother of God, as bein' once a woman, and the likelier to pity one of her own kind in sorrow. I then thought of a scapular; and made a promise to myself, that if you didn't come within a certain time, I would dedicate myself to her for ever. I saw that you neglected me, and I heard so much of the way you spent your time, how you were pleasant and merry while my heart was breakin', that I made a vow to remain a spotless virgin all my life. I got a scapular, too, that I might be strengthened to keep my holy promise; for you didn't come to me within the time. This is it in my hand. It is now on me. THE VOW IS MADE, AND I AM MISERABLE FOR EVER!"

Denis sobbed and wrung his hands, whilst tears, intensely bitter, fell from his eyes.

"Oh, Susan!" he exclaimed, "what have you done? Miserable! Oh, you have ruined *me* utterly! You have rendered *us both* for ever miserable!"

"Miserable!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "Who talks of misery?" But again she put her hand to her forehead, and endeavoured to recollect herself. "Denis," she added, "Denis, my brain *is* turning! Oh, I have no friend! Oh, mother, that I never seen, but as if it was in a dream; mother, *daughter of your*

daughter's heart, look down from heaven, and pity your orphan child in her sore trouble and affliction! Oh, how often did I miss you, mother darlin', durin' all my life! In sickness I had not your tendher hands about me; in sorrow I could not hear your voice; and in joy and happiness you were never with me to share them! I had not your advice, my blessed mother, to guide and direct me, to tache me what was right, and what was wrong! Oh, if you will not hear your own poor lonely orphan, who will you hear? if you will not assist her, who ought you to assist? for, as sure as I stand here this night, you are a blessed saint in heaven. But let me not forget the Virgin Queen of Heaven, that I am bound to. *I kneel to you,* Hope of the Afflicted! To you let them go that have a broken heart, as I have! Queen of Glory, pity me!—Star of the Sea—Comfort of the Hopeless—Refuge of Sinners, hear me, strengthen, and support me! And you will too. Who did you ever cast away, mild and beautiful Virgin of Heaven? 'As the lily among thorns, so are you among the daughters of Adam!' [51] Yes, Denis, she will support me—she *will* support me! I feel her power on me now! I see the angels of heaven about her, and her mild countenance smilin' sweetly upon the broken flower! Yes, Denis, her glory is upon me!"

The last words were uttered with her eyes flashing wildly as before, and her whole person and countenance evidently under the influence of

a highly excited enthusiasm, or perhaps a touch of momentary insanity.

Poor Denis stood with streaming eyes, incapable of checking or interrupting her. He had always known that her education and understanding were above the common; but he never anticipated from her such capacity for deep feeling, united to so much vivacity of imagination as she then displayed. Perhaps he had not philosophy enough, at that period of his youth, to understand the effects of a solitary life upon a creature full of imagination and sensibility. The scenery about her father's house was wild, and the glens singularly beautiful; Susan lived among them alone, so that she became in a manner enamoured of solitude; which, probably more than anything else, gives tenderness to feeling, and force to the imaginative faculties. Soon after she had pronounced the last words, however, her good sense came to her aid.

"Denis," said she, "you have seen my weakness; but you must now see my strength. You know we have a trial to go through before we part for ever."

"Oh! Susy, don't say 'for ever.' You know that the vow you made was a rash vow. It may be set aside."

"It was *not* a rash vow, Denis. I made it with a firm intention of keepin' it, and keep it I will. The Mother of God is not to be mocked, because I am weak, or choose to prefer my own will to hers."

"But, Susy, the Church can dissolve it. You know she has power to bind and to loose. Oh, for God's sake, Susy, if you ever loved me, don't attempt to take back your promise."

"I love you too well to destroy you, Denis. I will never stand between you and God, for that would be my crime. I will never bring disgrace, or shame, or poverty, upon you; for surely these things would fall upon you as a punishment for desartin' him. If you were another—if you weren't intended to be the servant of God, I could beg with you—starve with you—die with you. But when I am gone, remember that I gave up all my hopes, that you might succeed in yours. I'm sure *that* is love. Now, Denis, we must return our promises, the time is passin', and we'll both be missed from home."

"Susan, for the sake of my happiness both in this world and in the next, don't take away all hope. Make me not miserable and wretched; send me not into the church a hypocrite. If you do, I will charge you with my guilt; I will charge you with the crimes of a man who will care but little what he does."

"You will have friends, Denis; pious men, who will direct you, and guide you, and wean your heart from me and the world. You will soon bless me for this. Denis," she added, with a smile of unutterable misery, "my mind *is* made up. I belong now to the Virgin Mother of God. I never will be so wicked as to forsake her for a mortal. If I was to marry you with a broken vow upon me, I could not prosper. The curse

of God and of his Blessed Mother would follow us both."

Denis felt perfectly aware of the view entertained by Susan, respecting such a vow as she had taken. To reason with her, was only to attack a prejudice which scorned reason. Besides this, he was not himself altogether free from the impression of its being a vow too solemn to be broken without the sanction of the Church.

"Let us go," said Susan, "to the same spot where we first promised. It was under this tree, in this month, last year. Let us give it back there."

The hand-promise in Ireland between the marriageable young of both sexes, is considered the most solemn and binding of all obligations. Few would rely upon the word or oath of any man who had been known to break a hand-promise. And, perhaps, few of the country girls would marry or countenance the addresses of a young person known to have violated such a pledge. The vow is a solemn one, and, of course, given by mutual consent; by mutual consent, also, must it be withdrawn, otherwise it is considered still binding. Whenever death removes one of the parties, without the other having had an opportunity of "giving it back," the surviving party comes, and in the presence of witnesses, first grasping the hand of the deceased, repeats the form of words usual in withdrawing it. Some of these scenes are very touching and impressive, particularly one which the author had an opportunity of witnessing. It is supposed that in

cases of death, if the promise be not thus dissolved, the spirit of the departed returns and haunts the survivor until it be cancelled.

When Denis and Susan had reached the hawthorn, they both knelt down. So exhausted, however, had Susan been by the agitation of her feelings, that Denis was under the necessity of assisting her to the place. He could perceive, too, that, amid the workings of her religious enthusiasm, she trembled like an aspen leaf.

"Now," said she, "you are stronger than I am, begin and repeat the words; I will repeat them with you."

"No," replied Denis, "I will never begin. I will never be the first to seal both your misery and mine."

"I am scarcely able," said she; "dear Denis, don't ask me to do what I have not strength for. But it's useless," she added; "you will never begin unless *I* do."

They then blessed themselves after the form of their church, and as they extended their right hands to each other, the tears fell fast from the eyes of both. The words they repeated were the same, with the difference of the name only.

"I, Susan Connor, in the presence of God, do release you, Denis O'Shaughnessy, from your promise of marriage to me, and from all promises of marriage that you ever made me. I now give you back that promise of marriage, and all promises of marriage you ever made me. To which I call God to witness."

Denis repeated the same words, substituting the name of Susan Connor.

The sobs of Susan were loud and incessant, even before she had concluded the words; their eyes were fixed upon each other with a hopeless and agonising expression: but no sooner were they uttered, than a strong hysteric sense of suffocation rose to her throat; she panted rapidly for breath; Denis opened his arms, and she fell, or rather threw herself, over in a swoon upon his bosom. To press his lips to hers and carry her to the brink of the well, was but the work of a moment. There he laid her, and after having sprinkled her face with water, proceeded to slap the palms of her hands, exclaiming,—

"Susan, my beloved, will you not hear me? Oh, look upon me, my heart's dearest treasure, and tell me that you're living. Gracious God! her heart is broken—she is dead! This—this—is the severest blow of all! I have killed her!"

She opened her eyes as he spoke, and Denis, in stooping to assist her, weeping at the same time like a child, received—a bang from a cudgel that made his head ring.

"Your sowl to the divil, you larned vagabone," said her father, for it was he, "is this the way you're preparin' yourself for the church? Comin' over that innocent colleen of a daughter o' mine before you set out," he added, taking Denis a second thwack across the shoulders—"before you set out for Maynewth!!"

"Why, you miserable vulgarian," said Denis,

"I scorn you from the head to the heel. Desist, I say," for the father was about to lay in another swinger upon his kidney—"desist, I say, and don't approximate, or I will entangle the ribs of you!"

"My sowl to glory," said the father, "if ever I had a greater mind to ate my dinner, than I have to anoint you wid this cudgel, you black-coated skamer!"

"Get out, you barbarian," replied Denis, "how dare you talk about unction in connexion with a cudgel? Desist, I say, for I will retaliate, if you approximate an inch. Desist, or I will baptise you in the well, as Philip did the Ethiopian, without a sponsor. No man but a miserable barbarian would have had the vulgarity to interrupt us in the manner you did. Look at your daughter's situation!"

"The hussy," replied the father, "it's the supper she ought to have ready, instead of coortin' wid sich a larned vag——Heavens above me! What ails my child? Susy! Susy, alanna dhas! what's over you? Oh, I see how it is," he contined—"I see how it is! This accounts for her low spirits an' bad health for some time past! Susy, rouse yourself, avourneen! Sure I'm not angry wid you! My sowl to glory, Denny Shaughnessy, but you have broke my child's heart, I doubt!"

"Owen," said Denis, "your indecorous interruption has stamped you with the signature of genuine ignorance and vulgarity; still, I say, we

must have some conversation on that subject immediately. Yes, I love your daughter a thousand times better than my own life."

"Faith, I'll take care that we'll have discoorse about it," replied the father. "If you have been a villain to the innocent girl—if you have, Denny, why you'll meet your God sooner than you think. Mark my words. I have but one life, and I'll lose it for her sake, if she has come to ill."

"Here," said Denis, "let me sprinkle her face with this cool water, that we may recover her, if possible. Your anger and your outrage, Owen, overcame the timid creature. Speak kindly to her, she is recovering. Thank God, she is recoving."

"Susy, avourneen," said the father, "rouse yourself, ma colleen; rouse yourself, an' don't thrimble, that way. The sorra one o' me's angry wid you, at all at all."

"Oh, bring me home," said the poor girl. "Father dear, have no bad opinion of me. I done nothing, an' I hope I never will do any thing, that would bring the blush of shame to your face."

"That's as true as that God's in heaven," observed Denis. "The angels in his presence are not purer than she is."

"I take her own word for it," said the father; "a lie, to the best of my knowledge, never came from her lips."

"Let us assist her home," said Denis. "I told

you that we must have some serious conversation about her. I'll take one arm, and do you take the other."

"Do so," said the father, "an', Denny, as you're the youngest and the strongest, jist take up that pitcher o' wather in your hand, an' carry it to the house above."

Denis, who was dressed in his best black from top to toe, made a wry face or two at this proposal. He was able, however, for Susan's sake, to compromise his dignity; so looking about him, to be certain that there was no other person observing them, he seized the pitcher in one hand, gave Susan his arm, and in this unheroic manner assisted to conduct her home.

In about half an hour or better after this, Denis and Owen Connor proceeded in close and earnest conversation towards old Shaughnessy's. On entering, Denis requested to speak with his father and brothers in private.

"Father," said he, "this night is pregnant—that is, *vulgariter,* in the family way—with my fate."

"Throth it is, avick. Glory be to Goodness!"

"Here is Owen Connor, an honest, dacent neighbour——"

"Throth, he is an honest, dacent man," said the father, interrupting him.

"Yes," replied the son, "I agree with you. Well, he has a certain disclosure or proposal to make, which you will be pleased to take into your most serious consideration. I, for my part, cannot help being endowed with my own gifts, and if

I happen to possess a magnet to attract feminine sensibility, it is to heaven I owe it, and not to myself."

"It is," said the father, "glory be to his name!"

"Don't be alarmed, or surprised, or angry, at anything Owen Connor may say to you. I speak *significantly*. There are perplexities in all human events, and the cardinal hinge of fate is for ever turning. Now I must withdraw; but in the mean time, I will be found taking a serenade behind the garden, if I am wanted."

"Brian," said the father, "get the bottle; we can't on this night, any way, talk to Owen Connor, or to anybody else, wid dhry lips."

The bottle was accordingly got, and Owen, with no very agreeable anticipations, found himself compelled to introduce a very hazardous topic.

Denis, as he said, continued to walk to and fro behind the garden. He thought over the incidents of the evening, but had no hope that Owen Connor's proposal would be accepted. He knew his father and family too well for that. With respect to Susan's vow, he felt certain that any change of opinion on her part was equally improbable. It was clear, then, that he had no pretext for avoiding Maynooth; and as the shame, affliction, and indignation of the family would, he knew, be terrible, he resolved to conform himself to his circumstances, trusting to absence for that diminution of affection which it often produces. Having settled these points in his mind,

he began to grope that part of his head which had come in contact with Owen Connor's cudgel. He had strong surmises that a bump existed, and on examining, he found that a powerful organ of self-esteem had been created.

At this moment he saw Owen Connor running past him at full speed, pursued by his father and brothers, the father brandishing a cudgel in his hand. The son, who understood all, intercepted the pursuers, commanding them in a loud voice to stop. With his brothers he succeeded; but the father's wrath was not to be appeased so easily. Nothing now remained but to stand in his way, and arrest him by friendly violence; Denis, therefore, seized him, and, by assuming all his authority, at length prevailed upon him to give over the chase.

"Only think of him," exclaimed the father, breathless—"only think of him havin' the assurance to propose a match between *you* an' his baby-faced daughter! Ho! *Dher manim,* Owen Connor," he shouted, shaking the staff at Owen as he spoke—"*Dher manim!* if I was near you, I'd put your bones through other, for darin' to mintion sich a thing!"

Owen Connor, on finding that he was no longer pursued, stood to reconnoitre the enemy:—

"Denis Oge," he shouted back, "be off to Maynooth as fast as possible, except you wish to have my poor child left fatherless entirely. Go way, an' my blessin' be along wid you; but let there be never another word about *that* business while you live."

"Father," said Denis, "I'm scandalised at your conduct on this dignified occasion. I am also angry with Brian and the rest of you. Did you not observe that the decent man was advanced in liquor? I would have told you so at once, were it not that he was present while I spoke. Did I not give you as strong a hint as possible? Did I not tell you that 'I spoke *significantly?*' Now hear me. Take the first opportunity of being reconciled to Owen Connor. Be civil to him; for I assure you he esteems *me* very highly. Be also kind to his daughter, who is an excellent girl; but I repeat it, her father *esteems me* highly."

"Does he think highly of *you,* Denis?"

"I have said so," he replied.

"Then, throth, we're sorry for what has happened, poor man. But the never a one o' me, Denis, saw the laste sign of liquor about him. Throth, we will make it up wid him, thin. An' we'll be kind to his daughter, too, Denis."

"Then as a proof that you will follow my advice, I lay it on you as a duty, to let me know how they are, whenever you write to me."

"Throth, we will, Denis;—indeed will we. Come in now, dear; this is the last night you're to be wid us, an' they're all missin' you in the house."

On that night no person slept in Denis O'Shaughnessy's, except our hero, and his mother and sisters. As morning approached, a heaviness of spirits prevailed among the family, which of course was not felt by any except his immedi-

ate relations. The more distant friends, who remained with them for the night, sang and plied the bottle with a steadiness which prevented them from feeling the want of rest. About six o'clock, breakfast was ready, Denis dressed, and every arrangement made for his immediate departure. His parents—his brothers, and his sisters, were all in tears, and he himself could master his emotions with great difficulty. At length the hour to which the family of our candidate had long looked forward, arrived, and Denis rose to depart for Maynooth. Except by the sobs and weeping, the silence was unbroken when he stood up to bid them farewell.

The first he embraced was his eldest brother, Brian: "Brian," said he, but he could not proceed—his voice failed him; he then extended his hand, but Brian clasped him in his arms—kissed his beloved brother, and wept with strong grief; even then there was not a dry eye in the house. The parting with his other brothers was equally tender—they wept loudly and bitterly, and Denis joined in their grief. Then came his sisters, who, one by one, hung upon him, and sobbed as if he had been dead. The grief of his youngest sister, Susan, was excessive. She threw her arms about his neck, and said she would not let him go; Denis pressed her to his heart, and the grief which he felt, seemed to penetrate his very soul.

"Susan," said he, "Susan, may the blessing of God rest upon you till I see you again!"—and the affectionate girl was literally torn from his arms.

But now came the most affecting part of the ceremony. His parents had stood apart—their hands locked in each other, both in tears, whilst he took leave of the rest. He now approached his mother, and reverently kneeling down, implored in words scarcely intelligible, her blessing and forgiveness; he extended both his hands—"Mother," he added, "I ask—humbly and penitently, I ask your blessing; it will be sweet to me from your beloved lips, dear mother;—pardon me if I ever—as I feel I often did—caused you a pang of sorrow by my disobedience and folly. Oh, pardon me—pardon me for all NOW! Bless your son, kindest of mothers, with your best and tenderest blessing!"

She threw herself in his arms, and locking him in her embrace, imprinted every part of his face with kisses. "Oh, Denis," she exclaimed, "there is but one more who will miss you more nor I will—Oh, my darlin' son—our pride—our pride—our heart's pride—our honour, and our credit! Sure, *anim machree,* I have nothin' to forgive you for, my heart's life; but may the blessin' of God and of a happy mother light on you! And, Denis asthore, wasn't it you that made me happy, and that made us all happy. May my blessin' and the blessin' of God rest upon you—keep you from every evil, and in every good, till my eyes will be made glad by lookin' on you agin!"

A grief more deep, and a happiness more full, than had yet been felt, were now to come forth. Denis turned to his father—his companion in

many a pastime, and in many a walk about their native fields. In fair—in market—at mass—and at every rustic amusement within their reach—had he been ever at the side of that indulgent father, whose heart and soul were placed in him.

Denis could not utter a word, but kept his streaming eyes fixed upon the old man, with that yearning expression of the heart, which is felt when it desires to be mingled with the very existence of the object that it loves. Old Denis advanced, under powerful struggles to suppress his grief: he knelt, and as the tears ran in silence down his cheeks, thus addressed himself to God:—

"I kneel down before you, oh, my God! a poor sinner! I kneel here in your blessed presence, with a heart—with a happy heart—this day, to return you thanks in the name of myself and the beloved partner you have given me through the cares and thrials of this world, to give you our heart's best thanks for graciously permittin' us *to see this day!* It is to you we owe it, good Father of Heaven! It is to you we owe this—an' him—my heart's own son, that kneels before me to be blessed by my lips! Yes—yes, he is—he *is* the pride of our lives!—He is the mornin' star among us! he was ever a good son; and you know that from the day he was born to this minute, he never gave me a sore heart! Take him under your own protection! Oh, bless him as we wish, if it be your holy will to do so!—Bless him and guard him, for my heart's in him: it is—he knows it—everybody

knows it;—and if anything was to happen him——"

He could proceed no further: the idea of losing his son, even in imagination, overpowered him;—he rose, locked him to his breast, and for many minutes the grief of both was loud and vehement.

Denis's uncle now interposed: "The horses," said he, "are at the door, an' time's passin'."

"Och, thrue for you, Barny," said old Denis: "come, acushla, an' let me help you on your horse. We will go on quickly, as we're to meet Father Finnerty at the crass-roads."

Denis then shook hands with them all, not forgetting honest Phadrick Murray, who exclaimed, as he bid him farewell, "Arrah! Misther Denis, aroon, won't you be thinkin' of me now an' thin in the College! Faix, if you always argue as bravely wid the Collegians as you did the day you proved me to be an ass, you'll soon be at the head of them!"

"Denis," said the uncle, "your father excuses me in regard of havin' to attend my cattle in the fair to-day. You won't be angry wid me, dear, for lavin' you now, as my road lies this other way. May the blessin' of God and his holy mother keep you till I see you agin! an', Denis, if you'd send me a scrape or two, lettin' me know what a good parish 'ud be worth; for I intend next spring to go wid little Barny to the Latin!"

This Denis promised to do; and after bidding him farewell, he and his friends—some on horseback and numbers on foot—set out on their jour-

ney; and as they proceeded through their own neighbourhood, many a crowd was collected to get a sight of *Denis O'Shaughnessy going to Maynooth.*

* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

It was one day in autumn, after a lapse of about two years, that the following conversation took place between a wealthy grazier from the neighbouring parish, and one of our hero's most intimate acquaintances. It is valuable only as it throws light upon Denis's ultimate situation in life, which, after all, was not what our readers might be inclined to expect.

"Why, then, honest man," said Denis's friend, "that's a murdherin' fine dhrove o' bullocks you're bringin' to the fair?'

"Ay!" replied the grazier, "you may say that. I'm thinkin' it wouldn't be asay to aquil them."

"Faix, sure enough. Where wor they fed, wid simmission?"

"Up in Teernahusshogue. Arrah, will you tell me what weddin' was that that passed awhile agone?"

"A son of ould Denis O'Shaughnessy's, God be marciful to his sowl!"

"Denis O'Shaughnessy! Is it him they called the 'Pigeon-house?' An' is it possible he's dead?"

"He's dead, nabour, an', in throth, an honest man's dead!"

"As ever broke the world's bread. The Lord

make his bed in heaven this day! Hasn't he a son larnin' to be a priest in Maynewth?"

"Ah! *Fahreer gairh!* That's all over."

"Why, is *he* dead, too?"

"Be Gorra, no—but the conthrairy to that. 'Twas *his* weddin' you seen passin' a minute agone."

"Is it the young sogarth's? Musha, bad end to you, man alive, an' spake out. Tell us how that happened? Sowl it's a quare business, an' him was in Maynewth!"

"Faith, he was so; an' they say there wasn't a man in Maynewth able to tache him. But, passin' that over—you see, the father, ould Denis—an' be Gorra, he was very bright too, till the son *grewn* up, an' drownded him wid the languidges—the father you see, ould Denis himself, tuck a faver whin the son was near a year in the college, an' it proved too many for him. He died; an' whin young Dinny hard of it, the divil a one of him would stay any longer in Maynewth. He came home like a scarecrow, said he lost his health in it, an' refused to go back. Faith, it was a lucky thing that his father died beforehand, for it would brake his heart. As it was, they had terrible work about it. But ould Denis is never dead while young Denis is livin'. Faix, he was as stiff as they wor stout, an' wouldn't give in; so, afther ever so much wranglin', he got the upper hand by tellin' them that he wasn't able to bear the college at all; an' that if he'd go back to it he'd soon folly his father."

"An' what turned him against the college? Was that thrue?"

"Thrue!—thrue indeed! The same youth was never at a loss for a piece of invintion whin it sarved him. No, the sarra word of thruth at all was in it. He soodhered an' palavered a daughter of Owen Connor's, Susy—all the daughther he has, indeed—before he wint to Maynewth at all, they say. She herself wasn't for marryin' him, in regard of a vow she had; but there's no doubt but he made her fond of him, for he has a tongue that 'ud make black white, or white black, for that matther. So, be Gorra, he got the vow taken off of her by the Bishop; she soon recovered her health, for she was dyin' for love of him, an'—you seen their weddin'. It 'ud be worth your while to go a day's journey to get a sight of her—she's allowed to be the purtiest girl that ever was in this part o' the counthry."

"Well! well! It's a quare world. An' is the family all agreeable to it now?"

"Hut! where was the use of houldin' out aginst him? I tell you, he'd make them agreeable to any think, wanst he tuck it into his head. Indeed, it's he that has the great larnin' all out! Why, now, you'd hardly b'lieve me, when I tell you that he'd prove you to be an ass, in three minutes; make it as plain as the sun. He would; an' often made an ass o' myself."

"Why now that I look at you—aren't you Dan Murray's nephew?"

"Phadrick Murray, an' divil a one else, sure enough."

"How is your family, Phadrick? Why, man, you don't know your friends—my name's Cahill."

"Is it Andy Cahill of Phuldhu? Why, thin, death alive, Andy, how is every bit of you? Andy, I'm regulatin' everything at this weddin', an' you must turn over your horse till we have a dhrop for ould times, Bless my sowl! sure, I'd know your brother round a corner; an' yourself, too, I ought to know, only that I didn't see you since you wor a slip of a gorsoon. Come away, man, sure thim men o' yours can take care o' the cattle. You'll asily overtake thim."

"Throth, I don't care if I have a glass wid an ould friend. But, I hope your whiskey won't overtake me, Phadrick?"

"The never a fear of it, your father's son has too good a head for that. Ough! man alive, if you could stay for the weddin'! Divil a sich a let out ever was seen in the county widin the mimory of the ouldest man in it, as it 'ill be. Dinis is the boy that 'ud have the dacent thing or nothin'."

The grazier and Phadrick Murray then bent their steps to Owen Connor's house, where the wedding was held. It is unnecessary to say that Phadrick plied his new acquaintance to some purpose. Ere two hours passed the latter had forgotten his bullocks as completely as if he had never seen them, and his drovers were left to

their own discretion in effecting their sale. As for Andy Cahill, like many another sapient Irishman, he preferred his pleasure to his business, got drunk, and danced, and sung at Denis O'Shaughnessy's wedding, which we are bound to say was the longest, the most hospitable, and most frolicsome that ever has been remembered in the parish from that day to the present.

NOTES

[1] Partridge.

[2] It is supposed in Ireland, when a corpse retains, for a longer space of time than usual, any thing like animal heat, that some person belonging to the family of the deceased will die within a year.

[3] My body to Satan!

[4] Vread—*Anglice*, Margaret.

[5] Young pulse of my heart! my soul is within thee!

[6] The story of Donagh, the Author has reason to believe, was the means of first bringing this curious piece of antiquity into notice. There is little to be added here to what is in the sketch, concerning its influence over the people, and the use of it as a blessed relic, sought for by those who wished to apply a certain test of guilt or innocence to such well-known thieves as scrupled not to perjure themselves on the Bible. For this purpose it was a perfect conscience-trap, the most hardened miscreant never having been known to risk a false oath upon it. Many singular anecdotes are related concerning it.

The Author feels great pleasure in subjoining two very interesting letters upon the subject—one from an accomplished scholar, the late Rev. Dr. O'Beirne, master of the distinguished school of Portora at Enniskillen; the other from Sir William Betham, one of the soundest and most learned of our Irish Antiquaries. Both gentlemen differ in their opinion respecting the antiquity of the Donagh; and, as the Author is incompetent to decide between them, he gives their respective letters to the public.

"*Portora, August* 15, 1832.

"My dear Carleton,—It is well you wrote to me about the Dona. Your letter, which reached me this day, has proved that I was mistaken in supposing that the promised drawing was no longer necessary. I had imagined, that as you must have seen the Dona with Mr. Smith, any communication from me on the subject must be superfluous. And now that I have taken up my

pen in compliance with your wish, what can I tell you that you have not perhaps conveyed to yourself by ocular inspection, and better than I can detail it?

"I accompanied Mr. S. to Brookborough, and asked very particularly of the old woman, late the possessor of the Dona, what she knew of its history; but she could say nothing about it, only that it had belonged to 'the Lord of Enniskillen.' This was the Fermanagh Maguire, who took an active part in the shocking rebellion of 1641, and was subsequently executed. His castle, the ruins of which are on the grounds of Portora, was stormed during the wars of that miserable time. When I entered on my inquiries for you, I anticipated much in the way of tradition, which, I hoped, might prove amusing at least; but disappointment met me on every hand. The old woman could not even detail distinctly how the Dona had come into her possession: it was brought into her family, she said, by a priest. The country people had imagined wonders relative to the contents of the box. The chief treasure it was supposed to contain was a lock of the Virgin Mary's hair! ! !

"After much inquiry, I received the following vague detail from a person in this county; and let me remark, by the by, that though the possession of the Dona was a matter of boast to the Maguires, yet I could not gain the slightest information respecting it from even the most intelligent of the name. But now for the detail:—

"'Donagh O'Hanlon, an inhabitant of the upper part of this county (Fermanagh), went, about 600 years ago, (longer than which time, in the opinion of a celebrated antiquary, the kind of engraving on it could not have been made), on a pious pilgrimage to Rome. His Holiness of the Vatican, whose name has escaped the recollection of the person who gave this information, as a reward for this supererogatory journey, presented him with the Dona. As soon as Donagh returned, the Dona was placed in the monastery of Aughadurcher (now Aughalurcher). But at the time when Cromwell was in this country, the monastery was destroyed, and this *Ark* of the *Covenant* hid by some of the faithful at a small lake, named Lough Eye, between Lisbellaw and Tempo. It was removed thence when peace was restored, and again placed in some one of the neighbouring chapels, when, as before in Aughadurcher, the oaths were administered with all the superstition that a depraved imagination could invent, as "that their thighs might rot off," "that they might go mad," &c., &c.

"'When Kings James and William made their appearance, it

was again concealed in Largy, an old castle at Sir H. Brooke's deer-park. Father Antony Maguire, a priest of the Romish Church, dug it up from under the stairs in this old castle, after the battle of the Boyne, deposited it in a chapel, and it was used as before.

"'After Father Antony's death it fell into the possession of his niece, who took it over to the neighbourhood of Florence-court. But the Maguires were not satisfied that a thing so sacred should depart from the family, and at their request it was brought back.'

"For the confirmation of the former part of this account, the informant refers you to Sir James Ware. I have not Ware's book, and cannot therefore tell you how much of this story is given by him, or whether any. In my opinion there is nothing detailed by him at all bearing on the subject. The latter part of the story rests, we are told, on tradition.

"As I confess myself not at all versed in Irish antiquities, it may appear somewhat presumptuous in me to venture an opinion respecting this box and its contents, which is, I understand, opposed to that of our spirited and intelligent antiquary, Sir Wm. Betham. I cannot persuade myself that either the box or the contained MSS. were of such an age as he claims for them. And, first, of the box:—

"At present the MSS. are contained in a wooden box; the wood is, I believe, *yew*. It cannot be pronounced, I think with any certainty, whether the wooden box was originally part of the shrine of the precious MSS. It is very rude in its construction, and has not a top or lid. Indeed it appears to me to have been a coarse botched-up thing to receive the MSS. after the original box, which was made of brass, had fallen to pieces.

"The next thing that presents itself to us is the remnant of a brass box, washed with silver, and rudely ornamented with tracery. The two ends and the front are all that remain of the brass box.

"You may then notice what was evidently an addition of later times, the highly ornamented gilt-silver work, made fast on the remains of the brass box, and the chased compartments, which seem to have formed the top or lid of the box. But, as you have seen the whole, I need not perhaps have troubled you with this description. I shall only direct your attention to the two inscriptions. In the chasing you will see that they are referred to their *supposed* places.

"The upper inscription, when deciphered, is—

"'Johannes: O'Karbri: Comorbanus: S. Tignacii: Pmisit.' For

S. Tignacii I would conjecture *St. Ignacii*. P, I should conjecture to be *Presbyterus*. On this I should be very glad to have Sir William's opinion. I cannot imagine, if P stands part of a compound with *misit*, what it can mean. I would read and translate it thus—'John O'Carbery, coadjutor, priest, of the order of St. Ignatius, *sent* it.'

"This inscription is on a narrow slip of silver, and is presumed to have formed part of the *under edge* of the *upper part* of the back of the box. The lower inscription is—

'Johannes O'Barrdan fabricavit.'

"This also is on a slip of silver, and appears to have fitted into a space on the upper surface which is supposed to have been the top, and to have lain in between the two square compartments on the left hand: this is marked in the drawing. I have expressed myself here in the language of doubt, for the box is all in confusion.

"Now, on the inscriptions, I would say, that they indicate to me a date much later than some gentlemen who have seen the box are willing to ascribe to it. In the island of Devenish, in our lake (Lough Erne), is an inscription, that was discovered in the ruins (still standing) of a priory, that was built there A. D. 1449. The characters in this inscription are much more remote from the Roman character in use among us than those used in the inscriptions on the box. The letters on the box bespeak a later period, when English cultivation had begun to produce some effect in our island, and the Roman character was winning its way into general use. I shall probably be able to let you see the Devenish inscription, and a *juxta position* of it and the others will satisfy you, I think, on this point. In my opinion, then, the box, with all its ornaments, must have been made at some time since the year 1449. I cannot think it reasonable to suppose that an inscription, containing many letters like the Roman characters, should be more ancient than one not only having fewer letters resembling them, but also having the letters that differ differing essentially.

"Now for the MSS.

"I am deficient in antiquarian lore: this I have already confessed; but perhaps I want also the creative fancy and devoted faith of the genuine antiquary. I cannot, for example, persuade myself, that a MS. written in a clear, uniform, *small* character of the Roman form, could have been written in remote times, when there is reason to think that MSS. were written in uncial

characters only, without stops, and with few or no divisions into words, sentences, or paragraphs. The palimprest MS. examined by Dr. Barrett is in uncial characters, and is referred by him to the 6th or 7th century. *Cic de Republica*, published by Angelo Mai, is assigned to much the same period. Small letters, and the distinctions above mentioned, were the invention of later times. I cannot therefore persuade myself that this MS. is of so early an age as some would ascribe to it, though I will not take it upon me to assign the precise time in which it was written. The characters are decidedly and distinctly those now called the Roman: they have not many abbreviations, as far as I could judge, and they are written with much clearness and regularity. They are not the *litera cursiva*, or those used in writing for the sake of facility and connexion: they seem rather formed more in imitation of printed letters. SECUNDUM—This imperfect attempt to present one of the words, will explain my meaning. But I had better not weary you any more with my crude notions. I shall be very glad to hear your opinion, or that of Sir William Betham, to whom I should bow with all the respect due to talent and worth. I must avow my distrust of Irish antiquities; yet, allow me to add, that there is no man more willing to be converted from my heresy, if you would call it so, than

"My dear Carleton,

"Your friend and servant,

"A. O'BEIRNE."

"*Stradbrook House, October*, 1832.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read Dr. O'Beirne's important letter on the Dona: the account he has collected of its recent history is full of interest, and for the most part, I have no doubt, correct. His speculations respecting its antiquity I cannot give my adhesion to, not feeling a doubt myself on the subject. When I have time to investigate it fully, I am satisfied that this box, like the others, of which accounts have already been published, will be found mentioned in the Irish Annals. The inscriptions, however, fully identify the MS. and the box, and show that antiquaries, from the execution of the workmanship and figures on these interesting reliques, often underrate their antiquity—a fault which the world are little inclined to give them credit for, and which they fall into from an anxiety to err on what they consider the side which is least likely to produce the smile of contempt or the sneer of incredulity, forgetting that it is the sole business of an antiquarian

and historian to speak the truth, disregarding even contempt for so doing.

"I had been somewhat lengthy in my description of the Dona, and from habit, entered into a minute account of all its parts, quite forgetting that you, perhaps, do not possess an appetite for antiquarian detail, and therefore might be better pleased to have a general outline than such a recital. I therefore proceed to give it as briefly as possible, not, however, omitting any material points.

"The Irish word Domnaċ, or Domnach, which is pronounced *Dona*, means the Lord's day, or the first day in the week, sanctified or consecrated to the service of the Lord. It is also in that sense used for a house, church, or chapel. *Donaghmore* means the great church or chapel dedicated to God. This box, being holy, as containing the Gospels, and having the crucifix thereon, was dedicated or consecrated to the service of God. Like the Caah, the Meeshach, and Dhimma's box, it is of brass, covered with plates of silver, and resembles the two former in having a box of yew inside, which was the original case of the MS. and became venerated so much, on that account, as to be deemed worthy of being inclosed with it in the shrine made by permission of John O'Carberry, Abbot of Clonmacnois in the 14th century.

"The top of the Dona is divided by a cross, on the lower arm of which is a figure of the Saviour; over his head is a shield, divided *per pale*, between two crystal settings; on the dexter, is a hand holding a scourge or whip of three thongs, and on a chief a ring; on the sinister, on a chief the same charge and three crucifixion nails. In the first compartment, or quarter of the cross, are representations of St. Columbkill, St. Bridget, and St. Patrick. In the second, a bishop pierced with two arrows, and two figures of St. Peter and St. Paul. In the third, the archangel Michael treading on the dragon, and the Virgin Mary and the infant Jesus. In the fourth, St. Tigernach handing to his successor, St. Sinellus, the Dona; and a female figure, perhaps Mary Magdalen.

"The front of the Dona is ornamented with three crystal settings, surmounted by grotesque figures of animals. Between these are four horsemen with swords drawn, in full speed.

"The right hand end has a figure of St. Tigernach, and St. John the Baptist. The left hand end a figure of St. Catherine with her wheel.

"The Dona is nine inches and a half long, seven wide, and not quite four thick.

"So far I have been enabled to describe the Dona from the evidently accurate and well executed drawings you were so good as

to present to me. Why the description is less particular than it should have been, I shall take another opportunity of explaining to you.

"There are three inscriptions on the Dona: one on a scroll from the hand of the figure of the Baptist, of ECCE AGNUS DEI. The two others are on plates of silver, but their exact position on the box is not marked in the drawing, but may be guessed by certain places which the plates exactly fit.

"The first is—

"JOHANNES: OBARRDAN: FABRICAVIT.

"The second—

"JOHS: OKARBRI: COMORBANVS: S. TIGNACII: PMISIT.

"i. e.

"'*John O Barrdan made this box by the permission of John O Carbry, successor of St. Tigernach.*'

"St. Tierny, or St. Tigernach, was third Bishop of Clogher, having succeeded St. Maccartin in the year 506. In the list of bishops, St. Patrick is reckoned the first, and founder of the see. Tigernach died the 4th of April, 548.

"John O'Carbry was abbot of Clones, or Clounish, in the County of Monaghan, and as such was *comorb*, or *corb* *—i. e. successor—of Tigernach, who was founder of the abbey and removed the episcopal seat from Clogher to Clounish. Many of the abbots were also bishops of the see. He died in 1353. How long he was abbot does not appear; but the age of the outside covering of the Dona is fixed to the 14th century.

"Since the foregoing was written I have seen the Dona, which was exhibited at the last meeting of the Royal Irish Academy. It has been put together at a guess, but different from the drawing. There is inside O'Barrdan's case, another of silver plates some centuries older, and inside that the yew box, which originally contained the manuscripts now so united by damp as to be apparently inseparable, and nearly illegible; for they have lost the colour of vellum, and are quite black, and very much decayed. The old Irish version of the New Testament is well worthy of being edited; it is, I conceive, the oldest Latin version extant, and varies much from the Vulgate or Jerome's.

---

* *All* the successors of the founder saints were called by the Irish, *comorbs*, or *corbs*. The reader will perceive that O'Carbry was a distant but *not* the *immediate*, successor of St. Tigernach.

"The MS. inclosed in the yew box appears from the two membranes handed me by your friend Mr. ——, to be a copy of the Gospels—at least those membranes were part of the two first membranes of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and, I would say, written in the 5th or 6th century; were, probably, the property of St. Tigernach himself, and passed most likely to the abbots of Clounish, his successors, as an heir-loom, until it fell into the hands of the Maguires, the most powerful of the princes of the country now comprising the diocese of Clogher. Dr. O'Beirne's letter I trust you will publish. I feel much indebted to that gentleman for his courteous expressions towards me, and shall be most happy to have the pleasure of being personally known to him.

"You must make allowance for the hasty sketch which is here given. The advanced state of your printing would not allow me time for a more elaborate investigation.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"W. BETHAM."

We cannot close the illustrations of this ancient and venerable relic without adding an extract from a most interesting and authentic history of it, contributed by our great Irish antiquarian, George Petrie, Esq., R.H.A., M.R.I.A., to the 18th vol. of the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, together with an engraving of it taken from a drawing made by the same accomplished artist.

"I shall endeavour to arrange these evidences in consecutive order.

"It is of importance to prove that this *cumdach*, or reliquary, has been from time immemorial popularly known by the name of *Domnach*, or, as it is pronounced, Donagh, a word derived from the Latin *Dominicus*. This fact is proved by a recent popular tale of very great power, by Mr. Carleton, called the 'Donagh,' in which the superstitious uses to which this reliquary has been long applied, are ably exhibited, and made subservient to the interests of the story. It is also particularly described under this name by the Rev. John Groves, in his account of the parish of Errigal-Keeroge, in the third volume of Shaw Mason's Parochial Survey, page 163, though, as the writer states, it was not actually preserved in that parish.

"2. The inscriptions on the external case leave no doubt that the Domnach belonged to the monastery of Clones, or see of

Clogher. The John O'Karbri, the *Comharb*, or successor of St. Tighernach, recorded in one of those inscriptions as the person at whose cost, or by whose permission, the outer ornamental case was made, was, according to the Annals of the Four Masters, Abbot of Clones, and died in the year 1353. He is properly called in that inscription *Comorbanus*, or successor of Tighernach, who was the first Abbot and Bishop of the Church of Clones, to which place, after the death of St. Mac-Carthen in the year 506, he removed the see of Clogher, having erected a new church, which he dedicated to the apostles Peter and Paul. St. Tighernach, according to all our ancient authorities, died in the year 548.

"3. It appears from a fragment of an ancient life of St. Mac-Carthen, preserved by Colgan, that a remarkable reliquary was given by St. Patrick to that saint when he placed him over the see of Clogher.

"'Et addidit, [Patricius] Accipe, inquit, baculum itineris mei, quo ego membra mea sustento et scrinium in quo de sanctorum Apostolorum reliquiis, et de sanctæ Mariæ capillis, et sancta Cruce Domini, et sepulchro ejus, et aliis reliquiis sanctis continentur. Quibus dictis dimisit cum osculo pacis paterna fultum benedictione.'—*Colgan, Vit. S. Macaerthenni* (24 Mart.) Acta SS. p. 738.

"From this passage we learn one great cause of the sanctity in which this reliquary was held, and of the uses of the several recesses for reliques which it presents. It also explains the historical *rilievo* on the top—the figure of St. Patrick presenting the Domnach to St. Mac-Carthen.

"4. In Jocelyn's Life of St. Patrick (cap. 143), we have also a notice to the same effect, but in which the Domnach is called a *Chrismatorium*, and the relics are not specified—in all probability because they were not then appended to it.

"In these authorities there is evidently much appearance of the Monkish frauds of the middle ages; but still they are evidences of the tradition of the country that such a gift had been made by Patrick to Mac-Carthen. And as we advance higher in chronological authorities, we find the notice of this gift stripped of much of its acquired garb of fiction, and related with more of the simplicity of truth.

"5. In the life of St. Patrick called the Tripartite, usually ascribed to St. Evin, an author of the seventh century, and which, even in its present interpolated state, is confessedly prior to the tenth, there is the following remarkable passage (as translated by Colgan from the original Irish) relative to the gift of the Domnach from the Apostle of Ireland to St. Mac-Carthen, in

which it is expressly described under the very same appellation which it still bears.

"'Aliquantis ergo evolutis diebus *Mac-Caertennum*, sive *Caerthennum* Episcopum præfecit sedi Episcopali Clocherensi, ab Ardmacha regni Metropoli haud multum distanti: et apud eum reliquit argenteum quoddam reliquiarium *Domnach-airgidh* vulgò nuncupatum; quod viro Dei, in Hiberniam venienti, cœlitus missum erat.' —*VII. Vita S. Patricii*, Lib. III. cap. 3, *Tr. Th.* p. 149.

"This passage is elsewhere given by Colgan, with a slight change of words in the translation.

"In this version, which is unquestionably prior to all the others, we find the Domnach distinguished by the appellation of *Airgid*—an addition which was applicable only to its more ancient or *silver* plated case, and which could not with propriety be applied to its more recent covering, which in its original state had the appearance of being of gold.

"On these evidences—and more might probably be procured if time had allowed—we may, I think, with tolerable certainty, rest the following conclusions:

"1. That the Domnach is the identical reliquary given by St. Patrick to St. Mac-Carthen.

"2. As the form of the cumdach indicates that it was intended to receive a book, and as the relics are all attached to the outer and least ancient cover, it is manifest that the use of the box as a reliquary was not its original intention. The natural inference therefore is, that it contained a manuscript which had belonged to St. Patrick; and as a manuscript copy of the Gospels, apparently of that early age, is found within it, there is every reason to believe it to be that identical one for which the box was originally made, and which the Irish apostle probably brought with him on his mission into this country. It is indeed, not merely possible, but even probable, that the existence of this manuscript was unknown to the Monkish biographers of St. Patrick and St. Mac-Carthen, who speak of the box as a *scrinium* or reliquary only. The outer cover was evidently not made to open; and some, at least, of the relics attached to it were not introduced into Ireland before the twelfth century. It will be remembered also that no superstition was and is more common in connexion with the ancient cumdachs than the dread of their being opened.

"These conclusions will, I think, be strengthened considerably by the facts, that the word *Domnach*, as applied either to a church, as usual, or to a reliquary, as in this instance, is only to be found in our histories in connexion with St. Patrick's time; and,

that in the latter sense—its application to a reliquary—it only once occurs in all our ancient authorities, namely, in the single reference to the gift to St. Mac-Carthen; no other reliquary in Ireland, as far as can be ascertained, having ever been known by that appellation. And it should also be observed, that all the ancient reliques preserved in Ireland, whether bells, books, crosiers, or other remains, have invariably, and without any single exception, been preserved and venerated only as appertaining to the original founders of the churches to which they belonged."

There is very little to be added, except that the Donagh was purchased for a few pounds from the old woman who owned it, by Mr. George Smith, of the house of Hodges and Smith, of College Green, Dublin, who very soon sold it for a large sum to the Honourable Mr. Westenra, in whose possession I presume it now is.

[7] We assure John Bull, on the authority of Phil Purcel himself, that this is a fact.

[8] That is, at the outside.

[9] I subjoin from Townsend's Survey of the County of Cork a short but authentic account of this most extraordinary character:—"James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, and an awkward ignorant rustic of the lowest class, generally known by the appellation of the *Whisperer*, and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of *Veni, Vidi, Vici*, was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than by Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it in practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and, in the short space of half an hour, became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others,

yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed, to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. Some saw his skill tried on a horse, which could never be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid, whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result, perhaps, of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tête-à-tête* shows, that, upon particular occasions, something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but hunting, and attachment to his native soil, were his ruling passions. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow and the fox-hounds."

[10] My sorrow on you for a pig.

[11] Silence, pig! Silence, you vagabond.

[12] Gentleman.

[13] Behave yourself, pig—behave, I say.

[14] Be quiet, now, you wicked pig.

[15] Ironically—a take in.

[16] This is pronounced as in the first syllable of "Langolee,"—not like the Scotch "lang."

[17] Model.

[18] *A lanna dhas*—my pretty child.

[19] A kiss of fondness.

[20] A kind of indirect relationship.

[21] Shrovetide.

[22] This is a kind of hyperbole for selling a great quantity.

[23] This word is used in Ireland sometimes in a good and sometimes in a bad sense. For instance, the peasantry will often say in allusion to some individual who may happen to be talked of, "Hut! he's a dirty *bodagh;*" but again, you may hear them use it in a sense directly the reverse of this; for instance, "He's a very dacent man, and looks the *bodagh* entirely." As to the "Half Sir," he stands about half-way between the *bodagh* and the gentleman. *Bodagh*—signifying churl—was applied originally as a term of reproach to the English settlers.

[24] The caul is a thin membrane, about the consistence of very fine silk, which sometimes covers the head of a new-born infant like a cap. It is always the omen of great good fortune to the infant and parents; and in Ireland, when any one has unexpectedly fallen into the receipt of property, or any other temporal good, it is customary to say, "such a person was born with a 'lucky caul' on his head."

Why these are considered lucky, it would be a very difficult matter to ascertain. Several instances of good fortune, happening to such as were born with them, might by their coincidences, form a basis for the superstition; just as the fact of three men during one severe winter having been found drowned, each with two shirts on, generated an opinion which has now become fixed and general in that parish, that it is unlucky to wear two shirts at once. We are not certain whether the caul is in general the perquisite of the midwife—sometimes we believe it is; at all events, her integrity occasionally yields to the desire of possessing it. In many cases she conceals its existence, in order that she may secretly dispose of it to good advantage, which she frequently does; for it is considered to be the herald of good fortune to those who can get it into their possession. Now, let not our English neighbours smile at us for those things until they wash their own hands clear of such practices. At this day a caul will bring a good price in the most civilised city in the world—to wit, the good city of London—the British metropolis. Nay, to such lengths has the mania for cauls been carried there, that they have been actually advertised for in the *Times* newspaper.

[25] This doctrine of fatalism is very prevalent among the lower orders in Ireland.

[26] Never suffered by the exciseman.

[27] Gits—the smallest possible quantities.

[28] The light of my heart.

[29] Sweet mother!

[30] To put over—the *corpse* of a friend. That is to be drunk at the wake and funeral.

[31] If the reader remember the advertisement in the Hedge School, he may also recollect that the Hedge masters were often employed as land-surveyors.

[32] Forsooth.

[33] Literally, red water.

[34] This was, and in remote parts of the country still is, one of the strongest instances of belief in the power of the Fairies. The injury, which, if not counteracted by a charm from the lips of a "Fairy-man," or "Fairy-woman," was uniformly inflicted on the animal by what was termed an elf-stone—which was nothing more nor less than a piece of sharp flint, from three to four or five ounces in weight. The cow was supposed to be struck upon the loin with it by these mischievous little beings, and the nature of the wound was indeed said to be very peculiar—that is, it cut the midriff without making any visible or palpable wound on the outward skin. All animals dying of this complaint, were supposed to be carried to the good people, and there are many in the country who would not believe that the dead carcase of the cow was that of the real one at all, but an old log or block of wood made to resemble it. All such frauds, however, and deceptions were inexplicable to every one, but such as happened to possess a four-leafed shamrock, and this enabled its possessor to see the block or log in its real shape, although to others it appeared to be the real carcase.

[35] A cow without horns.

[36] Short visit.

[37] *Dhonan*, a diminutive delicate little thing.

[38] An old-fashioned Irish gown.

[39] A little boy.

[40] Of the origin of this singular superstition I can find no account whatsoever; it is conceived, however, in a mild, sweet, and hospitable spirit. The visits of these migratory little creatures, which may be termed domestic grasshoppers, are very capricious and uncertain, as are their departures; and it is, I should think, for this reason that they are believed to be cognisant of the ongoings of human life. We can easily suppose, for instance, that the coincidence of their disappearance from a family, and the occurrence of a death in that family, frequently multiplied as such coincidences must be in the country at large, might occasion the people, who are naturally credulous, to associate the one

event with the other; and on that slight basis erect the general superstition. Crickets, too, when chirruping, have a habit of suddenly ceasing, so that when any particularly interesting conversation happens to go on about the rustic hearth, this stopping of their little chaunt looks so like listening, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that the country folks think they understand every word that is spoken. They are thought, also, to foresee both good and evil, and are considered vindictive, but yet capable of being conciliated by fair words and kindness. They are also very destructive among wearing-apparel, which they frequently nibble into holes; and this is always looked upon as a piece of revenge, occasioned by some disrespectful language used towards them, or some neglect of their little wants. This note was necessary in order to render the conduct and language of Mary Sullivan perfectly intelligible.

[41] This short form is supposed to be a safeguard against the Fairies. The particular day must be always named.

[42] Track, foot-mark, put for life.

[43] It is generally supposed by the people, that persons who have entered into a compact with Satan can raise the wind by calling him up, and that it cannot be laid unless by the death of a black cock, a black dog, or an unchristened child.

[44] As the reader may be disposed to consider the nature of the priest's death an unjustifiable stretch of fiction, I have only to say in reply, that it is no fiction at all. It is not, I believe, more than forty, or perhaps fifty years, since a priest committed his body to the flames for the purpose of saving his soul by an incrematory sacrifice. The object of the suicide being founded on the superstitious belief, that a priest guilty of great crimes possesses the privilege of securing salvation by self-sacrifice. We have heard two or three legends among the people in which this principle predominated. The outline of one of these, called "The Young Priest and Brian Braar," was as follows:—

A young priest on his way to the College of Valladolid, in Spain, was benighted; but found a lodging in a small inn on the road side. Here he was tempted by a young maiden of great beauty, who, in the moment of his weakness, extorted from him a bond signed with his blood, binding himself to her for ever. She turned out to be an evil spirit: and the young priest proceeded to Valladolid with a heavy heart, confessed his crime to the Superior, who sent him to the Pope, who sent him to a Friar in the County of Armagh, called Brian Braar, who sent him to the devil. The devil, on the strength of Brian Braar's letter, gave

him a warm reception, held a cabinet council immediately, and laid the despatch before his colleagues, who agreed that the claimant should get back his bond from the brimstone lady who inveigled him. She, however, obstinately refused to surrender it, and stood upon her bond, until threatened with being thrown three times into Brian Braar's furnace. This tamed her: the man got his bond, and returned to Brian Braar on earth. Now Brian Braar had for three years past abandoned God, and taken to the study of magic with the devil; a circumstance which accounts for his influence below. The young priest, having possessed himself of his bond, went to Lough Derg to wash away his sins; and Brian Braar, having also become penitent, the two worthies accompanied each other to the lake. On entering the boat, however, to cross over to the island, such a storm arose as drove them back. Brian assured his companion that he himself was the cause of it.

"There is now," said he, "but one more chance for *me;* and we must have recourse to it."

He then returned homewards, and both had reached a hill-side near Brian's house, when the latter desired the young priest to remain there a few minutes, and he would return to him; which he did with a hatchet in his hand.

"Now," said he, "you must cut me into four quarters, and mince my body into small bits, then cast them into the air, and let them go with the wind."

The priest, after much entreaty, complied with his wishes, and returned to Lough Derg, where he afterwards lived twelve years upon one meal of bread and water *per diem.* Having thus purified himself, he returned home; but on passing the hill where he had minced the Friar, he was astonished to see the same man celebrating mass, attended by a very penitential-looking congregation of spirits.

"Ah," said Brian Braar, when mass was over, "you are now a happy man. With regard to my state, *for the voluntary sacrifice I have made of myself, I am to be saved;* but I must remain on this mountain until the Day of Judgment." So saying he disappeared.

There is little to be said about the superstition of the *Lianhan Shee,* except that it existed as we have drawn it, and that it is now fading fast away. There is also something appropriate in associating the heroine of this little story with the being called the *Lianhan Shee,* because, setting the superstition aside, any female who fell into her crime was called *Lianhan Shee. Lianhan*

Shee an Sogarth signifies a priest's paramour, or, as the country people say, "Miss." Both terms have now nearly become obsolete.

[45] Altogether—completely.

[46] Alluding to the Colossus of Rhodes.

[47] The *Muddha Arras* is literally "the bread stick," a term in opposition to the *scowdher*. It is a forked stick with three legs, that stands opposite the fire, and supports the cake, which is placed on the edge until it is gradually baked. The *scowdher* is, for the most part, made in cases of hurry.

[48] This, about thirty years ago, was usual at weddings and other feasts, where everything went upon a large scale.

[49] This is a passage which I fear few general readers will understand without explanation; the meaning is this:—When a young man first enters Maynooth College he devotes himself for the space of eight days to fasting and prayer, separating himself as much as possible from all society. He must review his whole life, and ascertain if he can, whether he has ever left any sin of importance unconfessed, either knowingly or by an omission that was culpably negligent. After this examination, which must be both severe and strict, he makes what is called a General Confession; that is, he confesses all the sins he ever committed as far back and as accurately as he can recollect them. This being over, he enters upon his allotted duties as a student, and in good sooth feels himself in admirable trim for "a set-in at the King's Mutton."

[50] *Sthilk* is made by bruising a quantity of boiled potatoes and beans together. The potatoes, however, having first been reduced to a pulpy state, the beans are but partially broken. It is then put into a dish, and a pound of butter or rendered lard thrust into the middle of it.

[51] The form of the Service to the Virgin, from which most of the above expressions are taken, is certainly replete with beauty and poetry.

DEC 8 - 1953